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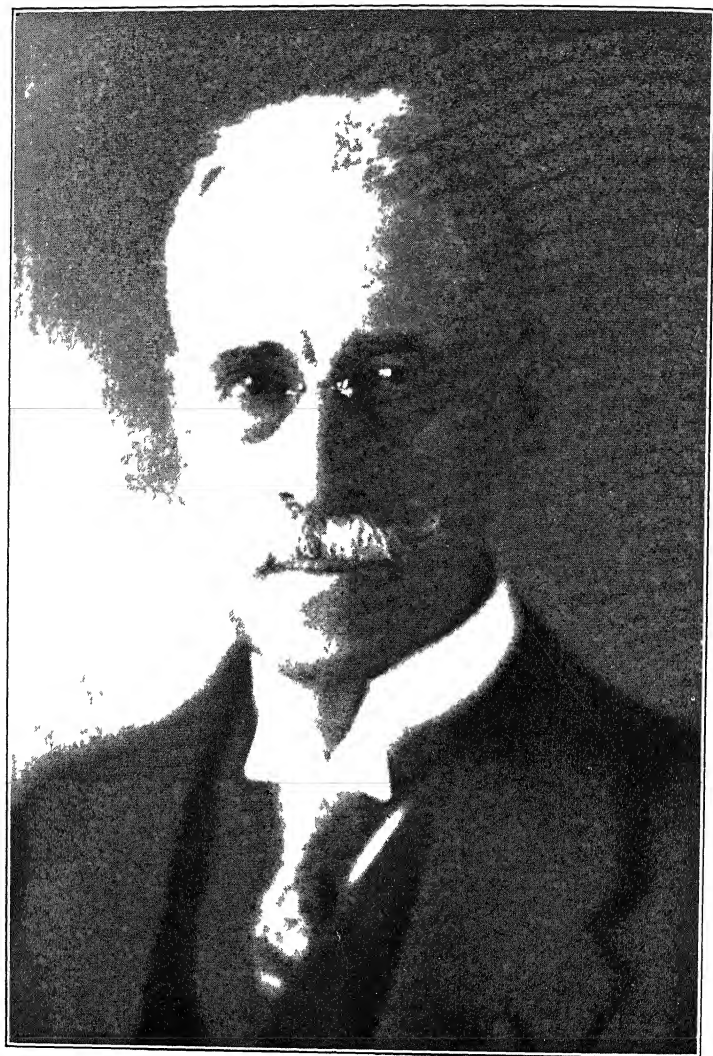
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RETROSPECTS
OF A
NEWSPAPER PERSON

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A. D. Ross

RETROSPECTS

OF A

NEWSPAPER PERSON

BY
PHILIP DANSKEN ROSS

"The world is an immense picture book
of every passage of human life."
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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1931

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To
MY MOST DEAR AND WONDERFUL COMRADE,
MY WIFE

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FOREWORD

These stories are given because each seems to me to have a moral. With a few exceptions, perhaps. As to those that may be thought exceptions—well, I like them.

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RETROSPECTS
OF A
NEWSPAPER PERSON

•

I. THE NEWSPAPER.

"What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?"

—Cowper.

"Be it a bonfire, or a city's blaze,
The gibbet's victim, or the nation's gaze,
A female atheist, or a learned dog,
A monster pumpkin, or a mammoth hog,
A murder, or a muster—'tis the same—
Life's follies, glories, griefs—all feed the flame."

—Sprague: *Curiosity*.

WHAT is the secret of newspaper success? Hugh Graham, alias Lord Atholstan, proprietor of the *Montreal Star*, has been one of the most successful of newspaper publishers on this continent. Let us see what he once had to say about it. Incidentally it will serve to introduce myself.

I graduated from the engineering school of McGill University in 1878, and got a job on the engineering staff of the Montreal Harbor Commission. This lasted well enough for a year or so, but I wanted to be a newspaper man. At McGill, as one of the editors of the McGill College *Gazette*, I had "got the bug".

From a friend was obtained a letter of introduction to Hugh Graham, and I presented myself in the *Montreal Star* office, April 25, 1879, to ask for work.

Mr. Graham obviously did not desire to have me wished on him. He said he was afraid he did not have any kind of work to give that would suit me.

Any kind of work would suit me.

Mr. Graham was unconvinced. "There is no vacancy on our editorial staff," he emphasized. "In any case,

it is our policy to take on men only as junior reporters or junior clerks to begin with."

I would like to be a junior reporter.

"Are you doing anything now?" Mr. Graham asked.

"Working on the Harbor Commission—on the engineering staff."

"Ah—may I ask what pay are you getting there?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

Mr. Graham's gloom seemed to lift. "That is good pay for a young man," he remarked in a tone which suggested that he thought the trouble was all over. "We don't do anything like that for a start in the newspaper business. We pay inexperienced new reporters \$5 a week."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Graham," I said. "When can I come?"

Mr. Graham looked perturbed—but rose to the emergency. "Oh, when you like, I suppose."

Getting permission to quit my Harbour job at short notice, as there was a lull in the work, I went to Mr. Graham's office a few days later. He told me to go upstairs to report to the city editor.

"But before you go," he said, "I want to give you a tip. It is something which, if you want to make headway in newspaper work, and particularly if you wish to do well with the *Star*, you should keep in mind." He paused, then proceeded slowly, with emphasis,

"What I want to see in the Montreal *Star* is the sort of news, or item, or story, or article which if you saw it in some newspaper or book you would be tempted to read out aloud to the next person to you."

But should that be all?

No—I add the words of that greatest of journalists, Joseph Pulitzer, once of the *New York World*. Let the newspaper be:—

“Forever unsatisfied with merely printing news—forever fighting every form of public wrong—forever independent—forever advancing in enlightenment and progress—forever wedded to truly democratic ideas—forever aspiring to be a moral force—a daily school-house and a daily forum, forever rising to a higher place as a public institution.”

•

II. THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

"My salad days, when I was green in judgment."

—*Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra.*

THE Toronto *Evening News*, a paper which disappeared some years previous to the present writing, was started in 1881 by the Toronto Mail Publishing Company. The *Mail* was a morning paper; the Mail Publishing Company had an eye on the evening field too.

James Fahey was appointed editor of the new paper. I got a place next in command, as telegraph editor.

Jim Fahey was one of the most lovable of souls, and an excellent newspaper man. To the latter quality he owed his appointment. He was a South of Ireland man, a Roman Catholic. Toronto being then (and now) an Orange hotbed, the selection of Mr. Fahey by the true-blue Tory *Mail* as editor of the *Evening News*, while very appropriate on the score of Mr. Fahey's ability, was soon understood to be looked upon with disfavor and suspicion by many worthy lads in Toronto.

Jim knew this, but I didn't, being comparatively new to Toronto, nor did it happen to occur to him to make any remarks to me about it. Anyway, if he had, I would probably have thought it one of Jim's jokes. Fahey was not only one of the most lovable of men, bright, cheerful, unaffected, full of the milk of human kindness, but he was possessed also of a bubbling but never unkind wit and he could no more resist an op-

portunity to make a joke than he could fly. His editorial paragraphs in the *Evening News* were delicious, quoted far and wide by other papers. Had he lived—but he did not. The “white sickness” had him already in its grip when he became editor of the *Toronto Evening News*.

Soon after the *Evening News* got fairly going the Twelfth of July began to loom on the horizon. Preparations began to be made in Toronto for a bang-up celebration. Jim Fahey at this juncture was called out of town by the illness of a relative. I was left in charge of the *Evening News*.

I had already been a reporter, and a city editor, and a sporting editor and a telegraph editor, but I had never before been a real top-notch editor, a chap who wrote loud things, who told everybody what to do and how to do it, and why they ought to do it, one to whom Hamlet’s wail

“Oh cursed spite
That ever I was born to set the world aright,”

was almost complete evidence that Hamlet was crazy. Upon this opportunity with the *Evening News*, register a determination on my part to make my newspaper mark big. First effort was upon the subject of the Twelfth of July.

While on the staff of the *Montreal Star* at a previous date I had witnessed a riot in that city on the Twelfth in which I saw an Orangeman named Hackett shot dead in one of the principal squares of the city.

So, now, I launched a vigorous editorial in the *Toronto Evening News* deprecating public processions

of any kind of a character likely to stir up religious strife, with special reference to the approaching Twelfth of July in Toronto. I flattered myself that this article was eloquent and convincing, would be greeted by a chorus of public approval—possibly would lead to my being invited to join the editorial staff of the *Mail*.

After the *Evening News* appeared on the street, I went off for my evening meal. My lodging was not far away. Hardly through supper, a message arrived that Mr. Bunting, the managing director of the *Mail*, wanted me at the office at once.

When I entered his room, he was seated at his desk, facing half a dozen formidable looking fellows.

"Mr. Ross," said Mr. Bunting, "these gentlemen object very strongly to the leader in the *Evening News* this evening, regarding the Twelfth of July. They think Mr. James Fahey wrote it. I have told them that Mr. Fahey has been in Simcoe for a couple of days, and in complete justice to Mr. Fahey I think we may, in this instance, disregard our newspaper principle that the authorship of articles should not be revealed except with the consent of the writer. Do you feel like stating who wrote the editorial in question??"

"Of course, sir. I wrote it."

There was a silence of some seconds. Then one of the visitors inquired of me, "What are you—in a religious way, I mean?"

"Scotch Presbyterian."

Some more silence followed. Mr. Bunting arose. "Boys," he said, "Mr. Ross is rather new to this town. No doubt he meant well. I do not approve of his article, which I was not aware of until it appeared in

print, and I will see to it that the preparation for the Twelfth shall receive the best support the *Mail* and the *Evening News* can give. So let us overlook our young friend's mis-timed enthusiasm."

The delegation did not look at all satisfied, but filed out without audible comment. Nobody offered to shake hands with me.

Mr. Bunting looked at me. "Those were some of our leading Orangemen," he remarked. "I'm one myself, too. I think Jim Fahey will enjoy this."

Next morning Mr. Bunting called me into his office again.

"Just had a wire from Jim," he said. "Here you are."

The telegram was this:

"C. W. Bunting, managing director the *Mail*,
Toronto:

"Just seen last night's editorial in the *Evening News* on the Twelfth of July. Returning to-day. Can't help it. Unavoidable circumstances call me home. Please have the whole Toronto police force down at the railway station to escort me safe up town to the bosom of my family.

JAMES FAHEY."

III. A TERRIBLE CABLEGRAM.

"How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object."

—*Shakespeare: Henry IV.*

EDWARD HANLAN, Canadian, Edward Trickett, Australian, were matched to row for the single-scuil championship of the world on the Thames at London in 1882. The distance fixed was five miles with a turn. These old-time athletes were not effete. A stiff contract did not worry them. Trickett, a giant, was much the bigger man of these two, and a great sculler. Both men went to England to train for the race. Trickett for a time was favorite in the betting in England, the odds on him at first being high.

By the sporting world great interest was taken at that era in all professional sculling. This was particularly so in Toronto, Hanlan's native place, the scene of his development as an oarsman—the fastest sculler, in his prime, that the world has seen.

The friends and admirers in Toronto of Hanlan were confident that he could beat Trickett, and many of them were keen to get their money up on Hanlan at the succulent odds quoted in London. A convenient way to do this opened up. The late H. J. P. Good—Harry Good, as he was widely known in sporting circles in Canada throughout his life—sporting editor of the *Toronto Mail* at that time, was the Canadian correspondent of the *London Sportsman* and was a personal friend of the editor of the *Sportsman*. T. B. Whitefoot. Good arranged with Whitefoot that any money which Tor-

onto men wanted to bet on Hanlan against Trickett should be cabled by Good to Whitefoot, to be put up in London on Hanlan at the best odds obtainable.

For a time, as already said, the odds were juicy. A whole lot of Toronto money poured over to Whitefoot, until by and by the odds on Trickett came down a bit, though if I am not mistaken he remained a slight favorite until the last.

Hanlan won the race. Then came the question of the return of the Toronto money, accompanied by the winnings.

As I remember it, some \$25,000 or \$30,000 of Toronto money had gone over from Good to Whitefoot. The winnings amounted to something like \$40,000. There was thus an amount of \$65,000 or \$70,000 due back.

Some delay occurred, owing partly to time required to collect the bets in England, partly to Good having to check up his betting list after Whitefoot cabled back to Toronto the money for the bets and the winnings.

There was really no delay that was not unavoidable except perhaps a little due to the fact that Harry Good always had an eye for the spectacular. He decided to make an occasion. Before paying any bets, he sent a circular letter to all the speculators requesting them to meet him at a certain hour on the same day in the Shakespeare Hotel, then at the northeast corner of King and York streets in Toronto. Harry had engaged a large room there. At the hour fixed the great occasion opened.

Good had things in excellent order. He had every bettor's name and investment on record, of course,

also the odds at which each particular bet had been placed; and he had made out corresponding cheques in every case. Seated at a table at one side of the room he had his record book with a pile of cheques in front of him, arranged in alphabetical order. I was clerk of the course. I being on the staff of the *Toronto Mail* at the time, Good had impressed me to come along to assist in the great occasion. I had a list of the names, and was to call up the winners. Ranged in front of us on chairs were sixty or seventy of these. A few only of the winners were absentees.

Good opened proceedings with a little speech about Hanlan which naturally met with enthusiastic approbation, ending in the upspringing of one of the principal bettors with a cry of "Three cheers for Hanlan," which came off nobly with a "tiger" added.

In the middle of the cheering, in came a hotel boy with a telegram for Good. Harry opened it and read it.

For a moment he looked non-plussed. He glanced around as if for somebody to show it to. He scratched his head. The room had died down into silence. Harry Good was a shrewd fellow, who had a lot of both tact and horse sense. I knew him well for several years, was his assistant for a while, and never knew him to make much of a mistake in tactics but this once. But he certainly rang the firebell in the Shakespeare Hotel that day. He hesitated another moment, then said in a weak voice, "I have a cablegram from Mr. Whitefoot. I suppose I ought to read it."

He proceeded to read it. I have forgotten the exact

words, but it was evidently intended for Good's private consumption. How Harry came to blurt it out he admitted afterwards he didn't know. The cablegram was blunt; still, if Harry had manoeuvred quietly on it in advance, I imagine the idea might have worked. But the wording of the cablegram, and the surprise, produced a perfectly ludicrous explosion. The cablegram was to the effect that Hanlan had suggested that Good should collect—I am not sure that the word was not “deduct”—ten percent. of the winnings of the betting men as a little gift for Hanlan.

The reading of the cablegram finished. For a little a ghastly silence followed as the terrible proposition sank into the intelligence of the gathering— and then there was a general growl of rage in the room, speckled with curses. And I think it was the man who had led in three cheers and a tiger for Hanlan who jumped up again and roared, “What the hell does Hanlan take us for!”

•

IV. A RINGER.

"And look before you ere you leap
For, as you sew, you're like to reap."

—Butler's *Hudibras*.

SOMEWHERE around 1884 or 1885 a man named Williams won the amateur swimming championship of Toronto Bay. He concluded to try to make some money out of his swimming, and as there were no marathons in those days he put a challenge in the sporting page of the *Toronto Mail* to swim anybody for the championship of Canada and \$250 a side.

At the time, I was sporting editor of the *Mail*. Williams posted \$50 with the *Mail* to bind his challenge.

Shortly a man giving his name as Clark, stating that he belonged to Cobourg, came to the *Mail* office to accept Williams' challenge. I was not in the office when he appeared. He put up \$50 with my assistant to cover Williams' \$50.

Later the men met in my office, when an agreement was drawn up for a race. Each deposited a second \$50 to bind the match, and a date was set for the final deposit by each of \$150. When this agreement was signed I was again absent from the office, thus remaining without a sight of Clark.

The date for the final deposit was approaching when a sporting acquaintance dropped in on me to say that he had been hearing something interesting about Clark of Cobourg. "He is travelling under a false name,"

the visitor informed me. "He is not a Canadian. He's from somewhere across the line and seems to be a crackerjack swimmer. Williams is going to lose his money, sure."

"Who told you about this?"

"I was in the Shakespeare Hotel bar last night when a chap who goes about with Clark was all lit up and was gassing about what they were going to do to Williams."

I sent a wire to a friend at Cobourg. His reply was: "No swimmer here named Clark. Nobody in this town could swim fast enough to beat a mud turtle."

Williams was a very decent man, a hard-working citizen, shoemaker by trade, if I remember rightly, with quite a family. He was putting up his own money. Feeling sorry for him, not having any high opinion of his swimming, I sent for him to tell him of the story about Clark.

Williams was scared. "Why," he said, "I only wanted to swim some Canadian."

"You unluckily worded your challenge to swim 'any man in Canada'," I pointed out, "and this fellow is certainly in Canada."

"Well, I don't want to risk my money against a ringer."

In sporting parlance a "ringer" is a horse entered in a race under false pretences.

"Looks as though you were up against it," I remarked.

"Can't I back out?"

"Sure—but by sporting law you lose your deposit of a hundred."

After giving poor Williams a minute or two to digest that, I went on: "I'll give you your money back. I haven't any business to do it, even though Clark is a ringer, for you made the match unconditionally,—but, anyway, this Clark is a fraud."

Next day was the date set for the final deposit of \$150 a side. In the evening I was at my desk in a room in the top story of the *Mail* building, quite alone, and busy with a heavy report of a trotting meet. The room was a big one, dimly lit, the chief illumination at the moment being my desk lamp.

A man came in. "You Mr. Ross?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"I'm Clark, Cobourg. Got \$150 here to close up that swimming match with your Toronto man, Williams. He been in?"

"Yes," I said, writing away. Casting only a brief glance at the visitor, one did not in the poor light sense anything unusual. "Yes, Williams has been in. The match is off."

"What?" ejaculated Clark. "The match off? What's the matter?"

"Williams has got cold feet. Here's your money." I handed Clark a wad.

Clark thumbed it a moment.

"Say, what's this??" he snarled. "There's only \$100 here. That's my own money. Where's the other hundred?"

"Gave it back to Williams."

"You what? You gave it back to Williams? What

the hell are you talking about? That was my money, too, you know damn well!"

Patience exploded. I jumped up. "Get out of here," I exclaimed. "You're a ringer. Get out, quick, or I'll throw you out."

Facing him, he sort of dawned on me for the first time. He was close on six feet in height, and built like a wolf hound. In his tanned face burned a wicked-looking pair of grey eyes. Clark of Cobourg looked like a human bullet.

One sometimes is able to think quickly. I was seemingly as big as Clark of Cobourg, but I realized in a moment that I was probably not one half as efficient as Clark of Cobourg in certain lines of practical argument not related to a bright newspaper intelligence. An effort at a pacific smile appeared in my countenance. Rather, be it phrased, I grimaced. "Excuse me," I said. "I take it back. I don't really want to throw you out. But there's nothing more to be done about the other thing. Williams got his money back. It's all over.

Clark of Cobourg did not smile. He kept his steely gaze fixed on me steadily for a minute or so. He appeared to be pondering as to what the police might do to him if he messed me up—but finally, with another muttered curse he turned on his heel and left the room.

Next day the sporting acquaintance who had told me that Clark was not the real name of the man came in. "Say," he observed, "I've found out who Clark of Cobourg is."

"Tell me," said I, "I'm most curious to know."

"He's Jack Burke, of New York, whom they are

talking of matching to fight the Nonpareil, Jack Dempsey, for the middleweight championship of America.”

That was that.

NOTE.—Jack Burke later met Jack Dempsey in a battle for the middleweight championship of America—not, of course, the present Dempsey, the heavyweight, but Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil of half a century ago, one of the best middleweights who ever stepped into a ring. The fight took place in San Francisco, Nov. 12, 1886. The battle was 10 rounds; it ended in a draw. Burke was a fine swimmer as well as a first-class prize-fighter.

V. AS BETWEEN GENTLEMEN

"The sense of honor is of so fine and delicate a nature that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by good examples, or a refined education."

—Addison: *The Guardian*.

LITTLE JOHNNY RAINE, of Ottawa, was the fastest mile runner on this continent about 1880. A greater miler was the Scotchman Cumming, who held the world's then lowest record for the mile, four minutes and sixteen seconds. W. G. George subsequently reduced it to four minutes and twelve seconds. Nurmi, the Finn, has cut it down a second or two since.

Cumming visited America and ran a match with Raine. The race was a close one, though Cumming won.

Raine was as conscienceless a little man as ever put on spiked shoes. If he could make a dollar more by "throwing" a race than by winning a race, he was more than likely to throw it.

In Raine's era I was employed on the *Toronto Mail*, and became acquainted with Raine. He seemed to like to talk to me, and once in a while would visit the *Mail* office. Incidentally he would sometimes launch into recitals of some of the swindles he had pulled off in foot races.

"You're taking chances with your stories about crooked work," I remarked once, "some day I may open up in the *Mail* and tell the world a few of them."

Johnny coughed. "Nix on that."

“Why not?”

“Aw, now, Mr. Ross,” said Johnny, “you’d never do that. Anything I tell you private like this is just between gentlemen.”

VI. BEHIND THE SCENES.

"I like to see a bout between two evenly-matched men. . . . There can be no harm in such an exhibition. In my opinion it is much better for a man to know how to protect himself with his fists than to resort to fire-arms, knives or clubs. . . . I believe boxing should be encouraged; it is a manly sport."

—*President Theodore Roosevelt.*

SOME time in 1883, Harry Gilmore and George Fulljames were matched in Toronto to fight for the lightweight championship of Canada and a purse made up by their respective backers.

Law against prize-fighting was strict in those days. The arrangements for the match were kept secret. There were no big gates at that era, nor any big crowd expected or wanted. Word was passed around among men who would likely keep their mouths shut, and the fight was fixed for a date and place on Toronto Island.

The police got wise to the matter. The day before the one set for the fight, they started to round up the two men.

At the time, I was a member of the staff of the *Toronto Mail*, and that evening was in my room in the top of the *Mail* building when the door opened and Harry Gilmore came in.

"Hallo, Harry," was my surprised greeting, "Didn't expect you." I knew him well; had been taking boxing lessons from him.

"The police are after me," said Gilmore.

"Yes, so I've heard."

"I don't know what to do," he went on. "They're looking every place and watching the railway station."

The elevator clanked in the corridor outside my room.

"Some one may come in, Harry," I said, "better get behind that curtain for a minute."

There was an alcove in the room for a wash-basin, with a curtain across the front. Gilmore disappeared behind the curtain.

A couple of seconds later an inspector of police came in. "How are you tonight," he greeted me.

"Fine. Sit down."

"Heard about our being after Gilmore and Fulljames, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Fulljames has skinned clear. Some of his friends got him away on a steam launch. Rather slick. We didn't think of the bay. I was passing here and thought I'd drop in and tell you about that. Gilmore is in town still, though. Some one saw him on King street not an hour ago."

"What'll they do to him if you get him?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe only bind him over to keep the peace. But then again the police magistrate might send him down for a couple of months as a warning."

"That would be rough on Gilmore," I remarked, "to get a mark like that on him. He's got a wife and children, too."

"Yes," returned the inspector, "but he isn't in exactly the best kind of game, is he? However, I feel a little sorry about it myself, seeing that there hasn't been any fight. But I've got to get him if I can."

The inspector was sitting about fifteen feet from the alcove.

"I suppose he might have a good many hiding places," I suggested.

The inspector rose. "Of course. Well, we'll just have to keep hunting. By, by." Off he went.

Gilmore slept that night on a pile of newspapers under the table in the room. The trouble blew over.

VII. POINT OF VIEW.

"He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made."

—*Shakespeare: Henry V.*

HARRY GILMORE was the champion light-weight of Canada in the year 1885, a beautiful boxer and a fearless and determined fighter in the ring. Later he met Jack McAuliffe, unsuccessfully, for the light-weight championship of America.

The Toronto morning newspapers of March 28, 1885, startled the city with news of the outbreak of bloodshed in the Northwest. A small force of Royal Northwest Mounted Police and local volunteers, endeavoring to remove some military stores from a post at Duck Lake were attacked by discontented Metis of Riel's following. Three of the Mounted Police and nine volunteers were killed, along with half a dozen Metis.

The newspapers which carried an account of this fight announced also that the Dominion government were acting at once, and had issued an emergency call for a number of the militia battalions to go to the Northwest, among which were the Tenth Royal Grenadiers of Toronto.

Harry Gilmore belonged to the Grenadiers. On my way down town that morning to the *Mail* office, where I was working, I stopped in at Gilmore's boxing room. He was there, cleaning up.

"Say, Harry," I exclaimed, "seen the morning papers?"

"No—What's the matter? Any fight?"

“Great guns, yes. There’s bad news from the Northwest. The half-breeds and Indians are on the warpath, and some of the Mounted Police and others have been killed. Some of the Militia are being called out to go to the Northwest, the Tenth Royals among them. You’re in luck, Harry.”

“Luck?” said Harry. “What luck?”

“Why—to have the Tenth called out. My lot isn’t, not yet anyway. Only some of the battalions are called so far.”

“D’ye think I’m going?” exclaimed Harry. “Not me! Not on your life! D’ye suppose I want to get a bullet stuck in my stomach, or get tomahawked? That’s not my game. I’m staying right here.”

He did. Harry was married, and no compulsion was put on married men to go.

VIII. ACCIDENT OF ACCIDENT.

"Chance will not do the work—chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm
The very wind that wafts towards the port
May dash us on the shoals. The steersman's part is
vigilance,
Blow it or rough or smooth."

—*Sir Walter Scott: Fortunes of Nigel.*

THOMAS HIRAM PRESTON, originally from Brantford, was city editor of the *Toronto Globe* in 1882. I was telegraph editor of the *Toronto Evening News*.

We were walking along King street in Toronto one day that spring. Edward Farrer, editor-in-chief of the *Toronto Mail*, met us. He stopped.

"Would either of you chaps like to go to Winnipeg?" he asked.

We distrusted Ned. He was usually in a jesting humor. "Sorry," said Preston, "but we are going to start a new morning paper in Toronto this week."

"I'm in earnest," Mr. Farrer returned, "the *Winnipeg Sun* wants an editor. I have been asked to recommend somebody. It's a good job. Either of you will do."

Preston looked at me. I looked at Preston.

"Want to go?" asked my friend.

"Do you want to go?" I replied.

"I wouldn't mind," said he.

"Neither would I."

"Toss a coin," suggested Mr. Farrer.

A half dollar came out of my pocket. "I'll flip it,"

I said to Preston, "you call. If you guess it, you make first application."

The coin was flipped. "Heads," called Preston.

Heads it was.

Preston went to Winnipeg. He was there eight years, making a fine record with the now vanished *Sun*.

Returning to Ontario in 1890, he acquired an interest in the Brantford *Expositor*, later becoming sole owner. Entering politics, he was elected to the Ontario Legislature in 1899, and in 1906 was invited to become leader of the Liberal party in the province. But he had tired of the political game. He declined the big post, retiring shortly afterwards from the Legislature to devote himself entirely to his newspaper and to civic work.

Forty years after our walk on King street, our paths came close again. I was elected president in 1920 of the newly formed Canadian Daily Newspapers' Association. Mr. Preston was alongside. He was elected president in 1923.

He died in 1925, bequeathing the Brantford *Expositor*, a fine newspaper property, to his son, W. B. Preston, who in turn became president of the Canadian Daily Newspapers' Association in 1929.

There have been few men in my life esteemed as greatly as T. H. Preston. We have in Ontario a lot of sterling human stuff. T. H. Preston was of the finest of it, strong, clean, square and able, an earnest and active Christian man and keen citizen.

What might have been the stories of our two lives if that coin on King street had turned up tails?

IX. FOUR LEGAL TRIALS.

"The law is a sort of hocuspocus science that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more use to the lawyers than the justice of it."

—*Macklin: Love a la mode.*

THE Nautilus four-oared crew of Hamilton won the amateur championship of Canada in the year 1885. A comment appeared in the columns of the *Montreal Star* to the effect that the victory was no great credit to rowing, because the crew were doubtful amateurs, and "two of them were anything but respectable men."

The four members of the crew took four separate libel suits against the *Star*. Thereby hang several tales, more or less interesting, but this story is told chiefly to illustrate the beauties of the law. I was managing editor of the *Montreal Star*, at the time. Some of the beauties of the law fell upon me, or rather upon the *Star*, some fell upon other people.

The catastrophe really began before my regime as editor of the *Star*, which illustrates the idea that trouble can sometimes begin before one is born.

It was this way—at least so I was told afterwards. A gentleman who lived in Montreal, by name John Fulton, found himself in a house too big for him. He decided to rent the upper half of it. Tenants materialized for the upper half. Mr. Fulton, living down below, quarrelled with the tenants and ordered them out. They declined to go. Mr. Fulton started literally to smoke them out by burning things in the

basement. Who won, I never heard, but I did hear afterwards that the *Star* had got hold of the story, proceeding to write it up in a humorous manner, and that Mr. Fulton, who was a strenuous person, resented this bitterly; and, though having no means of immediate retaliation, apparently laid low for the *Star*.

Then appeared myself upon the Montreal scene, and later the sporting column of the *Star* happened to make remarks about the Nautilus crew of Hamilton.

One doubts whether the Nautilus crew would have paid any attention to the *Star*, but for Mr. Fulton. Mr. Fulton, who had been a rowing man among other things, noticed the item. Remembering his grievance against the *Star*, he wrote up to Hamilton to draw the attention of the Nautilus Club to the villainy of the *Star*, and offered to assist the club to get satisfaction. He was not a lawyer, but apparently the club thought he was. At any rate, acting through him, the four members of the Nautilus crew took four separate libel suits against the *Star*, claiming heavy damages in each case.

Mr. Hugh Graham, the proprietor of the *Star*, decided not to defend the suits. He reasoned that it would be a losing business, because the item complained of was undoubtedly, in part, an unjust one, inasmuch as it stigmatized a crew of four as including "two who were anything but respectable men," without mentioning names. Certainly we had done a wrong to at least two of the crew—unless we could prove that all of the four were anything but respectable. So Mr. Graham instructed me to apologize in each case; also to pay into court in each case \$25 damages as an evidence of good faith.

Most everybody would have got off cheaply if Mr. Graham's proposition had been accepted by the Nautilus Club. But it wasn't. The apologies appeared, the cash was paid into court, but the Nautilus men didn't bite. They, or their advisers in Montreal, argued that they had caught the *Star* cold, and could get bigger damages. The four Nautilus men went on with their libel actions. I have always set this down to Mr. Fulton's account, although by this time an eminent Montreal counsel, John L. Morris, K.C., had been retained by Fulton to act for the Nautilus Club.

The *Star* was now in a bad box. By its apologies, it had practically pleaded guilty. We could not even offer evidence in extenuation. All that remained was for the plaintiffs to produce as many witnesses as possible to prove injury to their reputations, then for the juries to assess damages. The *Star's* counsel were unable even to get the four cases lumped together to save costs. Four separate trials proceeded.

In the four trials the complaint was the same, the lawyers were the same, witnesses and evidence were the same. In two cases the judge was the same. Well—don't laugh—there were four different verdicts.

The first jury returned a verdict of \$50 damages. Under Quebec law, the amount of the verdict determined the nature of the costs. This first verdict, I think, carried only third-class or lowest costs, which were mild.

The second jury gave a verdict of one dollar damages, which carried only third-class costs.

The third jury gave a verdict of \$500 damages, carrying first-class costs. Very heavy. Our trouble that time was that one of our lawyers tried a new

tack. He addressed the jury eloquently portraying the suits as an effort to get a lot of money out of Mr. Graham who, he emphasized, was a rich man. We heard afterwards that the jury concluded that if Mr. Graham was such a rich man, and the plaintiff was only a poor man, it would not be a bad idea to let the poor man get something handsome out of the rich man, who really wouldn't miss the money.

The fourth jury returned a verdict for \$150, carrying second-class costs.

Altogether, between damages, costs, and lawyers, the *Star* was mulcted for several thousand dollars.

This ended the *Star's* connection with the matter, but it did not end the lawsuits by any means.

Next thing we heard was that the Nautilus Club, which had guaranteed all expenses to its rowing men, was trying to obtain from Mr. Fulton or Mr. Morris, or both, the amounts of damages registered against the *Star*, and wasn't able to, and was taking legal action against the two gentlemen to get the money. Also that the action failed; also, that either expense or internal friction in the club was causing serious trouble. At all events it was not long afterwards until the Nautilus Rowing Club broke up and disappeared.

Meanwhile, in Montreal, Mr. Fulton and Mr. Morris quarrelled and the two sued each other. What the result was I never heard, as I left Montreal shortly after the conclusion of the libel suits. So I don't know which came off best.

But thus, from first to last, there were seven lawsuits, nobody got any practical satisfaction, and the courts, the lawyers and the witnesses got all the money.

X. APPEARANCES MAY BE DECEPTIVE.

"You cannot know wine by the barrel."

—*Old Proverb.*

THE annual regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen in 1886 was held at Lachine. I was on the Montreal *Star* at that time, and went into a Lachine crew, senior fours, rowing stroke. We were good material, averaging six feet in height and 170 pounds in weight. The others were: James G. Monk, No. 3; Charles S. Shaw, No. 2, and Duncan Robertson, bow, all first-class oars.

The C. A. A. O. races were to be preceded by a three-mile race for the Lachine Challenge Cup for senior fours, a pretty stiff pull.

Starting training, our crew kept for a while to long, slow rowing, to get hardened up before trying any fast work.

Fred Plaisted, a noted professional New England sculler, came to Lachine to train for some race, I think with either Edward Hanlan or Wallace Ross. A day or two after Plaisted arrived he appeared on the water in our neighborhood, and for a while kept near us. That evening some one in Lachine asked him what he thought of us. "They'll do pretty well in their races," he replied, "if they get a tug-boat to tow them."

This remark was duly conveyed to our ears. We hadn't done anything to Plaisted; we didn't like it. When thereafter he was around on the water we didn't exert ourselves.

The day before the three-mile race for the Lachine Cup Plaisted's opinion was asked again by some of the betting men who are apt to congregate around a regatta. Plaisted wasn't any more complimentary than before. "A single-sculler," he told them, "hasn't any business matching up with a good senior four—maybe can hold them for two or three hundred yards—but I could row rings around these lads."

Some pool buying was done against us on that basis that evening, some of it by Plaisted himself.

Our crew won the three-mile race hands down for the Lachine Cup. The following day we won the C. A. A. O. senior fours in the best time on record then for a mile and a half. I think the record, seven minutes 50 seconds, stands to this day for a four-oared race, with but one exception—but I must confess that we rowed with a current in our favor.

That evening in Hanna's Hotel, the chief sporting resort in Lachine in those days, Plaisted came up to me and shook hands. "I was out around you fellows a good deal," he said with a grin, "but I wasn't usin' my old bean."

XI. GENESIS OF THE JOURNAL.

"Fortune, the great commandress of the world
Hath divers ways to advance her followers."

—George Chapman: *All Fools*.

ALEXANDER SMITH WOODBURN started *The Ottawa Evening Journal* Dec. 10, 1885. In the following year I bought a half interest in the paper from him for \$4,000, mostly borrowed, becoming joint publisher of *The Journal* on Jan. 1, 1887.

No one would have paid 4,000 cents for a half interest in *The Journal* at that time had he known anything about the business side of a newspaper. *The Journal* had been losing money from the start. There were no assets. The plant was merely leased from Mr. Woodburn. The paper was printed on a press belonging to Mr. Woodburn's job printing business. It was printed with Mr. Woodburn's type. It was printed in Mr. Woodburn's establishment. My purchase did not give me any interest in these things. What I bought was merely a half interest in the name and "good-will" of *The Evening Journal*. And so far as "good-will" was concerned, the willing *Journal* had run behind several thousand dollars in the first year's operation. The circulation of *The Journal* when I joined in was about 1,700, of which 600 were "dead-heads"—namely, free papers to somebody.

During the previous six years I had been working for various newspapers in Montreal and Toronto as a reporter or editor. I was ignorant of business or finance of any kind. But I was ambitious to own some

interest in a newspaper. Having noted the start of *The Journal* while in Ottawa as a member of the Press Gallery of Parliament, and hearing that Mr. Woodburn was looking for a partner with some experience of newspaper work, I approached him. He did not know any more about me than I knew about the business end of a newspaper, so we practically gold-bricked each other. I borrowed \$4,000 to buy a half interest in nothing but the name of a losing newspaper, Mr. Woodburn got a partner whose only qualification to help him was a pen.

Mr. Woodburn had a large job printing business, with which my purchase had no connection. The newspaper was a separate undertaking. He was a first-class printer, an artist in that line. At one time the job printing had been prosperous. At the time we joined forces in *The Journal*, the job printing business was losing ground. His launch into the publication of a newspaper was, for him, a leap in the dark, prompted, no doubt, by the hope that it would help his job printing. The result was the reverse; it made things worse.

A word here about Mr. Woodburn personally, who passed away long ago. He was a fine type of the North of Ireland man of commanding presence—over six feet in height, and of proportionate breadth, of handsome, kindly face and kindly manner, hardworking, conscientious, honorable, public-spirited—in short, a high-class citizen.

To resume the story: Here, in 1887, were Mr. Woodburn and I linked together in the conduct of a losing

newspaper business in which both of us were tyros. Followed a hectic time for me. *The Journal* scraped along, losing money, Mr. Woodburn making what advances he could, while I borrowed any more money I could, laboring all the while to learn something of practical business and finance, while also writing editorials and running the news end of of the paper. It was a tough job. Sometimes on Fridays it was necessary to get out to skirmish for money to pay the wages. Once or twice there was temporary failure to get it, and the staff nearly walked out on us. The struggle began to seem vain, until in 1890 we clearly reached the end of our tether. Money and credit both gone, considerable debt left. I decided to quit. I applied for a job as editor of a weekly paper in the then very remote far northwest, the *Fort Macleod Gazette*, which I heard was vacant. My application was accepted.

Meanwhile I had gone to Mr. Woodburn to offer to sell him my share in *The Journal* cheap. Mr. Woodburn couldn't offer me anything.

Now the moral of the story begins. Some people tell young chaps to stick to their own game and keep out of politics and such.

Soon after I had come to Ottawa some one suggested to me to become a candidate for the Board of Directors of the Central Fair. The proposition was not attractive. My ignorance about fairs was complete, nor did I feel any interest in them, except in a general way as a citizen. My own affairs were pressing. However, an idea in my mind was that everybody ought to be willing to try to do some sort of

public service if he could, so I agreed to run for the Central Fair Board, and was elected.

Charles Magee, president of the Bank of Ottawa, was president of the Central Fair. As a director I made his acquaintance. It was little more than an acquaintance, for we did not meet often otherwise.

Then, in the summer of 1891, almost on the eve of my packing my trunk for Fort Macleod, a message came to *The Journal* office that Mr. Magee wanted to see me. I went to his private office, an unpretentious place on Elgin street, next to the old *Free Press* building and facing the City Hall. The conversation that ensued has left a vivid impression with me.

Mr. Magee: "Good morning, Mr. Ross. Thank you for coming over. What I want to see you about is this:—The Central Fair will be on soon, and I would like you to take charge of the gates this year."

Myself: "Glad to do it, Mr. Magee, if I were going to be here, but I will be away."

Mr. Magee: "Holiday?"

Myself: "No, leaving Ottawa for good."

Mr. Magee: "Why, how is that?"

Myself: "Well—between ourselves, *The Journal* is up salt creek, I'm out, and I've booked a job elsewhere."

Mr. Magee: "You mean that *The Journal* will stop? Sorry to hear that. I like the paper. Perhaps I could help you."

Myself: "I am afraid not. The trouble is not merely money, though we are losing that, but although I think a great deal of Mr. Woodburn, he and I are not a good newspaper combination. No use our going further together."

Mr. Magee: "Can you buy him out?"

Myself: "Easily enough, if I had any money."

Mr. Magee: "Suppose you find out what he wants—then we could consider further."

Going to see Mr. Woodburn, there came a surprise. Mr. Woodburn said he would sell his half interest in *The Journal* for \$4,000. Apparently his feeling was that if he had got \$4,000 for the first half of *The Journal* he sold me, he ought to get \$4,000 for the second half. Perhaps he merely thought I had struck oil somewhere. Anyway, he planted his feet, and that was that.

I returned disconsolate to Mr. Magee. "Nothing doing," I reported to him. "Mr. Woodburn wants \$4,000 and won't budge."

Mr. Magee: "Can you say to me that you have a chance of success with that paper?"

Myself: "I don't know. Maybe."

Mr. Magee: "If you can say so, I'll endorse your note for \$4,000."

Myself: "This is rather wonderful, Mr. Magee, and thank you very much, but you don't understand. There is no security. *The Journal* has no assets—nothing but debts. Mr. Woodburn prints it. He owns all the plant. The paper is losing money. I haven't got any money left and couldn't carry on."

Mr. Magee: "If you tell me that you think you have a chance of success, I'll endorse your note for \$4,000, and I will help you to form a little company to carry on with."

Myself: "With some capital, there will be a chance."

Mr. Magee: "Go ahead."

I closed with Mr. Woodburn.

The Journal company was duly organized by Mr. Magee, with \$30,000 nominal capital. Mr. Magee, G. H. Perley (afterwards Sir George) and N. Charles Sparks, each paid \$5,000 cash for stock at par. The other \$15,000 stock was allotted to me as paid up, as a consideration for the good-will and the dubious property. It was very generous treatment of me. The cash put in by the others gave *The Journal* a good new start, and after two or three anxious years we got around the corner.

Subsequently the other shareholders sold out to me.

Mr. Woodburn some time later retiring from the job printing business came on *The Journal* staff and remained with us some years, until his death in 1904.

Charles Magee, at the time I write of, was reputed to be one of the hardest and closest men in Ottawa, in a business way. It is difficult to know why he helped me. He never tried to use *The Journal* in any way. *The Journal* was independent in politics, occasionally assailing the Conservative party. Mr. Magee was president, then, of the Ottawa Conservative Association. But he never said a word to me about politics, or tried to influence the newspaper course in any way. He remained my valued friend to the end of his life, nor did he ever say a word about what he had done for me in 1890.

To come back to the moral, if I had not run for the Central Fair Board in 1889, and so made Mr. Magee's acquaintance, I would probably have spent my life in the northwest instead of in Ottawa.

XII. THE ENGLISH BREED.

"Brave Hearts! To Britain's pride
So faithful and so true."

—*Thomas Campbell.*

THE English breed at its best is very great, and sometimes does not know it.

The most complete History yet published of this country up to the Union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841, was written by William Kingsford, a generation ago. The twelve volumes are a monument of painstaking and conscientious labor and of accuracy. They lack only the vivid and picturesque style which is an essential to popularity.

Mr. Kingsford was a man of noble presence. Six feet four in height, powerful in build, few men looked impressive alongside of him. His character was equally impressive. One could not imagine any departure from the highest personal standard. Also in his daily going he was simple and kindly. An Englishman by birth and breeding, at one time a soldier, he had little of the reserve and nothing of the egotism which sometimes mar the Englishman. But Englishman he was to the core, though of long residence in Canada.

He was a civil engineer by profession, Chief Engineer for a time of the Department of Public Works at Ottawa. He resigned owing to some difference with Sir Hector Langevin, then Minister of Public Works, after which he devoted himself to the writing of his History of Canada. He died in 1893.

Follows a story he told me which he thought showed how he had once been inadequate, and a failure.

An Englishman, whose name I remember only as George, had been convicted of murder somewhere in the Eastern Townships, and lay in jail at Sherbrooke, condemned to death and awaiting execution. Mr. Kingsford was in the neighbourhood in connection with some public work. He became interested in the case. There were extenuating circumstances about the crime sufficient to enlist the warm sympathy of Mr. Kingsford for the condemned man, particularly as the latter, like Mr. Kingsford, was an Englishman.

Efforts were made to secure a commutation of the death sentence. Up to almost the last there seemed a good hope that commutation would be granted from Ottawa, a hope in which, perhaps unfortunately, George was allowed to share. Meanwhile Mr. Kingsford, who was seeing the man daily, was becoming very attached to him.

The night before the date set for the execution, word came from Ottawa that there would be no commutation or reprieve.

The condemned man had become friendly with all around the jail. When the fatal news arrived there was a general shrinking from the ugly duty of telling him of it. The governor of the jail, knowing that Mr. Kingsford had become close to the poor man, sent for him to ask him to break the dread news.

"I refused," Mr. Kingsford told me. "I protested, I argued it was not my place to do it. The governor kept at me. He said they were all afraid to tell George; that I knew him better than anybody, that he would take it easier from me than anybody else, that if there

could be any comfort to the poor fellow, it would be from me.

“I gave in. I agreed to do it, and—I tried to prepare to say something. It was no use. Nothing would come in my mind. I went. I stumbled into his cell, tears streaming down my face, put my hand on his shoulder, and all I could think to say, was:

“George, my poor friend! There is nothing left for you—*nothing left but to die with the courage of your race.*”

XIII. CONTEMPT OF COURT.

“Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.”

—*Shakespeare: Richard III.*

THE law—or lack of law—of “contempt of court” is a unique thing.

Under the concept “contempt of court” remains the sole case in the civilized world in which a man who feels himself annoyed by somebody else can unresponsibly constitute himself judge, jury and executioner of the other fellow.

Technically and legally, no redress exists. If a judge chooses to think that somebody else is guilty of what the judge chooses to think contempt of court, the judge can put the somebody in jail without trial.

Nor is there any law or prescription or definition to specify what contempt of court is. That is left to a judge’s discretion.

This curious law or condition has a very justifiable, indeed necessary basis. In the words of a famous English jurist “Let us consider the reasons of the case, for nothing is law that is not reason.” A judge ought to have prompt power to protect justice. He ought to have prompt power to enforce order in his court. He ought to have prompt power to stop any comment or publicity or action outside his court which may prejudice trials in his court. These powers are all right. They are arbitrary and sudden—but any slow process would be ineffectual and perhaps bring a court into contempt.

The mischief may sometimes be that as no exact definition or limit can be specified about any possible court emergency or judicial desirability, a judge may misapply his power. A judge is merely a human being. He is liable to make mistakes like the rest of us. Sometimes he may imagine that the cause of justice is concerned, when what is concerned is merely his own vanity or arrogance; so, to gratify his spite or his bad temper, he may misuse the weapon which the concept "contempt of court" gives him.

In the year 1887 the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada was Sir Henry Strong. He was held by the bar to be a very able judge. He was certainly hot-tempered, arrogant and obstinate. Further, he was lazy as regards his duties on the Bench. The business of the Supreme Court was in confusion; that the Chief Justice was chiefly to blame, and that his colleagues could do nothing with him, was notorious.

In the summer of 1887 something like one hundred and fifty appeals to the Supreme Court were awaiting trial or judgment, some of them for more than a year.

In the editorial column of *The Journal*, of which newspaper I had recently become editor, appeared an article criticizing severely the delays in the Supreme Court. The name of the Chief Justice was not mentioned, but probably to lawyers or others who had anything to do with the Supreme Court the inference was clear.

Alec Ferguson, K.C., a prominent Ottawa lawyer, called on me the next day, partly as my friend, partly as a delegate of the Chief Justice. Sir Henry Strong, he informed me, was very angry about the editorial

in *The Journal*. If *The Journal* did not withdraw some of the assertions made and apologize for them the Chief Justice was bent on taking action.

"What sort of action?"

"He is likely to put you in jail for contempt of the Supreme Court bench," replied Mr. Ferguson, "you had better get from under."

I knew what "contempt of court" meant, having been in trouble before.

"Well, no doubt he can do that," I said, "but it seems to me he won't."

"He can do it if he has a mind to," observed Mr. Ferguson, "and he has. You don't know the Chief Justice. Nobody can stop him. If he does jug you, you wouldn't have any redress."

"Wasn't the article true?"

"Yes."

"And proper?"

"That's a matter of opinion."

"What do the lawyers in town think?"

"They may think it was all right. But that is not the point for you. The point for you is that the Chief Justice is going to do something to you if you don't give him some satisfaction."

I said, "I am going to tell you something in strict confidence, merely as a friend, which will likely induce you to persuade the Chief Justice not to take any extreme measure."

"Don't tell me anything," Mr. Ferguson returned. "Practically I am here from the Chief Justice. It would not be fair for me to hear something which I could not pass on to him."

"You've got to hear it," I rejoined, "or a scandal is

sure. Nor must you pass it on to the Chief Justice, but just talk him out of the idea. I did not write the editorial. It was communicated to me, practically almost word for word as it was printed in *The Journal*. If the Chief Justice goes for me, the inspirer of the article will assuredly not let me suffer. He will avow his responsibility, which will ensure a bad scandal."

Mr. Ferguson pondered, then, "perhaps you had better tell me who wrote it, between ourselves."

"The article," I informed him, "was practically written by Mr. Justice Taschereau of the Supreme Court Bench."

I never heard any more about it.

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XIV. BEFORE THE LAST TRIBUNAL.

"Stern daughter of the voice of God! O Duty!
Thou who art victory and law."

—Wordsworth: *Ode to Duty*.

HENRY WOOD was bridge inspector of the Eastern Ontario division of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1890. An Englishman, a Lancashire man, he had come to Canada 36 years before that date, sent over by contractors to superintend the construction of a bridge on an eastern section of the Grand Trunk Railway. He remained employed on or about railway construction, chiefly bridges, thereafter. For 15 years prior to 1890 he was in the employ of the Canadian Pacific, and for eight years had been in the position of chief bridge inspector of the Eastern Ontario division.

He was a rugged piece of old English oak, independent, self-reliant, square-dealing, absolutely devoted to his employers. Outside his duty, tolerant, kindly and humorous.

His wife being dead when I knew him, he lodged and boarded at the Grand Union Hotel in Ottawa, which he made his headquarters. But his railway duties necessitated frequent travelling at any hour, often on the shortest notice, and exposed him at times to considerable hardship.

From a severe winter trip to a northern bridge in February, 1890, he came back to Ottawa with pneumonia developing. He was 67 years of age. Things went badly.

During the evening of March 2 it became evident that death was near. Some time after midnight Dr. Church, telling us nothing more could be done, went away.

I was a boarder at the Grand Union Hotel at that era. Mr. Wood and I were friends. That night I stayed beside the bed together with Miss Wood, a daughter who had come up from Montreal.

The old man had sunk into a state of coma before Dr. Church left. The doctor did not think he would come out of it. The dying man remained unconscious for a couple of hours. As daylight approached he stirred a little. Then he opened his eyes wide, looking not at us, but upward steadily. After a moment he whispered huskily, slowly, but confidently, as though answering a question from some tribunal which he saw and heard but did not fear:

“Never lost a bridge. Never lost a life. Never was an hour behind time.”

His eyes closed. Without further sound or stir, he died a few minutes later.

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XV. A POTENT SPIRIT.

"What's a drunken man like, fool?"

"Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman; one draught above a heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him."

—*Shakespeare: Twelfth Night.*

A GNARLED little man came into my office in Ottawa one day in June, 1888, with a letter of introduction from a sporting acquaintance in Detroit. The letter read:

"Bearer is William Clark. He is, or ought to be, a first class lightweight, but he drinks. No use making any serious match for him; he can't be trained. English, he has been in the United States for some time, wants to try Canada. If you have any use for a really good boxing teacher, here's your man—but don't give him any money if you can help it until you've had your money's worth."

The Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club at that time had headquarters and a gymnasium in a building on the southeast corner of Wellington and Bank streets. I took Clark there to give me a lesson as a sample. He had administered it convincingly when a big chap named Thompson, who claimed to be the heavyweight champion of Hull and Ottawa, dropped in. Introductions followed. Clark had not yet got his street clothes on. Thompson suggested a round or two. Clark was agreeable. Thompson peeled off his coat and vest, and they squared off, Thompson towering over Clark, 40 pounds the heavier. They fiddled a

little, then Clark lit into Thompson's stomach with a hard left, followed up instantaneously with a smashing right to the jaw which sent Thompson down like an ox hit by an axe. It was half a minute before he could get up, too groggy to go any further with the gloves.

After this, no difficulty existed in getting up a boxing class for Clark, on the basis that he was not to get any money until the course was completed. Meanwhile we guaranteed his board and lodging, while he used the O. A. A. C. gymnasium for the class.

All went well for a week or so. Then a couple of us arriving at the gymnasium one afternoon found Clark sitting on the floor, looking very sick. His back was against a wall, keeping him more or less upright, but his eyes were glassy, and his head was rolling from side to side like that of a bear in captivity. I had kept a quart of wood alcohol in my locker to rub down with after exercise, and Clark had swallowed most of the stuff.

We got Clark to a hospital, where he remained for a week or so.

When he came out I closed accounts with him, paid him what was due, also tried to contribute some good advice.

For a couple of weeks nothing was seen of him. Then he appeared in my office very drunk, very dilapidated, to plead for a set-up.

"No, Clark," I said. "I'll stake you to meal tickets or a lodging, but no money."

"Just a dollar, boss!"

"No."

"Just a quarter—only a quarter."

"Not a stiver."

“Aw, now—not even just a quarter for Clarkey!” (Crying). “Whiskey up, poor Clarkey down. Clarkey can lick any man in the world his weight anywhere—but not whiskey. Clarkey never feared the face of man, but whiskey licks poor Clarkey!” Then with a wail, “Whiskey can lick anybody in the world!”

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XVI. EDWARD BLAKE.

"Kindness is wisdom. No one in life
But needs it and may learn."

—*Bailey: Festus.*

EDWARD BLAKE was elected leader of the Liberal party of Canada in 1880. He remained leader for seven years. In 1887 he resigned, to be succeeded by Wilfrid Laurier.

Six feet or more in height, broad-shouldered, strongly built, of majestic face and carriage, Edward Blake looked kingly. His intellect was commensurate. One of the foremost of Canadian lawyers, an impressive orator, a man of the highest political and moral ideals, with patriotism and integrity beyond question, devoted to his party, he should have been an ideal political leader.

Yet with all this splendid mental, moral and physical quality, Mr. Blake was not a success as a political leader. Something was lacking. Perhaps it was just the touch of quick humanness which makes a man one with his fellows even though he be greater than they. He was certainly not a "mixer". Perhaps he was merely a shy man. But, cold and austere on the surface, he seemed to fail to get any great hold upon the imagination or affection of the Liberal party.

Upon a date in Mr. Blake's time, Arnott J. Magurn was the Ottawa correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, which then, as now, was the chief Liberal newspaper of the Dominion, and at that era much more a straight uncompromising party organ than any Canadian

newspaper is a party organ to-day. So that Mr. Magurn was not merely a prominent newspaper man but a man of much Liberal consequence.

Mr. Magurn and I were walking along Sparks street together. Just opposite what was then the Russell House entrance, Magurn exclaimed in a pleased voice, "Why, here is Mr. Blake."

Mr. Blake had been absent from Ottawa.

Mr. Blake was coming towards us, walking slowly, with his hands clasped behind his back, looking absent-minded, as he often did. Magurn stopped in front of him, holding out his hand with a "How do you do, Mr. Blake! Welcome back!"

The great Liberal statesman looked blankly at the Parliamentary representative of the great Liberal newspaper, and without removing his hands from behind his back said in a cold tone, "How do you do, sir," and moving to one side passed on.

Magurn wheeled around, glared after the receding stately figure, and spat out between his teeth, "The son of a b——!"

XVII. EVERYBODY DISSATISFIED.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see corsels as ithers see us."

—*Robert Burns.*

DR. GEORGE ORTON was Conservative member for Centre Wellington in the Dominion House of Commons in 1886. In that same year, E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin" and other fine stories, who was chief editorial writer of the *Toronto Globe*, the leading Liberal paper, had come to the Press Gallery at Ottawa for the Parliamentary session.

In connection with some political question arising during the course of the session, Mr. Thomson sent a despatch from Ottawa to the *Globe* which aroused Dr. Orton's ire.

The two meeting in the lobby of the House of Commons next day, hot words came to blows. The two belligerents were both big, able-bodied men, but had both run to flesh. They were in poor fighting trim. Each got in just one good crack before friends butted in and separated them. Thomson acquired a bloody nose, Orton a black eye.

The Press Gallery was uncertain what to do about it. Ought the fracas to be reported? Or, out of regard for the combatants, also for the dignity of Parliament and the Press, should it be ignored?

But there were free-lance correspondents about. The matter was sure to receive publicity—probably distorted and exaggerated publicity. Best for the

Gallery to handle it, accurately, but as gingerly as possible.

I was a member of the Press Gallery, representing the *Montreal Star*. I wrote an item for my paper about as follows:

“An unfortunate affair occurred in the lobby of the House of Commons yesterday. Dr. Orton, of Centre Wellington, meeting Mr. E. W. Thomson, of the *Globe*, complained of an article in the *Globe*, and the two gentlemen came to blows. They were parted by friends before much damage was done. Honors were easy.”

Next day, in the lobby of the House I met Mr. Thomson. We had been friends. Thomson strode past me with his head in the air. It was the cut direct.

Astonished, I wheeled around. “Hold on, E. W.” I called after him. “What’s the matter?”

He turned and retorted stiffly, “You ought to know what’s the matter.”

“Well, I don’t!”

“Well, you ought to. That was a rotten item you had about me in the *Star*!”

“About the row with Dr. Orton? Why, we all have had something about it. The Gallery agreed it had to be mentioned. It couldn’t be kept quiet. We agreed to publish as harmless a notice as possible. I don’t see what less I could have said.”

“I am not kicking about the publicity,” Thomson said angrily, “of course it had to be reported. The publicity is all right. What I’m kicking about is the dirty remark you put at the end of it.”

“Dirty remark!” I ejaculated, “you’ve been reading somebody else! I did not put in any dirty remark.”

“Yes, you did! You said ‘honors were easy’ between me and Orton, the miserable Tory thug. They weren’t, not by a darn sight. You know perfectly well that I lammed the tar out of that baby!”

He strode away, fuming.

It was really a remarkable coincidence that within five minutes I should encounter Dr. Orton around the corner. And he was angry too. He glared at me.

“Look here, Ross,” he growled. “I thought you were a friend of mine. How could you send that thing you did to the *Star*?”

I composed my countenance. “Exactly what?” I enquired meekly.

“That damn thing about honors being easy between me and that liar Thomson. I pasted the face off the big windbag!”

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XVIII. "GOD IS LOVE."

"He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is Love."
—*First John, IV., 8.*

"Christians have burned one another, well persuaded
That the apostles would have done as they did."
—*Byron: Don Juan.*

WHAT was called the Equal Rights Agitation in Canada is doubtless forgotten by the present generation, though it rocked the Canadian political world forty years ago.

Louis XIV. of France started the trouble a couple of centuries previously. It was Le Grand Monarque, "L'Etat, c'est moi," who laid the foundation for the equal rights row in the Dominion two hundred years later, when in 1667 he expelled the Jesuits from France and confiscated their estates.

Complaints against the Jesuits were general in Europe in that era. The Jesuits were unpopular even in the Church itself. Pope Clement VII. issued a Papal bull in 1773 ordering suppression of the Jesuit order altogether.

Part of the Jesuit estates confiscated by the French Crown in 1667, lay in the then French province of Canada. After Wolfe and Montcalm fought and fell on the Plains of Abraham, September 13, 1759, what had been the Jesuit property in Canada passed from the French Crown to the British Crown; then its revenues were apportioned to the cause of education in Lower Canada. Later came Confederation of the Provinces

of British North America, when, by the act constituting the new Dominion, these ex-Jesuit revenues came under the jurisdiction of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec.

From time to time subsequently claims to the restoration of the revenues or their equivalent to the Catholic Church were made by the Bishops of Quebec, also by the Jesuit order, which had long regained its prestige in the Church.

Honore Mercier was Prime Minister of Quebec from 1886 to 1891. Early in his regime that shrewd politician conceived the idea of getting rid of the clerical pressure about the ex-Jesuit revenues, also of incidentally making a big political hit for himself in Quebec, by doing something handsome for the Church. Accordingly he introduced and carried through the Quebec Legislature a bill to pay to the Quebec hierarchy a lump sum of \$400,000 in settlement of the Jesuit Estates question. This bill became temporarily famous as the Jesuit Estates Act.

The Act aroused a storm in Protestant circles throughout Canada.

The objectors argued that the revenues concerned had become as much the property of the Protestants of Quebec and the Dominion as of the Catholic part of the people—and that what could be designated as the equal rights of the two faiths in Canada were being infringed for the special benefit of the Roman Catholic Church. Appeals were made to the Dominion Government to veto the Quebec Act.

By the agreement and charter of Confederation, the Dominion Government has the right to disallow the Act of any Provincial Legislature. Sir John Macdonald

was in power at Ottawa, at the head of a Conservative administration. He declined to interfere. A small band of members of the Dominion Parliament, including both Conservatives and Liberals, demanded a veto of the Quebec Act. They were defeated in the House of Commons by a vote of 188 to 13, in the session of 1889, the Liberal party in the House mostly supporting Sir John Macdonald and the great majority of the Conservatives in a denial of the veto.

Agitation in the country continued. An "Equal Rights" party was formed, led by Dalton McCarthy, who had been one of Sir John Macdonald's most prominent supporters. The new party finding considerable support, particularly in Ontario, proceeded to nominate candidates for Parliament in many constituencies.

At this juncture a vacancy came in the representation of Ottawa in the House of Commons, owing to the death of one of the sitting members, W. G. Perley. For the by-election which followed in 1890 the Equal Righters nominated George Hay; the Conservatives, C. H. Mackintosh; the Liberals, F. H. Chryster.

The *Ottawa Journal* supported Mr. Hay.

I was sitting in my office one morning at this time when a fine-looking elderly man walked in. After some talk on a local matter which was interesting Carleton County at the time the visitor rose to go, but stopped to remark as he did so, that it was a pity we were having so much religious trouble. This launched him into an earnest little sermon, standing by the door. His diction was remarkable, also his knowledge of the Scriptures. I never found out who he was.

“There are three little words in our Christian religion,” he concluded impressively, “which would make this world a noble thing if only we poor human beings would live up to them. Just three little words—namely, ‘God Is Love’. See first epistle of John, chapter four, eighth verse. And Jesus also said: ‘A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.’ God Is Love! If only each of us took these three little words to heart and acted upon them, human ills would need no other panacea. God Is Love! Sweetest words in the world!”

He turned again to the door, but faced around again.

“By the way,” he said, “how is the by-election in Ottawa going? I’m with you on the Equal Rights issue.”

“Between ourselves,” I answered, “I am afraid we are not going to win. Our man will beat Chrysler, the Liberal candidate. But Charlie Mackintosh is a popular chap, with the Government behind him. I am afraid he will head the poll.”

“Too bad, too bad,” said my visitor. “Out our way we have all been hoping for a victory for George Hay.”

He reflected for a moment. “Yes, it would have a great moral effect.”

After another moment’s silence, he said:

“Let me tell you sir, as I go, that unless these Roman Catholics begin to behave themselves in this country, we will take the bayonet to them.”

XIX. A GENTLEMAN AT SPORT.

"I am a gentleman."

"I'll be sworn thou art;

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon."

—*Shakespeare: Twelfth Night.*

THE word gentleman is not used in the caption on top of this in the sense of social position or good clothes. It refers to the inner man.

George F. Galt was one of the fine men I have known, a great sportsman, a very able and successful business man. In 1880 and 1881 he rowed stroke in the Argonaut four of Toronto, which in these two years won the championship of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, then the blue ribbon of the rowing game in this country. At that time there were no eights on the water on this continent except possibly at Harvard and Yale.

Member of a prominent Toronto family, son of Chief Justice Galt of Ontario, George Galt left Toronto to start a wholesale grocery business in Winnipeg, which became a very big concern. He died worth several million dollars. In his younger days our greatest rowing man, he later was a notable wing shot, rejoicing in the possession of famous duck marshes in Manitoba. During the World War he came to Ottawa as a member of the Canadian War Purchasing Board, on which he did fine national service at his own expense for several years.

At the annual regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen in 1882 at Lachine, when I was a

junior oarsman, I was standing on the boat float at the Lachine Rowing Club when George Galt was helped out of a four-oared shell and staggered on the float. The Argonaut four had just come in from the C.A.A.O. race for senior fours, in which they had finished last. Galt was looking pretty sick. He was all in. He had been impressed by the Argonauts at the last moment to row stroke in their four, although he had not been in training. He had come to Lachine merely to accompany the Argonaut crews. The oarsman who was to stroke the Argonaut senior four having suddenly taken ill, Galt's clubmates dragged him in to replace the other. It was foolish; the best man in the world, untrained, could not last in a boat through a mile and a half of racing pace.

"Too bad, George," exclaimed one of the Argonaut supporters as Galt slumped on the float, "I wish I could have put a motor in the boat for you!"

Galt straightened up and glared at the speaker. "Look here," he said, "listen to me. If I could beat anybody in a boat race or anything else by crooking my little finger when I wasn't able to win on my merits, I wouldn't crook my little finger!"

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XX. WHEN I WENT TO LAW.

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

—*Shakespeare: Henry VI.*

LIKE most newspapers, *The Ottawa Journal*, in its lifetime, has had to meet a goodly number of libel suits. That we have never lost but one in 43 years is a fact I am proud of. We did not even deserve to lose the solitary exception, for we were in the right, but it was an unimportant one, anyway.

But once I took a libel suit myself.

The progress of that suit developed a very curious legal point and a temporary legal misfit.

The case had three successive trials before successive juries, with other court doings besides, which again illustrates the beauties of the law once you get into it.

To expound:—The year 1893 saw a fierce fight in Ottawa municipal politics over the granting of certain terms to the Ottawa Electric Street Railway Company.

In the ensuing civic elections for the council of 1894 *The Journal* opposed the re-election of Ald. Alex. MacLean, of the old Queen's Printer firm of MacLean & Roger, alleging that Mr. MacLean's course in the City Council had been more in the interest of the Electric Street Railway Company than of the city. Ald. MacLean was victorious, however, being returned again for Victoria Ward.

Ald. MacLean was not content with his civic victory. The day after his election he published in the *Ottawa Citizen* a letter pitching into *The Journal*. Mr. Mac-

Lean had a peppy line of language, too. The letter said a lot of things—nasty things—but the high explosive was a phrase that *The Journal* prostituted itself at 10 cents a line.

The Journal Printing Company, which was me, took action against Ald MacLean for libel. Kindly do not argue that that is bad grammar, for Archbishop Trench, great grammarian, has ruled that “it was me” has, by colloquial usage, been crowned to be just as good grammar as “it was I”.

The suit came to trial before a jury at the Ottawa assizes, March 14, 1894.

Ald. MacLean attempted no justification or defence. His counsel, Dalton McCarthy, who was one of the ablest lawyers in Canada, simply set up the contention that in regard to the libel complained of, *The Journal* had no ground to sue.

I didn’t realize at first just what Mr. McCarthy was driving at—neither did any one else.

He got me in the witness box, when conversation proceeded something like this:

Mr. McCarthy: “This is quite a long letter of Mr. MacLean’s, of which you complain. Says quite a lot of things. For instance, he speaks of the “calumnies of an ignorant and prejudiced press,” with evident reference to your paper. Is that what you object to?”

Myself: “No.”

Mr. McCarthy: “Why not?”

Myself: “It is merely an expression of Mr. MacLean’s opinion.”

Mr. McCarthy: “Again, Mr. MacLean says you were malicious, and actuated by spite. Is that the trouble?”

Myself: “No.”

Mr. McCarthy: "Why not?"

Myself: "It is merely an expression of opinion."

Mr. McCarthy: "He says *The Journal* is a disgrace to the city. Are you suing him for that?"

Myself: "No. Mere opinion."

Mr. McCarthy: "There are other pointed remarks. Aren't they all opinions? What's your trouble?"

Myself: "Mr. MacLean's assertion that *The Journal* prostituted itself at 10 cents a line.

Mr. McCarthy: "Isn't that an opinion too?"

Myself: "No—it is an assertion of fact. I want Mr. MacLean to prove that."

Mr. McCarthy: "That is all you complain of?"

Myself: "It is all I take action for."

Mr. McCarthy: "Just that?"

Myself: "I see no other assertion of fact in his letter. I don't care anything about his opinions."

Mr. McCarthy turned to the judge. "Your Lordship, I submit *The Journal* has no case. I ask for a non-suit. Mr. Ross makes it clear that the only thing he complains of is that Mr. MacLean asserted that *The Journal* prostituted itself at a certain figure. This libel action is taken not by Mr. Ross, but by The Journal Printing Company. I submit that no libel exists in alleging that a joint stock company prostitutes itself. A joint stock company cannot prostitute itself. Therefore no libel exists in saying that it does. The thing is impossible, and if it is impossible, no harm exists in saying that it is done, because everybody knows it can't be done."

Mr. McCarthy proceeded to cite an English precedent where a joint stock company took a libel suit because it was accused of arson, and the English courts

ruled there was no libel because a joint stock company could not commit arson.

The judge at the Ottawa Assizes was Mr. Justice Falconbridge. He was not considered a strong judge. Perhaps he was a little over-weighted by Mr. McCarthy, who was the most prominent lawyer in the Dominion at the time. At all events, Judge Falconbridge took Mr. McCarthy's view. He dismissed *The Journal's* action without letting it go to the jury.

I took the case to the Ontario Court of Appeal.

The Court of Appeal reversed Justice Falconbridge's ruling and ordered a new trial.

The second trial came at the Ottawa September Assizes. The same sort of plea was put up on the MacLean side. No attempt was made to prove the truth of anything said—just a pretence that there was no libel. The case went to the jury. The jury disagreed.

Neither Mr. MacLean nor I could stop. If I stopped, I would have to pay all the costs up to that point; if Mr. MacLean backed down, he would have to pay.

I persisted. A third trial took place at the January Assizes, 1895. The jury found Ald. MacLean guilty, giving *The Journal* a unanimous verdict for \$200 damages and the costs of all three trials and of the appeal—a very heavy bill for Mr. MacLean.

But I never started a lawsuit again.

XXI. AS TO POTENTIALITY AND LOGIC.

"Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar."

—Ben Jonson: *The Alchemist*.

TYPE-CASTING machines were known prior to 1891, but it was in that year that they jumped into the limelight. All daily newspapers have long been printed by the aid of these machines. One machine, with one operator, does work which under the old regime required five or six expert hand workers, technically known as compositors.

Newspaper publishers had more or less knowledge prior to 1891 that inventors were working on type-casting machines, and that several different conceptions were in view. As soon as I heard that promoters of the two inventions were opening demonstration shops in New York I posted there to see about it, in November of that year.

Two species of machine were offered, designated the Linotype and the Typograph—the Linotype the more expensive. Which machine to choose?

One of the two was practically certain to be better than the other, at a price. Whichever was better was certain in time to sweep the market, so it was the one necessary to buy—because if one company got headway, the other company would sooner or later collapse, and any newspaper publisher who made the mistake of picking the losing machine to begin with would be unable to get repairs or renewals for his plant.

Which machine should be bought? To *The Journal*

of that day even the cheaper machine would be a big investment.

After haunting the demonstration shops in New York for two or three days, I came to the conclusion that the Linotype was probably the best buy. The price was double; Linotype \$3,000, Typograph \$1,500.

While pondering about this in New York I picked up the New York *World* one morning to find the front page flaming with an announcement that the *World*, then the leading newspaper of the United States, had bought one hundred Typographs.

With me was a letter of introduction to the general manager of the *World*, a gentleman named Turner. Joseph Pulitzer, the owner, perhaps the greatest newspaper man America has known, was in Europe going blind.

Going to the *World* building, and sending in my letter to Mr. Turner, I was shown into his office.

Mr. Turner was a short man with a large head and a Napoleonic air. He shook hands, asked me to take a seat; enquired what he could do for me.

"Just really want to ask one question, Mr. Turner," I began.

"Oh, don't hurry. What's the conundrum??"

"The *World* this morning announces that it has bought one hundred Typographs. I am in New York trying to find out for myself whether the Typograph or the Linotype is the winner. I think the Linotype. You think the Typograph. Why? You must have given a great deal of thought to this, with infinitely greater advantages than any of us outsiders can have."

"Linotype best even at the price, you think?" he asked.

“Even at the price.”

Mr. Turner rose, stuck his thumbs into the arm pits of his vest and walked to one of the windows. The *World* building was then the tallest in New York. Mr. Turner's office was in the nineteenth story or thereabouts. One could see over a lot of the world, including the statue of Liberty. Mr. Turner stood silent a moment, gazing out, then turned to me.

“Mr. Ross,” he said, “can you inform the *World* what is the desirability of an unavailable potentiality?”

At this assault upon the resources of the English language I smoothed down the back of my hair.

Mr. Turner laughed. “I don't talk like that really,” he went on. “I just wanted to arrest your attention. Mr. Ross, the question is merely one of speed. The Linotype is the more elaborate machine, with greater possible speed. That is why the price is higher. But both machines are operated by a keyboard, and the Typograph can work as fast as human fingers can operate a keyboard. That being so, why buy a machine that could be faster, so far as the mechanical case is concerned? What's the use of an unavailable potentiality?”

He paused, then proceeded. “You are right about the merits of the Linotype, considered merely itself as a machine. It could produce faster than the other if man's limitations permitted. But having had our best compositors operating both machines, we know that the compositors are not able to speed up the Linotype beyond what they can the Typograph.”

Let me interject a bit of technicality.

In printing offices the measure of type quantity is

called the 'em'. The em as a measure is practically what it shows—namely the width of two letters.

The printed line you are reading is 23 ems wide. A good compositor can 'set', i.e., produce by hand, about a thousand ems of type per hour. The two newly invented type-casting machines in the demonstration shops in New York in 1891 were producing each about 3,000 ems an hour.

Mr. Turner's logic looked good. I bought half a dozen Typographs.

Not so very much later, a year or so, the New York *World* threw out the Typographs and bought Linotypes. Me too.

What had happened was this: The men first placed on the new inventions to test them were first-class compositors, but men of mature years. They were new to keyboards. Their fingers were comparatively stiff, the machines were novel things, the operators for a while were a little afraid of them and no doubt a little nervous. But, as time went on—as the operators became experienced, particularly the younger men, proof came that in this case human fingers could work a lot faster than anybody had supposed at first. The Typograph remained with little more production than an average 3,000 to 3,500 ems an hour—a possible 4,000 with an exceptional operator—because the machine itself had limited speed. Whereas the Linotype went up to an average of 5,000 to 7,000 ems, and did not stop short of even 9,000.

The reason of the greater potentiality of the Linotype was simple.

In many respects the two species of machine em-

bodied similar principles. Each was based on the combination of a keyboard, brass matrices and a melting pot. But in one vital respect they differed. The Linotype presented and withdrew matrices by a rotary motion—a circular process. The Typograph presented and withdrew matrices by a reciprocatory action—first forward, then back. A reciprocatory action means stops. A circular action doesn't. Circular action means unchecked speed. Therefore the Linotype could produce faster than the Typograph when operators could speed up on the keyboard.

Mr. Turner's logic was splendid, his Johnsonese magnificent, but his logic and his language were superimposed upon an unsound premise. The potentiality was available.

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XXII. ON THE RIDEAU CANAL.

"Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'"
—*Shakespeare: Macbeth.*

W. P. LETT—William Pittman Lett—was city clerk of Ottawa in 1888. W. P. Lett was as fine an old sportsman in spirit as ever breathed. He loved rod and gun, oar and paddle, pluck and muscle. To light on a bit of real good sport was meat and drink to him.

The Ottawa Canoe Club held a race meeting that summer on the Rideau Canal, opposite the Exhibition Grounds. Mr. Lett was referee.

Everything went nobly to the final number on the program, the great event of the day, namely a tug-of-war for four-men canoes. This tug-of-war was an interesting feature which has long since passed out of sight. The way of it was this: You took two canoes, put four muscular fellows in each of them, tied them tail to tail with ten feet of rope between, and started the two crews paddling like Old Nick in opposite direction. The crew that succeeded in dragging the other back a certain distance within a certain length of time was the winner.

It being mighty hard work, a three-minute trial was set for the final in 1888. Speaking from experience, my recollection is that three minutes was a-plenty. Less than that time was needed to make you feel that your back was breaking and the top of your head coming loose. No wonder the game lost popularity.

Well, on September 27, 1888, W. P. Lett was referee as six or eight canoe crews started in the tug-of-war on the Rideau Canal. The final heat for the championship came between two fours representing respectively the Ottawa Canoe Club and the Ottawa Rowing Club. The rowing club crew included me.

Referee Lett had revelled in the trial heats. There was something solid about that canoe business. Real honest-to-goodness hit-her-up healthy lads working like demons right under your eye. The day was rainy. Mr. Lett had a camp-stool and an umbrella on the bank of the canal, and during the trial heats his voice rang out like a clarion over the water encouraging always the crew that was getting the worst of it, in total disregard of his duty of impartiality as a referee. "Go it, you fellows in blue! Harder! Harder! They haven't got you yet! Hit her hard! They're almost played out! You'll catch up yet! Now, then, all together, blue boys!"

The great final struggle came on. The two winning crews of the trial heats were hitched together, stern to stern, and the word given. Off we went, splish, splash, all working like Trojans. We were well matched. First one crew then the other would gain a little. Yells from boats and shore, shrieks from launch whistles, played accompaniment. The referee jumped up to cheer. His camp-stool fell into the canal. It's a wonder he didn't fall in himself. The crews slammed away with their paddles. The three minutes seemed an age. Why didn't the referee's whistle sound? Was old man Lett dead?

There was a crack like a pistol shot. The clothes-

line between the rears of the two canoes broke. The crews collapsed for a minute or two.

Mr. Lett was hollering for a new rope as the crews recovered and came up to the bank.

“Who won?”

“Nobody won,” said the referee. “Ye was dead even. Get ready again, boys. My but it was great!”

“Look here, Mr. Lett,” exclaimed one of the competitors, “come clean now. That was more than three minutes!”

Mr. Lett was beaming, watch in hand. The mainsail of a canoe would not have much more than covered his happy smile.

“Why, why—let’s see—bless me, ye were at it for thirteen minutes. But when ye were making such a beautiful fight of it, boys, nobody could have had the heart to stop ye! Come on, now boys—let’s try her again!”

Nothing was doing though.

XXIII. OUR PUBLIC MEN.

"We are all ready to criticize government, beginning with town, county, state, and that of the nation. But we are not ready to investigate our own self-government. Perhaps we would find reforms necessary to establish that would keep us busy for a while."

—*William Muldoon.*

THE word politician is used too often in a sneering way, even by persons who ought to know better.

Politicians are men who ask or are asked by the rest of us to take an active part in carrying on the business of our country. Most of them do it to their own cost. They are usually men of ability, force, and integrity. In my experience and observation during 50 years of newspaper work, they in this country are almost invariably honest as well as public-spirited men in so far as any thought of financial gain to themselves from politics is concerned. Some are often ready to skate on pretty thin ice in so far as political gain to their party or politically to themselves is concerned, but that is due usually not so much to thought of personal profit, except in the direction of public office, as to excess of the fighting temper which is inherent in men, and which is aroused by political combat. But speaking by and large, my conviction is that our politicians, national, provincial and municipal, are able, useful, and honest men to whom the public usually owes a great deal more than they owe to the public.

Who are they that have created this great Dominion out of a welter of backward provinces? And how many of them have died well off? Canada has never

had a Prime Minister but who died a comparatively poor man, and by far the majority of our Cabinet Ministers since Confederation have left little means behind them.

It is hardly too much to say that no man gets into the Dominion Parliament who is not an exceptional man in point of ability or force or knowledge or expressiveness of some kind.

This becomes palpable in the Press Gallery of Parliament, sometimes unexpectedly so when the annual estimates are under discussion in the House of Commons. The estimates are the Government requests to Parliament for authority to spend the country's money in the administration of the ensuing year. The amounts asked for each Government department are tabled, to be discussed by the House in detail. Obviously any special knowledge which any member of the House may have in regard to any department is likely to come out. It is often surprising how much does. Sometimes discussion upon the estimates reveals a good deal about the calibre of the House that is not noticed in what may be called the political dress parades, the formal debates.

If, for instance, the House of Commons happens to be discussing the estimates for the Department of Agriculture, or of Fisheries, or of the Interior, or of Militia, or of Justice, and you are in the Press Gallery, you wake up to the fact that in any of such cases you are discovering that a dozen or 20 or 30 members of the House who ordinarily are rather dumb are men of exceptional knowledge on the subject in question.

There was an illuminative incident somewhere in the nineties.

An American newspaper man, a Washington correspondent of a western paper, had come to Ottawa on a holiday trip. Parliament was in session. We went up to the Press Gallery one afternoon. When we arrived the House had gone into committee and things were quiet.

"Rather dull, isn't it?" remarked the visitor.

"Yes; sorry."

"These chaps down below don't seem to amount to much, anyway."

"They are mostly rank and file," I said. "We have missed the leaders. Still, there is hardly a man down there who isn't somebody."

"Know them all, I suppose?" asked my American friend.

"I know who they are."

"Well, now, suppose I try a chance shot," went on the visitor, "I'll pick out one of the lads, and you tell me whether there's anything to him."

"All right. Choose."

My American friend took a good look. Then:—

"That old geezer down there in the back corner of the benches on the right-hand side, who is he? The old bird with his hat pulled down over his eyes. What does he amount to?"

"That," I said, "is Robert Beith, of Cobourg, who is a valuable man to the House, particularly on matters relating to agriculture, and with a level all-round head. He is in a lot of demand in your United States as a judge or official at the big live stock and horse shows. He is held to be one of the best judges in North America of thoroughbred horses and cattle.

XXIV. A MODERN GIANT.

"I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants, that undertook to lay the high mountain Pelion on the top of Ossa."

—*Rabelais.*

WHAT is the secret of human force? Outward appearance may convey no impression of it. There was little suggestion of it in the outward appearance of J. R. Booth, of Ottawa. Nor is there about John D. Rockefeller or Henry Ford.

Mr. Booth completed the building of the Parry Sound Railway in 1890, two hundred and fifty miles from Ottawa to Depot Harbor on the Georgian Bay. He built it on his personal means and credit—there was never a bond issued or a share of stock sold. He already owned the Canada Atlantic Railway from Ottawa to Montreal, he also controlled connections from Coteau on the Canada Atlantic to Boston over the Vermont Central. Incidentally, he bridged the St. Lawrence River at Coteau. Mr. Booth thus owned complete railway transportation from the Great Lakes to the ocean, with termini at both Montreal and Boston.

Mr. Booth controlled vast timber limits and operated at Ottawa one of the largest sawmills of the continent. Such was the position in 1890, at the age of 62, of a man who started life a poor boy in the Eastern Townships of Canada, where he learned the trade of a millwright.

When the Parry Sound Railway was completed, the Ottawa Board of Trade wanted to give Mr. Booth a

banquet. A committee was appointed to arrange for it, of which I was named chairman.

Mr. Booth being a modest man, always averse to publicity, apprehension existed that he would decline a banquet, so we had not intended him to hear about the project until the arrangements had gone so far that he could not reasonably disappoint us. But he did hear about it, with the result that he made a visit to *The Journal* office.

The day was a raw one in November. Mr. Booth arrived in a two-seated buggy, his usual vehicle up to the day a quarter of a century later, when his family persuaded him to patronize a motor car. He entered my office in his customary cold-weather garb, a heavy frieze pea-jacket, cloth cap with ear flaps tied over the top, woollen mittens and heavy boots. The furniture in my office in those days consisted chiefly of a stand-up desk and a couple of high stools. Mr. Booth climbed up on one of the stools, took off his cap and his mittens, and let them rest in his lap. A spare man, barely of medium height and a little stooped, he looked puny, a mannikin on top of the stool.

The proposed banquet had brought him, he explained. While he felt touched at the thought of a tribute from his fellow-citizens, and would welcome it at some later date, he would rather it did not take place just then, as the Parry Sound Railway was not really under way as a going enterprise the way he aimed.

To a question, he enlarged: "I have built the road primarily for the sake of my lumber business, outside of course of general railway utility to that part of our country, also as a feeder to the Canada Atlantic. But

the road will require considerable special freight if it is not to prove too heavy a burden for me to carry. Particularly I think the road must get grain and other freight from Duluth or other upper lake ports. That's why I say the Parry Sound road needs further attention."

"Further attention? How, Mr. Booth?"

"Why, I am not sure about lake shipping. Must have lake freight at Depot Harbor for the railway. Perhaps won't be able to interest the boat owners."

What was he driving at? Mr. Booth sensed my query.

"I mean that if I can't make suitable terms for ships and freights from say Duluth to Depot Harbor, I will have to put a line of steam freighters on the lakes myself."

I surveyed the unassuming figure perched on the stool with cloth cap and woollen mitts in its lap, seeming for all the world little other than an old Quebec *habitant* worth thirty cents or so in worldly goods. "Here," thought I to myself, "is what brains and indomitable courage mean. This unpretentious man, self-made, the owner or controller of vast industrial value and of half a thousand miles of railway, carrying alone a great burden of responsibility and finance—and coolly facing at 62 years of age another big venture into unknown fields!"

Aloud I said, "I suppose traffic, particularly the grain traffic, is pretty well settled in present channels. Maybe you might put freighters of your own on the lakes yet find a difficulty in getting cargoes—particularly grain."

"Yes," rejoined the figure on the stool, "yes, that is

possible." Then, in a matter-of-fact tone, without any suggestion in expression or manner of greater concern than if he were thinking of buying a baby carriage, he went on:

"In that case I would build a railway into the northwest from Lake Superior."

This little, unpretentious old man was ready alone to face the additional gigantic enterprise of a transcontinental railway.

And so the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific might both have been ante-dated. But Mr. Booth did not find that he needed to do it.

XXV. COLUMBUS AND THE EGG.

"Time, Place and Action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born and never can be taught."

—Dryden.

DID you ever hear the story of Christopher Columbus and the egg? I do not vouch for the truth of the story, but it is a good one.

Columbus, as all of us know, never saw North America. The land he sighted at the end of his famous voyage into the West was a comparatively small island of the West Indies, and later Haiti. He touched South America on a voyage six years afterwards.

At intervals always after his first discovery he was struggling with distressing difficulties on both sides of the Atlantic, fomented by astounding lack of loyalty and honor on the part of comrades, by continual treachery and intrigue on all sides, and the vacillation of Spanish councils at home. So, on one occasion, the relation is that when Columbus was facing an inquisitorial session of Spanish grandees at Madrid, claiming further support on account of the great discovery he had made, one of the big-wigs remarked that he didn't see that what the great Genoese had done was so very wonderful. Any mariner, he intimated, could have discovered America.

Columbus asked the grandee if he could stand an egg on its end.

"No, nor anyone else!" said the other.

By request of Columbus an egg was sent for. It arrived and was passed around in the council. All

failed to make it stand up until it came finally to Columbus. He bashed one end of the egg lightly down on the table. The egg stood up.

The report is that everybody exclaimed that anybody could do that.

Also that Columbus replied that anyone could do it after he showed them how.

At a certain date four hundred years later, one John R. Booth, of Ottawa, started buying timber limits in the Lake Nipissing area. Lake Nipissing lies beyond the height of land on this side of which comes the Mattawa river, a tributary of the Ottawa. The Mattawa starts from Lake Talon. On the other side of Lake Talon is a breadth of high ridge; beyond that, Lake Nipissing. The width of the high land between the two lakes is seven miles. Thus, timber from Lake Nipissing can not be floated into Lake Talon and to the Mattawa and so into the Ottawa river. Lake Nipissing's discharge is by the French river into the Georgian Bay. But the French river was not an economical way out for timber.

Thus there had never been any great cut of timber in the Nipissing country. People who knew rather wondered why J. R. Booth was buying limits on Lake Nipissing.

Having absorbed what timber limits he wanted, Mr. Booth opened fire.

"Mr. Booth sent for me one morning," said his railway sperintendent, Morley Donaldson, to me, "to tell me to put a railway across the height of land between Lake Nipissing and Lake Talon. The job was simple enough. I laid down a single track with switches, put a couple of locomotives and a lot of flat

cars on it, and Mr. Booth was soon getting Nipissing timber across cheap into Ottawa waters. The initial cost was not great, and I understand the fees other lumbermen were soon paying him for transportation across the ridge practically nullified the cost of the thing for Mr. Booth; and of course the new condition greatly increased the value of Mr. Booth's timber holdings around Lake Nipissing."

A day or two after Mr. Donaldson told me this, I was talking to a prominent Ottawa lumberman, and I mentioned the construction of this bit of railway as an illustration of J. R. Booth's extraordinary foresight and sagacity.

"Pshaw!" said the lumberman, "anybody could have done that."

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XXVI. AN OLD MAN DAUNTLESS.

"My resolution's placed, and I have nothing of woman
in me: now from head to foot I am marble—constant."

—*Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra.*

IN the J. R. Booth lumber yards in Ottawa in the summer of 1914 a storehouse caught fire and was gutted. The stone walls remained. Later Mr. Booth was superintending the tearing down of the remains of the structure. He loved to putter about any practical work around his mills or yards. In this case a beam fell on him and broke his leg, also a couple of ribs, and bruised and cut him otherwise. He was 84 years of age, a fact which did not lend any rosy aspect to the disaster.

A stretcher was made up of some boards. Mr. Booth was got on it, and some of the mill hands started to carry him to the street. Word of the accident had spread rapidly through the mills and yards. Several hundred men formed a lane through which the old man was carried. He waved a hand, with a "good-bye, boys. I don't think you will see me again."

He was got home, where a very eminent surgeon of Ottawa, Dr. J. F. Kidd, was called in. The story that follows was not told to me first by Dr. Kidd but by Mr. Jackson Booth. Dr. Kidd amplified it to me later.

The injuries were so serious that Dr. Kidd took temporary measures to give the old man a day's rest. Next day, when the shock was less dangerous, Dr. Kidd prepared to go further. As Mr. Booth lay in bed, Dr. Kidd got his surgical bag open and brought out a

bottle. Mr. Booth noted it. "What's that you've got there?" he asked.

"An anaesthetic," Dr. Kidd replied, "you know that your leg is broken and there are other injuries. You will feel no pain while we are fixing you up."

"I won't have it," said the man of 84 years. "I want to see what you are doing. Get me a drop of brandy."

They brought a wine-glass of brandy. Mr. Booth took a mouthful, then to his son, "Give me your hand, Jackson." He got hold of the hand. "Now go ahead," he said.

Dr. Kidd went ahead.

"My father had such a grip on my hand during the operation," Jackson Booth told me, "that my hand was sore for some days."

After the setting Jackson Booth took Dr. Kidd aside. "What chance has my father?" he asked. "There are some things I ought to speak to him about."

"Not one chance in ten," replied Dr. Kidd.

Two months later I went to the Booth office in company with Hon. Hal McGiverin to look for Mr. Booth. We were collecting money for the regimental fund of the 38th Battalion, the Royal Ottawa regiment, going into the war. Mr. Booth was not in his office, nor in the mills, nor in the yards. After much investigation we discovered his whereabouts. He was out on the Ottawa River a couple of hundred yards off terra firma, inside his pulpwood booms. The large area of floating pulpwood inside the booms was seamed by occasional lines of narrow floating plank walks, perhaps a couple of feet wide. Mr. Booth was alone, ambling along one of these walks, with one leg a big bandage from foot to

knee. Nobody else in sight. If he had stumbled he would have been drowned, no doubt. Mr. McGiverin and I advanced on him when he came ashore. He gave us \$500 for the 38th Battalion fund.

He died in 1928, aged 98 years.

XXVII. WHY NOT BE OBLIGING?

"Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant."

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

ONE day early in the century a *Journal* reporter came in and laid some "copy" on my desk.

"Here's a hot story," he said. "Morrison, the editor of the *Citizen*, had a fight on Parliament Hill this morning with J. R. Wrightson, the fellow who publishes the *Weekly Tribune*."

The *Tribune* was a scurrilous sheet that had been creating considerable stir around town.

E. W. B. Morrison, afterwards Major-General Sir E. W. B. Morrison, K.C.M.G., who won his honors by his splendid command of the Canadian Artillery during the World War, was a first-class newspaper man, who at the date of the commencement of this story often raked *The Journal* fore and aft with editorials in the *Citizen* as hot as his artillery was later.

The reporter's story was read.

It told how Morrison, accompanied by W. J. Carrique, the advertising manager of the *Citizen*, had met Wrightson on the Hill, where Morrison, taxing Wrightson with publishing a scurrilous article in the *Weekly Tribune* about himself and a lady, had given him a first-class thrashing.

"This certainly is a story," I agreed. "Just leave it with me."

Not long afterwards there was a tap at the door. A man came in who introduced himself as W. J. Carrique.

We had not met before. The *Citizen* and *The Journal* were squabbling a lot; the two establishments were not at all friendly.

"Mr. Ross," began Mr. Carrique, "I suppose you have heard about an affair on the Hill this morning?"

"Yes."

Mr. Carrique fidgetted. "Are you going to publish it?"

"Fine story," I said. "Wonder if we have it right. I'll read it to you."

The story was read. Mr. Carrique fidgetted some more. "It's correct enough," he admitted. "But it would be awfully rough on Mr. Morrison, having his affairs advertised that way, to say nothing of the lady."

"Well," I said, "don't worry. *The Journal* is not going to use the story. That fellow Wrightson got something of what he deserves."

Mr. Carrique departed.

At a later era, Mr. Carrique re-appeared. He asked me to give him a letter of introduction to my brother, W. G. Ross, managing director of the Montreal Street Railway Company. What for? Carrique explained that he and Mr. Morrison had obtained some franchises for advertising in street cars. They had the Ottawa and Hamilton franchises. They wanted Montreal.

It was pointed out mildly that no particular reason existed why I should give Mr. Carrique a letter to anybody. Also that a letter to my brother would not do him any good. "My brother will drive the hardest bargain he can in favor of the Montreal Street Railway Company no matter if he gets a million letters from his relatives."

"I am not suggesting that you ask him to be good to

me," urged Carrique. "I just want to get a hearing. He is a busy man, and might not pay any attention to me if I went without any credentials."

"But, Carrique, you really haven't any claim on me for a letter."

"Well no, but it's this way. Morrison and I have a couple of other newspaper men in with us. We're just a little newspaper bunch who think we've got hold of a good thing. We hoped you would feel like giving us a hand."

He got the letter of introduction to my brother. It was a letter of introduction, nothing more. I told my brother I had no personal interest in the matter and didn't intend to have any. Carrique read the letter. He said he was perfectly satisfied.

He went to Montreal. Some time afterwards he told me he had got a contract from the Montreal Street Railway Company.

A little later he obtained a letter of introduction from me to a prominent man connected with the Toronto Street Railway Company.

Some little time further on, another visit came from Carrique.

He laid an envelope on my desk. "There is your share of stock," he said.

"My share? What are you talking about?"

"We have formed a little company—the Canadian Street Car Advertising Company."

"Who have formed a company?"

"Morrison and I, Fred Cook and Bob Macleod."

Fred Cook was Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto *Mail*, afterwards mayor of Ottawa, later Government Supervisor of Publications. Bob Macleod

was Robert M. Macleod, a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

"But, I don't want any of your stock," I said.

"It won't cost you anything," returned Carrique.
"It's paid-up stock."

"Who paid it up?"

"Nobody. It's just issued paid-up."

I opened the envelope. It contained a certificate for \$10,300 paid-up stock in the Canadian Street Car Advertising Co., capital \$60,000 paid up.

"I hold \$31,000," Carrique remarked. "You get \$10,300, Morrison \$8,500, Cook \$6,600, Macleod \$3,200. There are some dummy directors holding four shares in trust."

"I don't know where the rest of you fellows got the money," I said. "But I haven't any money to put in this. I don't want any of it. Leave me out."

"None of us have put in any money," Carrique returned. "We have contracts for two or more years with each of the Montreal, Hamilton and Ottawa street railway companies, we to pay certain figures for space in their cars to place advertisements in. The agreement is to pay each company so much a month. The receipts we are already getting from advertisers to put their cards in the cars are more than enough to enable us to make our monthly payments to the street railway companies. In fact, we are already so far ahead that we could pay a dividend on \$60,000 now, and we have no liabilities to anybody."

"Sounds like a fairy tale, Carrique."

"It's going to be a real fairy tale," he returned. "I hope to get the Toronto and Winnipeg franchises, and if we do get them it'll be a gold mine."

"Now listen," I said, "I don't know anything about street car advertising, and I don't like to be in anything I don't know something about. Just leave me out."

"I want you in. Come on."

"But why?"

Carrique hesitated. Then, "Well, you obliged us about Montreal, and you're doing it with Toronto, and I guess you can with Winnipeg, too—and, oh, darn it, you've been awfully decent with Morrison and me, and we just want a solid little newspaper company of good fellows."

I took the stock. Carrique was a wonder. Before long we had the Toronto and Winnipeg franchises, with nearly all others in Canada.

The company dated from March 1, 1905. In the fifteen years following the formation of the company I drew the following amounts in dividends or bonuses:

1905-6	\$2,866	1913-14	\$5,172
1906-7	8,800	1914-15	3,789
1907-8	10,659	1915-16	1,293
1908-9	2,268	1916-17	3,017
1909-10	4,883	1917-18	4,310
1910-11	6,951	1918-19	5,172
1911-12	8,354	1919-20	3,555
1912-13	7,758		
Total\$78,847		

No shareholder ever paid a dollar—not a cent—into the company. In 1919 W. J. Carrique, who was a shrewd and successful operator in other things than street railway advertising, died a near-millionaire. The Carrique estate and the rest of us soon after sold the total stock of the Canadian Street Railway Adver-

tising Company to Senator Wilson of Montreal for \$337,500. My share of the proceeds of the sale was a cheque for \$58,185. This, with the \$78,847 received during the previous years in dividends, constituted a total of \$137,032 which came to me in fifteen years from the Canadian Street Railway Advertising Company from stock for which I never put up a cent—never anything except a small amount of obligingness.

A little civility is not often so profitable—but civility, I imagine, is always worth while.

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XXVIII. APPROACH OF REST.

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

—*Spenser: Faerie Queene.*

SIR JOHN MACDONALD died in Ottawa in 1891, half-way through his 77th year. He was a member of Parliament for just short of fifty years, mostly a member of cabinets; a prime minister during twenty years, the chief force in the achievement of Confederation. What he did for Canada can not be easily measured. I think of him as the greatest public man I have known.

This feeling did not come through personal knowledge to any great extent. My personal acquaintance with Sir John was limited, prior to 1885; he died in 1891. I judge of him by the brief time I knew him well personally after 1885, illuminated by the political history of Confederation, by Sir Joseph Pope's *Life of Sir John*, and by the additional volume Pope published of Sir John's correspondence. It was the fashion once to rank Sir John Macdonald as a very shrewd and successful politician of no very high ideals. Surely there was never a more shallow mistake. Sir John Macdonald is universally recognized now to have been a great statesman. But more than that, his letters as published by Pope—the volume is a picturesquely interesting one even at this day, outside of its historical value—would alone show him to have been a public man of the most vigorous and high-minded patriotism and of far-seeing and noble ideals.

The general election of March 5, 1891, heard his

swan song, "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die." At his advanced age the anxiety and excitement of the general election proved too much for him. Shortly afterwards, he suffered a stroke of paralysis, May 29, and died June 6.

One afternoon in the previous autumn a message came to the Journal office that Sir John wanted to see me at his house, Earnscliffe. It was about a political matter, not of any consequence now.

I proceeded to Earnscliffe. The hour was about half past two. I was shown into the library. Sir John was there alone.

The old man was seated at a little table, by a window, with a pack of cards spread out before him. He looked up.

"How d'ye do, Ross," he said. "Seem to be surprised, I notice."

"I did not suppose you ever looked at a card, sir."

"Ross," he rejoined, "you are getting a side-light upon the beauty of public life. Sometimes I take a half hour to myself after lunch. When Parliament is in session we usually have a cabinet meeting after lunch, as you know, before the House opens at three, and at such times such a debauch as you are witnessing is out of the question. When Parliament is not in session I have precious little spare time anyway. But when I can, I indulge myself after lunch for half an hour with a game of solitaire, or as some people call it Patience."

He paused a moment, then proceeded:

"Outside of my family, where I have always been happy, you see me at the only sort of recreation I have allowed myself during the past thirty years. But I shall reach rest soon."

XXIX. IN POWER.

"To know the pains of Power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures, we must go to those who are seeking it; the pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary."

—C. C. Colton: *Lacon*.

SOME temperaments find it possible to bear the cares of high office easily. Also in the older civilizations, England for instance, public men usually have considerable private means which, with the leisurely social structure there, tends to ease the strain of political life. And in recent years everywhere, motor cars, airplanes, telephones and radio are making it easier to handle big business and big politics, or at least making it a matter of less absolute pressure of time. But in olden days among this Canadian people of ours, the grind of the political leader was a hard one as regards personal leisure or recreation. And even now.

One morning in the Autumn of 1894, I was walking up an Ottawa street, on the way to *The Journal* office, when I caught up with Sir John Thompson, who was then prime minister. I had been reading a book "State Socialism In New Zealand," by J. E. LeRossignol, which described in an interesting way the Socialistic tendencies of New Zealand. Mentioning this to Sir John Thompson, he seemed interested, so much so, that I suggested sending him the book.

"No," he replied, "I would not have time to read it. I haven't read anything except the newspapers

for the past couple of years. I haven't time for anything except my responsibilities on Parliament Hill. My life just now is merely a matter of wearing a rut between my bedroom and my office. I am looking forward with pleasure to my approaching visit to England."

It was a couple of months later that he collapsed and died in Windsor Castle.

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XXX. SILVER-TONGUED LAURIER.

"It is not wisdom in itself, O Aspasia, it is the manner of imparting it that affects the soul, and alone deserves the name of eloquence."

—*Walter Savage Landor: "Pericles and Aspasia."*

LOUIS RIEL was hanged at Regina late in 1885 for high treason, alias his complicity in the Northwest Rebellion of that year, which ended at Batoche, in May. Riel was the leader of the Metis, the half-breeds of the Northwest, in their outbreak against the Dominion Government. Perhaps he deserved hanging: one doubts it. Beyond all question the Metis had been badly treated. Beyond all question, their appeals had been neglected with gross injustice at Ottawa, by the Conservative administration of Sir John Macdonald. Probably Riel himself was not quite sane: he had in his previous life been several times committed to lunatic asylums. But, he had long before 1885 headed a rebellion in Manitoba; and in the course of that affair, the brutal murder of Thomas Scott had been committed by his orders. This prejudiced his later case. Clemency to Riel was refused after his trial and conviction in 1885, despite a recommendation to mercy by jurors. On Nov. 16, 1885, he was executed.

Intense feeling became rife in Canada about the whole matter, particularly in the Province of Quebec. And although Edward Blake, then leader of the Liberal party, declared in a speech at London, Jan. 14, 1886, that he "would not build a political party on the blood-stained scaffold of Regina," the Liberal anger

throughout the country insisted that the Conservative administration of Sir John Macdonald was responsible for the rebellion, and should be held to account. By the time parliament next met, in 1886, the Liberals were solidly united in determination to attack the Government on this ground, although they were not so united in condemnation of the hanging of Riel. Blake himself eventually went the whole way not only to assail the Government injustice to the Metis, but to condemn the execution of Riel—and he was accused by his critics of having yielded weakly to the charm of Wilfred Laurier, his chief lieutenant.

When debate came on in the Parliament of 1886, a curious bit of shrewd political jockeying occurred. The Liberals intended to make a chief issue of the Government treatment of the Metis, prior to the outbreak. The Conservatives were afraid of that. They wanted to face only the narrow issue of the justice of the execution of Riel. Before the Liberals could get in a motion, a French-Canadian Conservative, Mr. Landry, M.P. for Montmagny, moved the following resolution:

“That this House feels it its duty to express its deep regret that the sentence of death passed upon Louis Riel, convicted of High Treason, was allowed to be carried into execution.”

Immediately Sir Hector Langevin the Minister of Public Works, moved “that the question be now put.” Under the rules of Parliament this shut off any Liberal amendment to Mr. Landry’s motion. The debate had to proceed with that motion alone as the

basis for a vote, instead of what the Liberals had prepared, namely, a broad motion including the mistreatment of the Metis.

In the division which followed the debate, Mr. Landry's motion was defeated by 146 to 52. All the French-Canadian Liberals, seventeen French-Canadian Conservatives, and Mr. Blake alone among the English-speaking Liberal leaders, voted for the motion. Practically all the other chief Liberals, Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Richard Cartwright, John Charlton, William Paterson, felt they had to vote against the motion because it was in its terms a condemnation of Government merely for refusing to interfere with the sentence of a court of justice.

Mr. Landry at the time was generally accused of playing a game for the Government by preventing the Liberals from getting in a motion. He always protested his good faith. But the shape the matter took through his course almost certainly saved the Government. Had a motion by the Liberals on the broad merits of the Government treatment of the Metis been got in, the probability is that the Government would either have been defeated in the House, or if not upset there, would have been defeated in the ensuing general election. But, by Mr. Landry's motion, and Sir Hector Langevin's manoeuvre with it, the broad issue was effectively and permanently gummed up. Parliament and the country declined to turn out the Government merely because it had refused to interfere with the sentence of a court upon a convicted traitor, who was also held to have been previously a murderer.

However, it was during the debate on Mr. Landry's

motion that Wilfrid Laurier came to the full measure of his Parliamentary stature, and made himself the inevitable future leader of the Liberal party.

His speech in the debate was the finest public utterance I have heard from human lips. Many orators have I listened to, in half a century: Blake, Macdonald, Tupper, Chapleau, Flood Davin, Mercier, Foster, Bourassa, Meighen, in this country; Parnell, Rosebery, Balfour, Lloyd George, Asquith, Churchill, in England; W. J. Bryan, Evarts, Elihu Root, Choate, Roosevelt, Chauncey Depew, Woodrow Wilson, in the United States—but the most beautiful thing I have ever known in the way of speech was that delivered by Laurier in the Riel debate.

Presence, bearing, and voice contributed to the effect. Laurier was still comparatively a young man, as politics go, forty-four years of age, tall, slim straight, with a fine head, a noble face, a melodious voice. He spoke in English; perhaps that was of advantage. The curse of many practised speakers is fluency. They talk too fast. Laurier's English was of the finest, but inevitably, as it was not his mother tongue, it was deliberate. The matter of his deliverance was as splendid as the manner. He travelled far outside the mere question of Riel's execution; he presented, with brilliancy and power, but with perfect courtesy, a complete indictment of the Government's mistreatment of the Metis. At the close of his speech occurred what I never saw at any other time in Parliament, the whole House, Liberals and Conservatives alike, rising to applaud.

Remember that the feeling of the great majority of the House—and my own at the time—was quite op-

posed to most of Laurier's views. But friends and foes alike paid tribute to the orator; and the universal acclaim was perhaps fully voiced by a passage in a later speech by Mr. Blake:

“My honorable friend, not content with having for this long time in his own tongue borne away the palm of parliamentary eloquence, has invaded ours, and in that field has pronounced a speech which in my humble judgment merits this compliment, because it is the truth, that it was the finest parliamentary speech ever pronounced in the Parliament of Canada since Confederation.”

I was a member of the Press Gallery at the time, representing the *Montreal Star*. The *Star* did not take any verbatim or very lengthy reports: I did not know shorthand, for the matter of that. I sent a condensed report and running comment which appeared in the *Star* occupying a couple of columns of space. With the memory of both Laurier's voice and presentment, a phrase suggested itself to me which was used in the *Star* as a heading for the report, namely, “Silver-Tongued Laurier.”

The following afternoon I encountered Mr. Laurier in the corridor of the House. He stopped.

“I believe you are the correspondent of the *Montreal Star*?” he inquired.

“Yes, sir.”

“I wish to thank you sincerely for the very admirable report in the *Star* of my speech yesterday and your references to me. I did not expect it in that quarter.

The *Star* was editorially giving the utmost support possible to the Government, against Laurier.

Mr. Laurier passed on. I went into the press room.

Bob White, alias Robert Smeaton White, then representing the *Montreal Gazette* in the Press Gallery, was at his desk. By the way, "Bob" was elected M.P. for Cardwell two years later, and is now, (this is written in 1931, forty-five years later), M.P. for the Mount Royal Division of Montreal.

Bob looked up—"You did Laurier rather well in the *Star* yesterday," he remarked. "What an orator he is! He will rule Canada, yet."

The prediction came true ten years later.

XXXI. THE DEBACLE OF FREE TRADE.

“’Twas but a dream—let it pass—let it vanish like so many others,
What I thought was a flower is only a weed and is worthless.”

—*Longfellow: Courtship of Miles Standish.*

THREE hundred citizens of Ottawa on December 14, 1899, sat down to banquet in the Russell House in honor of Frank Latchford, newly appointed Minister of Public Works in the G. W. Ross Government of Ontario. I was chairman.

The reason I was chairman was because the banquet aimed to be nonpartisan, a personal tribute to Frank Latchford from his fellow-townsmen of all shades of politics. I had no party affiliation at the time. The *Journal* had been independent in politics up to then, and remained so for some while afterwards.

When we sat down at table Hon. Frank Latchford was on my right, Sir Wilfrid Laurier on my left.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, long leader of the Liberal party, had been put in power by the Dominion general election of 1896 upon a platform the first and chief plank of which included the following onslaught upon the principle of tariff protection:

“That the customs tariff of the Dominion should be based, not as it now is, upon the protective principle, but upon the requirements of the public service.

“That the existing tariff, founded upon an unsound principle has occasioned great public and private injury

“We denounce the principle of protection as radically unsound and unjust to the masses of the people.”

Upon the above platform the Liberal party had appealed to the people and were successful; also, Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself in his campaign speeches had been even more emphatic than the platform in his denunciations of the tariff, and in near-advocacy of free trade.

Well, Sir Wilfrid came into power. Practically nothing was done to the tariff then or ever, except to give to British goods a preference of a cut of 25 per cent. in the general protective tariff. The principle of Protection was practically accepted by Sir Wilfrid and the Liberal party.

On this evening of December 14, 1899, when the dinner to Mr. Latchford took place, Sir Wilfrid had been three years in power, by which time the fact had become pretty clear that Free Trade was ditched.

At the banquet when we had got settled in our seats, Sir Wilfrid smiled at me and began:

“I am sure we have a good chairman. And will you tell me how it is, Mr. Ross, that you and your newspaper manage to maintain such a place in this community that each of the two political parties hopes to get hold of you?”

Sometimes I had wondered myself. In perfect innocence, without a least *arriere pensee* in my mind, I replied, “I suppose, Sir Wilfrid, I have always been torn two ways. All my people at home were Conservatives, and most of my friends, so I always heard Conservative talk—but since my college days, I have

myself been a warm believer in free trade—which did seem to be the big issue in this country.”

To my consternation, I suddenly realized that I had pulled a bone. I saw Sir Wilfrid’s face change from smiling cordiality to a hardness. After a moment he said in a cold tone:

“You must admit, I think, that there are not many free traders left in this country.”

That was the end of that.

Acquiring wisdom, I later became a convinced Protectionist myself.

XXXII. A GREAT GENTLEMAN.

“How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—*James T. Fields: Courtesy.*

SIR WILFRID LAURIER was a great man who possessed in high measure the milk of human kindness which makes for friendliness and liking in human relations. He had a personal charm which never failed him. To this, in part, he owed the warm loyalty of friends and supporters which followed him to the end of his life.

In the summer of 1906 I took my mother on a trip to the Saguenay, and on the return we stopped at Quebec. The noble hotel there, the Chateau Frontenac, was crowded with tourists. We got seats in the dining room with some difficulty, the evening of our arrival, at one side of the room.

Shortly afterwards Sir Wilfrid Laurier came in with a party for whom seats had been reserved. He was passing along the centre aisle of the room when he happened to notice my face. He turned off from the centre aisle, came over to our table and shook hands, with the remark: “You don’t often come down this way, do you, Mr. Ross?” Then, “I presume it is your mother who is with you. May I have the honor of an introduction?”

He shook hands with my mother, and spoke a few pleasant words.

Sir Wilfrid owed less than nothing to me. For years I had been in political opposition to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. *The Journal* had sometimes hit him pretty hard. There was no earthly reason why he should go out of his way to be courteous to me or mine. It was just the innate kindness of the man.

My mother was a stout old Conservative. She had never seen Laurier before. I doubt if she had ever wanted to. But I think if she had lived after that to have a vote, and a general election had come along, she would have voted for Laurier.

It made a difference with me, too.

XXXIII. IN THE MINING GAME.

"Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar—
Which the same I would rise to explain."

—*Bret Harte.*

BUT, I maintain, the heathen Chinese is not a whit more peculiar for tricks than the white man.

The Cobalt silver boom came on about 1904. In October of 1905, J. B. Woodworth, a mining engineer, called on me in Ottawa to ask me to help him to eject a claim jumper who had seized a silver prospect Woodworth had located near Cobalt.

The reason Woodworth came to me was because he imagined that I had a "pull" with the Ontario Government, which could be used to make trouble for the claim jumper. I having been a Conservative candidate in Ottawa for the Ontario Legislature, in the provincial general election of the previous year, was supposed to stand well with the Whitney Government. Woodworth offered me a share of the claim in exchange for my assistance.

It was explained to him that two obstacles intervened. First, that I was not able to help him the way he wanted. The matter was merely one of application of mining law. The Government couldn't interfere. Secondly, that if I could help him the way he wanted, I wouldn't.

He said he had no money to enforce his rights. I advised him to try to sell an interest in his claim, and

suggested some names, among them that of Mr. Wilson M. Southam.

The *Ottawa Citizen*, under Mr. Southam, and *The Ottawa Journal*, under myself, were fighting like cats and dogs. My suggestion of Mr. Southam was perhaps because I thought I would like to get him into anything that would divert some of his energies.

All the Southams are first-class business men, all very practical men—all very fine men. I did not know very much about them at that time, however, so I was surprised when, a day later, Mr. Woodworth called on me again, accompanied by Mr. Wilson Southam. Mr. Southam said he was impressed by Woodworth's story and felt like taking a flyer in the Cobalt country. He suggested that we should make a trip to Cobalt together to take a look at the Woodworth claim, with a view to buying a joint interest in it if it looked inviting.

Well, a few days later the two of us went to Cobalt. We were intrigued by an inspection of the claim, on which there was a big surface vein of cobalt and silver. We made a dicker with Woodworth.

Our agreement was that if Woodworth's title could be cleared, for which Mr. Southam and I would put up the money, Woodworth would sell the prospect to us for \$150,000.

The figure may sound grandiose for an unproved claim—but listen:

Except for a first instalment to Woodworth of \$5,000 cash, the price of \$150,000 was to be paid only out of the profits of the mine, if any. But Mr. Southam and I were to put up \$20,000 to develop the mine.

If the mine proved a failure, Mr. Southam and I were thus due to lose something over \$25,000.

If, on the contrary, the mine proved profitable, the first profits were to go to recoup to Mr. Southam and me our \$25,000. All further profit was to go to Woodworth until he got up to \$150,000. Thereafter everything would belong to Southam and Ross.

Remember that big money was already being taken out of the Cobalt silver mines, and millions were in prospect.

Little trouble was found in clearing Woodworth's title, so the deal with him went through. We christened the project the Nova Scotia mine, after the name of Woodworth's native province, then started development, with Woodworth as our engineer. Inside of six months the \$20,000 we had agreed to put up for development was almost gone, with no certainty in sight. The big surface vein which had promised rich silver had no depth. Exploration of a good deal of the rest of the 40-acre claim showed many veins carrying silver, but none rich at any depth to which we got.

At this stage a man named Clarkson, hailing from Hamilton, called on us in Ottawa to ask if there was a price on the Nova Scotia claim. Yes, there was. "What price?" After consultation with Mr. Southam I communicated to Mr. Clarkson the fact that we were willing to sell the Nova Scotia for only \$150,000. Mr. Southam and I were never able to explain to ourselves afterwards why we asked \$150,000. We would assuredly have come down to half that sum cheerfully, if anybody had offered it. We expected a prolonged negotiation with Clarkson. But we got one of the surprises of our lives when Mr. Clarkson accepted our price without batting an eye.

We proceeded to draft an agreement of sale. Clarkson asked that the price to be specified in the deed of sale should be \$200,000. "Just a matter of form," he explained. "I'll pay \$150,000, but I have a fancy to have the figure in the sale \$200,000."

"Why?" we asked.

"Oh, nothing much, really—but if I should want to sell the mine again, or form a company and sell stock, I might as well have a good start on the value of the property."

"But we will have to be signatories to our deed to you specifying \$200,000."

"What's the odds? It doesn't mean anything. It's just a technicality. Nobody has any business with it but ourselves. You know how property is constantly legally recorded as changing hands for a consideration of a dollar or so."

Mr. Southam and I did not see it that way. We did not care to put our names to what was not so.

Mr. Clarkson was insistent, with the result that the deal was broken off.

This was a much more cruel blow to Woodworth than to Ross and Southam. A mining engineer, Woodworth was fully convinced by this time that we could not get much out of the Nova Scotia mine, if anything. And his interest in the property was all he had.

Here the story must revert to the details of the agreement between Woodworth and Messrs. Ross and Southam. If the mine had proved profitable up to \$150,000 beyond what Ross and Southam spent, Woodworth was to get \$150,000. But the agreement had also

specified that if, for any reason the mine were sold before Woodworth's \$150,000 was reached, he was to get two-thirds of the sale price, while Ross and Southam jointly were to get one-third—always after Ross and Southam had been recouped from the sale for their previous expenditure.

Thus, if we had sold to Clarkson for \$150,000, there would be \$125,000 to divide after Ross and Southam got back their previous expenditure of \$25,000. In short, the sale would net Woodworth two-thirds of \$125,000, namely \$83,333, while Ross and Southam would divide the other third, a net profit of \$41,667.

It can be imagined that Woodworth made a desperate protest at our turning down Clarkson. "You men are well-to-do," he cried, "you don't have to care much, but I have nothing except my interest in this mine, and here I have a chance to get out with \$83,000 and you block me for a technicality! It isn't fair! It isn't right."

Certainly the impasse was rough on Woodworth. Mr. Southam and I felt very sorry for him—also lamentably sorry for ourselves too, for we had lost all confidence in the mine. But there it was—we didn't feel that we could change our view.

A couple of weeks later Woodworth came to us. "I would like to buy the Nova Scotia mine from you myself," he said.

"What do you offer?"

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"All right," was the prompt answer.

Woodworth, if he could buy the mine at all, was just as much interested in paying a big price as we were in

selling, because, of course, the big part of the price would come back to himself under our original agreement with him. Southam and I were not surprised therefore at the figure he offered for the mine. We suspected what was happening. It was pretty clear that Woodworth was making a deal himself with Clarkson, and was to get \$150,000 from Clarkson for the mine in return for a deed to Clarkson in which \$200,000 would be the price mentioned. By this means, Woodworth would be able to pay to us our price of \$150,000 and get nearly two-thirds of it back.

Another agreement of sale was drawn up from Ross and Southam to Woodworth. By this Woodworth stipulated to pay us \$10,000 cash, \$10,000 at the expiry of one month, \$10,000 at the expiry of three months, \$10,000 at the expiry of five months, and so on every two months until \$100,000 had been 'paid. Then he was to pay the remaining \$50,000 at the rate of \$10,000 a month.

"What are you skipping every second month for at first, when you seem to have all the money in sight?" I happened to inquire idly.

"Oh, I need a little time," returned Woodworth.

The sale went through. Southam and Ross duly received \$10,000 spot cash, \$10,000 at the end of a month later, \$10,000 three months later.

When the fourth \$10,000 was nearly due, I received a notification from a Montreal lawyer that he was instructed to enter actions for conspiracy to defraud against myself, Mr. Southam, Mr. Woodworth and Mr. Clarkson. The notice came on behalf of two clients,

a Mr. Jacobs, of Montreal, and another gentleman, a Jewish business man of New York.

No attention being paid to the letter, or to subsequent ones, Mr. Jacobs came to Ottawa himself. He called to ask what we were going to do about our trouble.

It was suggested to him that Mr. Southam and myself were not in any trouble.

"But," Mr. Jacobs represented, "I and my partner have been swindled out of \$20,000 and have come near to being swindled out of \$50,000.

"How?"

"Oh, come now—you must know. We commissioned that scoundrel Clarkson to buy the Nova Scotia mine. He told us he was getting it for \$200,000. He showed us a deed for that from Woodworth. We have discovered by accident that Clarkson's bargain with Woodworth is to pay only \$150,000. We have given Clarkson \$10,000 a month for the past five months, and we have found out that he has paid Woodworth—namely you men—only \$30,000 so far."

"He has not paid Mr. Southam or me anything."

"He has paid Woodworth \$30,000. You are partners with Woodworth."

"We are not."

"And he isn't your agent?"

"He is not."

"Well," said Mr. Jacobs, nonplussed, "I don't understand. What's been going on?"

I explained that Mr. Southam and I had been legal sole owners of the Nova Scotia, that we had refused to sell to Clarkson, but had sold to Woodworth, who

evidently in turn had sold to Clarkson. "The deed to Clarkson was from Woodworth alone, of course."

Mr. Jacobs: "Yes—but look here—what are you going to do about it?"

Myself: "Nothing."

"But," declaimed Mr. Jacobs angrily, "my associate and I are not going to put up \$200,000 and let that scoundrel Clarkson swipe \$50,000. He's bagged \$20,000 already. We're going after somebody. It's an infernal swindle."

"Certainly is," I agreed, "but so far as Mr. Southam and I are concerned, we are sorry for you, but we don't feel otherwise worried. We thought we were losing a very good thing when we ourselves were wary about your friend Clarkson, about whom you have certainly been extraordinarily confiding yourself. Nor does it seem to us that Woodworth is in any hole, although he consented to a fictitious sum in his deed of sale to Clarkson. Your meat is just Clarkson."

"So far as I can see, Mr. Jacobs," I went on, "the exact position of Mr. Southam and myself is this: We sold the Nova Scotia mine to Mr. Woodworth. He has paid us \$30,000 so far. If he should default on further payments, and we presume he will, as you are not likely to supply Clarkson with any more money, and Clarkson will default to Woodworth and Woodworth default to us, the mine, of course, will come back to Mr. Southam and myself. And so, in short, Mr. Southam and I will have both the mine and the \$30,000 so far paid to us."

"Do you mean you are ready to profit by somebody's swindle?" cried Mr. Jacobs.

"Oh, talk sense," I retorted. "What did we know

about your doings with Clarkson? You wanted the Nova Scotia mine. You commissioned a man to get it for you who is apparently a swindler. He got it for you. You hadn't sense enough to watch what he was doing. Grouch as much as you like about him, but don't grouch about us. Mr. Southam and I had a mine to sell. A man tried to buy it in a way we didn't like and we fought shy of the proposition, although to do so looked like a loss of nearly \$70,000 to the two of us, between what we were out of pocket and what we had to gain. Then we sold to somebody else, and an honest deed was recorded. You had the remarkable foolishness to trust Clarkson so completely that you did not even examine Woodworth's title, which showed what Woodworth agreed to pay Ross and Southam for the mine. We haven't anything more to say. You are welcome to do what you like."

Mr. Jacobs ruminated, and figuratively speaking threw up his hands.

"I may as well put all my cards on the table," he began. "I want the Nova Scotia property. It adjoins Petersen Lake and other claims which I own. I want to amalgamate them and re-capitalize the whole thing. You don't want to be rough on me, do you? When Woodworth defaults on next payment, will you turn the sale to him over to me at \$150,000 and let the \$30,000 you've already got count as part of the price? That is, I pay you \$120,000 more."

"Of course," I replied.

So the matter ended, so far as Southam, Ross and Woodworth were concerned. We eventually got the full price, and Woodworth got the big end of it, according to our first agreement with him.

I believe that Mr. Jacobs and his partner sued Clarkson, or prosecuted him for fraud or something, but without success. So far as I ever heard, Clarkson got clean away with \$20,000.

XXXIV. A SPECULATION IN U.P.

"Now the fatt's in the fire."

—*Marston: What You Will.*

AS told in a previous retrospect, I made a considerable profit in a mining deal in the Cobalt country in 1905-1906. As the money came in, I looked around for disposal of it. A conclusion was reached to try something in the stock market. Somebody recommended Union Pacific Railway stock, and when my financial intellect peeked into it, Union Pacific seemed good. Accordingly in the autumn of 1906 I bought one thousand shares of Union Pacific Railway stock. The buy was on a 10 per cent. margin. In other words, I bought \$100,000 par of Union Pacific stock, paying a broker \$10,000 to get and hold the stock for me.

The stock was quoted in the market at 170. It was paying 10 per cent. dividends on par. The stock had been rising in market price. My self-communion was something thus:

"Union Pacific is paying 10 per cent. on \$100 shares. This means a return of almost 6 per cent. on a buy at \$170. In other words, my speculation is really a 6 per cent. investment, so the purchase of a thousand shares will carry itself so far as bank interest is concerned. The stock is said to be more likely to rise in market value than to fall. Everybody admits the Union Pacific is a splendid property. The balance sheet shows magnificent assets, and the soundest kind of financial

position. The purchase at 170 is therefore a safe one, with a possible rise. A buyer is more likely to gain than to lose. Even if the stock should drop a little in price temporarily owing to the vagaries of the stock exchange, and one may be called on to put up more margin, there will be no cause to worry. I've got good money available in reserve, nor can the stock possibly fall far, with its 10 per cent. dividend. So I am not like those fellows who fool with the stock market without some scientific consideration."

When you buy stock on margin, if the stock drops four or five points in market value, your broker asks you for money to make good your margin.

The week after my purchase of Union Pacific the market quotation began to drop. All stocks commenced to drop, gently. It was the first little slide towards the famous stock market cataclysm of 1907.

As Union Pacific sagged a little each day, I kept thinking it would be all right the day after, and go up again. So I didn't sell.

Within ten days Union Pacific was down to 165.

My broker called me up to make a remark about more margin. I didn't know that a stock market disaster was coming. Neither did anybody else. The continent seemed to be prosperous. General business seemed to be all right. I reasoned that the setback to Union Pacific was only temporary. How could a stock paying 10 per cent. fall very far? One would be a fool to get scared and sell out at 165 and lose \$5,000.

I put up another \$10,000. That would fix it. The stock would be safe now. Why, there would have to be

an unthinkable drop before any more margin could be wanted.

The stock market continued to sag. Union Pacific continued to slip with it. By and by U. P. was down to 160. Every point it dropped I debated with myself about selling out, but whenever my mind wrestled with that idea, the thought would arise that one would be silly to sell and lose nearly all the money already put in, when the market surely was likely soon to go up and get back to high figures, seeing that Union Pacific was such splendid stock. Surely the sensible thing to do was to hold on.

Another call for margin came. I put up \$10,000 more. That insured me down to a market figure of 150. Pshaw, Union Pacific, paying 10 per cent., couldn't possibly go down to 150. Everybody in the world would want to buy it at that! You see, there was nothing against Union Pacific. Everybody knew the property was magnificent; everybody knew that a continuance of 10 per cent. dividend was sure. Union Pacific was merely slipping because all the other stocks in the world were slipping, but it couldn't go down far.

But Union Pacific got down to 150. Call came for more margin. By Jingo, I wasn't going to let go. By selling out now, I would lose \$25,000. Nothing doing. Union Pacific assuredly could hardly drop further. It must begin to rise soon now no matter what the rest of the stock market was doing, and eventually one was sure to get all his money back. I put up another \$10,000.

What would have happened to me eventually I don't know but for a bit of luck. I had made all arrangements in the beginning of 1907 to go to Europe with

my wife and friends. The time had come to decide whether to go, or to abandon the trip and stay home to watch Union Pacific. I like to carry out what I plan to do—so two Scotch obstinacies came into conflict. One obstinacy said to me, “Stay home and buck this Union Pacific thing right through. You’ll win.” The other obstinacy said, “You planned to go to Europe. Stick to your plan and don’t upset a whole party of family and friends.”

Union Pacific was now down to 145. Some margin remained; and I was able if I chose to put up a little additional money. But I concluded to take my medicine. I think I was plucky to do it, being still convinced that that 10 per cent. stock couldn’t possibly continue to go down. My broker was notified to clear me out. By the time he finished, my stock netted a little under 140. What with this, and broker’s commissions, Little Willie emerged from Union Pacific with a net loss of \$35,000.

Our party had a noble European tour of some months’ duration. If at first the thought of Union Pacific interfered with my appetite, I began to recuperate rapidly as I observed the stock market reports and saw everything continue to go to smash, including Union Pacific. All summer this kept on. Union Pacific went down to 101. I could congratulate myself for having got out from under. If I had stayed home, I could not at that time have raised enough money to margin down to that figure; but certainly going as far as I could, I could have crippled myself.

Union Pacific was the gilt-edged stock I thought it was. It kept on paying 10 per cent., even at 101. A

year after my disaster the stock was back up to 150. Union Pacific as I write is at 225.

The cold fact is that when stocks begin to slump generally, no stock can hold up.

Whether there is a moral in my Union Pacific story for anybody else, I don't say. There was a moral for me. After 1907 I never bought any stock on margin.

XXXV. MONEY TALKS.

"Who will not give
Some portion of his ease, his time, his wealth,
For others' good, is a poor frozen churl."

—*Joanna Baillie.*

A REQUISITION signed by a couple of hundred citizens of Central Ward in Ottawa was presented to me in December, 1901, asking me to run for the City Council. I may say here, to complete the story of my civic record, although it has nothing to do with the incident about to be related, that I was elected for 1902 and served a couple of years at City Hall. Later I ran for mayor and was licked by Charles Hopewell, afterwards Ottawa's very excellent Police Magistrate.

The election in Central Ward for 1902 was expected to be a warm one; and elections, it is alleged, are not won by prayers. Even in aldermanic elections a little money comes in handy. There is printing and advertising to be done, postage needed, halls to be hired for meetings; finally, on election day, many voters like to be coaxed to the polls by free rides—cabs in those days, motor cars now—and I can certify that cabs used to be expensive.

Though the campaign was my first as a candidate for office, I knew something about elections; and being poor had hopes that maybe some of the citizens who signed the requisition would think of a little campaign fund.

They didn't, hardly. Of course, one didn't suggest

anything to anybody. One contribution only was received.

I did not use the cheque. I framed it, and have it in my house now. It was from a young private citizen who wasn't any richer at the time than myself, I guess—and I was pretty hard up.

The sender was Charles Murphy.

Charlie Murphy—Senator Murphy, eventually—the Hon. Charles Murphy, M.P. for Russell and Postmaster-General in the Dominion Cabinet from 1921 to 1925, and Senator afterwards.

XXXVI. CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

"The best laid schemes o' men an' mice
Gang aft a-gley."

—*Burns: To a Mouse.*

MR. DENIS MURPHY and myself were nominated as Conservative candidates in Ottawa for the Ontario Legislature in the Provincial general election of 1905. The Liberals nominated D. J. McDougal and George S. May. The city at that time was a single Provincial constituency, entitled to two representatives.

In that day, candidates were expected to devote a lot of time to personal canvassing for votes. Mr. Murphy and I went at it vigorously.

We visited a considerable number of factories, mills and business places, trying to make ourselves agreeable. The departmental store of Thos. Lindsay & Co. was one of these places, the big building now occupied by the Dominion Government at the corner of Rideau and Sussex. Incidentally we had been told about a forewoman who was said to be particularly influential among the large number of people employed in the store. We made a point of locating her. We found her in the top storey, a good-looking woman with a pronounced chin.

Mr. Murphy was a star canvasser, with an ingratiating manner and smile, a great jollier. He introduced himself and me to the lady. "Now then, Miss —," he began, "you see before you two well-meaning lads

who are looking for votes. I hope you are going to help us."

She looked coldly at us. "So, you are the Conservative candidates," she said. Turning, she glanced at the wall behind her, where pinned up was a newspaper page with pictures of the four candidates in the election. "Well," she went on, "you two are not half as good-looking as your pictures."

"Handsome is as handsome does," chuckled Mr. Murphy, cheerfully, "and we mean to do awful well."

"Maybe so," said the lady, "but I wouldn't trust you. You won't get any help from me. Bully for McDougal and May. Cripes, I just wish I had a hundred votes to give to Joe McDougal and George May. Good-bye and bad luck to ye."

When we got downstairs we met Mr. Lindsay. The disaster was revealed.

Lindsay laughed. "I don't know who steered you on to that dame," he said, "but I guess whoever did it did it on purpose. She's got half a dozen brothers or sisters or uncles or aunts in the Civil Service that the Liberals put there."

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XXXVII. W. T. R. PRESTON.

"Curses are like young chickens,
And still come home to roost."

—*Old Proverb.*

WILLIAM THOMAS ROCHESTER PRESTON, of Ottawa originally, the man who, in 1929, was convicted of a rank libel against Sir Arthur Currie in regard to the Canadian capture of Mons at the end of the World War, has on three different occasions in his career entered suits for alleged libel against *The Ottawa Journal*.

Follows the story of his first libel action.

But perhaps one may begin with something about Mr. Preston otherwise.

In the hey-day of the Liberal Government of Ontario under Sir Oliver Mowat, now long ago, W. T. R. Preston was the Chief Liberal organizer in Ontario. After service in this capacity, he was appointed by the Mowat Government, in 1893, Librarian of the Ontario Legislature. It was while he was thus a civil servant he acquired the cognomen of "Hug-the-machine Preston." He achieved that distinction prior to the close of the century, owing to a leak in telegraph service or some other mysterious catastrophe. A byelection took place in an Ontario constituency, West Elgin, in 1899, at a time when the Conservatives were making an outcry against alleged corruption by the provincial Liberal "machine". The Liberal candidate in the byelection, Donald McNish, emerging victorious, Mr. Preston wired him to "Hug the machine for me". Somehow or

other the enemy got hold of this telegram of Jan. 12, 1899, and published it, and Mr. Preston was famous thereafter as "Hug-the-machine Preston".

The suggestive sobriquet, however, did not prevent the Liberal party from continuing to do honor to Mr. Preston. The Laurier Government at Ottawa in 1899 appointed him Inspector of Dominion Immigration agencies in Europe; and later, Commissioner of Immigration, with headquarters in London.

While holding office abroad, Mr. Preston had occasion to visit Ottawa in 1902, when he appeared before a Committee of the Dominion Senate to give evidence on immigration matters. Mr. Preston's life story suggests an unfailing pugnacious, jealous, and vindictive temper; and in the course of this appearance before the Senate he made a vitriolic attack upon the memory of a deceased uncle, John Rochester, once member of Parliament for Carleton County, with whom in Mr. Rochester's lifetime Preston had quarrelled.

Next day William Rochester, son of John Rochester and cousin of Preston, came in to *The Journal* office with a letter assailing Preston. The letter contained a number of statements about Preston which were libellous, if untrue. But if true, publication was proper. Preston was a public official. No doubt the country has a right to have men of good record in public office. Cross examining William Rochester carefully about his letter, I came to the conclusion that the assertions made in it, although several of them were very nasty, were justifiable. *The Journal* accordingly published the letter.

Mr. Preston paid no attention to Rochester. He could have sued Rochester. He chose to sue *The Journal*. This was lawful; a newspaper is responsible for what it publishes. Preston entered an action for libel against *The Journal* for \$10,000 damages.

The Journal pleaded truth and justification. The case came to trial at Ottawa, Sept. 26, 1902.

Considerable evidence had been taken in court which showed truth in the charges made, until a paragraph in the letter was reached which alleged that a judge had once said in court to Preston that he could not be believed on oath.

This part of the letter proved to be untrue. Rochester had made a mistake. A judge had actually indeed made that remark to a Preston. But not to W. T. R. Preston. It was made to W. T. R. Preston's father. Rochester had got the thing confused.

The law of libel is that you must not publish any false assertion to injure anyone. If you make a number of damaging assertions, a single one proved to be untrue cooks your goose. You are not protected from consequences by proving all the others to be true. You have done wrong, and the law prescribes penalty. This, of course, is quite right and proper. One should not publish untruth about anybody in any respect. In this trial we had proved a lot of damaging things about Preston, but in one particular thing we were wrong, and we were caught.

My lawyer, Mr. George F. Henderson, advised me that we were nailed; that the judge would have to charge against us—that the best thing we could do would be to get out of the hole as cheaply as possible.

Accordingly, when the court adjourned for lunch on Sept. 27, we asked Preston's lawyer, Mr. Heyd, of Brantford for an interview with him and his client. It took place in an ante-room of the court. Our side said that following the discovery of the untrue statement in the Rochester letter, *The Journal* was prepared to apologize and pay all costs.

"No damages?" Mr. Preston inquired.

Mr. Henderson intimated that even if the verdict of the jury should go against us, which was by no means certain, the verdict would likely carry only a small amount for damages, also that the costs were heavy. He thought a fair compromise was suggested.

Mr. Preston said: "Let me see your apology."

I drafted an apology—an apology for the one specific statement proved untrue. Mr. Henderson passed it over to Preston's counsel, Mr. Heyd. Mr. Heyd after reading it handed it to Mr. Preston saying "I think that is all right, Mr. Preston."

Mr. Preston read it. "No, it isn't all right," he ejaculated. "This apology refers only to one item. I want an apology for the whole letter."

"But, Mr. Preston," returned Mr. Henderson, "that would imply that the whole letter was untrue, and that we admitted that, which would not be truth on our part."

"I don't care what you infer," Mr. Preston snarled, "I've got you where I want you and you can crawl."

Our battle array invited Mr. Preston to go to a warmer climate, and left the room.

The trial was resumed. After conclusion of the evidence, and addresses of counsel, the judge delivered

his charge to the jury. The charge, as Mr. Henderson had anticipated, was against *The Journal*.

The jury retired. After a brief absence the twelve good men and true came back with a unanimous verdict of "Not guilty," in favor of *The Journal*.

Mr. Preston had to pay all the costs of the action, for both sides, which were heavy.

If Mr. Preston had accepted the apology and costs which were tendered to him he would have saved several thousand dollars besides a good deal of reputation; and probably have been thought by most of the public to have obtained a complete victory and vindication. The average "man-in-the-street" would not have discriminated much about the nature of the apology.

Mr. Preston, by vindictiveness about his relatives started the fighting, and by arrogance he threw away the battle.

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XXXVIII. MR. PRESTON'S ANANIAS CLUB.

"What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with afterclaps."

—*Butler's Hudibras.*

THE story of the first libel suit taken against *The Journal* by W. T. R. Preston has been told. That was in 1902.

A second libel action came some years later, April, 1912. It had nothing to do with the first suit—except perhaps in Mr. Preston's temper.

Mr. Preston was in Holland that year, still in the Canadian government service. As a side issue he was trying to get up a Dutch syndicate to buy lands in the Canadian northwest.

Something occurred in Holland which queered Mr. Preston's project. When he searched for the secret of the trouble he discovered to his own satisfaction that the disaster was due to something somebody had said to a prominent Dutch financier, M. Lohman—who, by the way, was president of The Hague Tribunal in the arbitration at that time between Canada and the United States. Mr. Preston also discovered, he believed, that the somebody who had talked to Mr. Lohman was Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, who was also a member of The Hague Tribunal.

The fact that Sir Charles was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, a former Minister of Justice in the Laurier Cabinet, and long a leading light in the Liberal party, to which Mr. Preston was devoted, did not save Sir Charles. Mr. Preston ex-

ploded in publicity which was extremely uncomplimentary to the Chief Justice. Sir Charles answered. He declared that he had never said anything to anybody of the nature of what Mr. Preston accused him of. Mr. Preston declined to be satisfied. He said some more about the Chief Justice.

Whereupon there appeared in *The Evening Journal* in Ottawa the following editorial paragraph—just this, and no more:—

“The latest addition to Mr. W. T. R. Preston’s Ananias club, which already has members all over the world, is the Chief Justice of the Dominion, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick.”

Mr. Preston promptly entered an action against *The Journal* for Libel. He complained that *The Journal* had called him an Ananias.

I did not write that paragraph. I did not know anything about it till it appeared in *The Journal*. That very clever and uncensored paragraph was the unaided effort of John Garvin, at that time chief editorial writer on *The Journal* staff. Furthermore, Mr. Garvin had not been a member of *The Journal* staff at the time of Mr. Preston’s first libel suit against us. I don’t think he knew anything about that. This is explained because Mr. Preston in the course of the proceedings asserted that *The Journal*, alias myself, was pursuing him vindictively on account of his previous trouble with us. But the previous trouble had nothing to do with the new row.

The action came to trial at Ottawa before Mr. Justice Middleton.

Mr. Preston had no lawyer. He conducted his own case, although he was not a lawyer. One reason for this appeared later.

Mr. Preston was a forcible speaker and, of course, in some ways a very shrewd man. His opening address to the jury was what in street parlance would be called a corker.

He rang the changes upon the terrible thing *The Journal* had done to him in calling him an Ananias. He told of his long and faithful public service to his country. He told the jury that among the witnesses he was summoning to give evidence of his fine public record and high character was Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself. At length, coming to a climax with splendid dramatic effect he exclaimed: "Gentlemen of the jury, you are all familiar with the terrible story of Ananias and Sapphira. You heard it first, as I did, at your mother's knees, from the pages of Holy Scripture, and you have never forgotten it, that terrible story. But"—pausing dramatically—"but, no doubt, with the passing of the years, and the pressure of other things, our memories sometimes become hazy. Let us refresh them. I believe"—another dramatic pause—"I believe that I do remember the exact chapter in the Holy Bible in which the dread tale is told. I think I can turn it up in a moment." Reaching over to the witness box he picked up the court copy of the Bible, and in a moment had the story of Ananias and Sapphira. I imagine it had taken him half an hour or so the previous evening to locate the chapter—unless he had a Bible Concordance handy. He proceeded to read the story with sonorous unctuousness.

The story is certainly a shocker. As I gazed at the jurymen listening to Mr. Preston's sonorous delivery—and I venture respectfully to record my impression that the jurymen that time were not a very intelligent-looking lot—and I observed the pained expression of some of their faces, my heart went into my boots.

Mr. Preston closed the book reverently and laid it down. "Now, gentlemen of the jury," he resumed, "you realize what a dreadful thing this newspaper did to call me an Ananias, and—"

Came an interruption from the judge.

Mr. Justice Middleton had been for some time showing signs of uneasiness over Mr. Preston's eloquence. Now he erupted.

"Mr. Preston," he said, "just a moment. I am afraid you are on the wrong track. You are proceeding entirely on the basis that the newspaper called you an Ananias. I do not read the newspaper's attack that way. Where did it call you an Ananias?"

Mr. Preston was flabbergasted. "Why, Your Lordship," he stammered, "Why, here—see—" and he started to read the paragraph. The judge interrupted again.

"I know exactly what that paragraph says, Mr. Preston. The paragraph does not call you an Ananias. The paragraph only says you have an Ananias club."

"But—Your Lordship, what's the difference?"

"Why, Mr. Preston, did you never hear of an Ananias club?"

"I don't understand," exclaimed Mr. Preston.

The newspapers in the United States had for months been chattering about President Roosevelt's "Ananias club," in other words lampooning thus Mr. Roosevelt's

pretty frequent habit of stigmatizing other people who disagreed with his statements as people who did not tell the truth. But Mr. Preston, who had been in Europe, and apparently not very observant there of American newspapers, had evidently not noticed the phrase.

Judge Middleton went on, "I am afraid, Mr. Preston, that so far as your complaint that the newspaper called you an Ananias is concerned, you have no case. It didn't call you an Ananias. I would have to rule that way. However," here Judge Middleton fixed me with a cold eye, and he has a very cold eye as I remember it, "so far as this newspaper is concerned, it says that your Ananias club, Mr. Preston, has members all over the world. The newspaper, of course, will have to prove that, if this case proceeds. But I think, under the circumstances, neither of you will get much satisfaction. I suggest that you had better get together and see if you can't stop this thing and save the court's time. I will adjourn the court for 15 minutes. I hope no necessity will exist to go on with the trial."

Court adjourned. Mr. Preston and I and my counsel, Mr. George Henderson, proceeded to an ante-room.

"Well," said Mr. Preston, when we were by ourselves. "What do you propose to do about this?"

"Nothing," I returned.

"Didn't you hear what the judge said?"

"Yes, but you know, Mr. Preston, there is more to a libel suit than a judge."

This unkind remark which no doubt recalled to Mr. Preston what had happened with a jury on a previous occasion, was considerable of a bluff, for I was really

scared of that particular jury. But Mr. Preston, of course, realized that there wasn't much of a libel in saying that his Ananias club had members all over the world. His record assuredly showed quite a number of members in some parts of the universe, as he and everybody knew.

"Look here," he said, "let's be sensible. What's the use?"

"Well, withdraw your suit," I said. "We agree to pay our own costs."

Mr. Preston sat silent for a moment. Then, "If you will pay my costs, too, and they don't amount to much, for I haven't a lawyer, I will withdraw my suit."

"No," I replied, "we don't mind the costs, but if the statement goes to the public that we pay your costs, the public will think that we have done you an injustice, and that we acknowledge it. That won't do."

"I am willing to make the public statement that I have withdrawn my action unconditionally," Mr. Preston said, "nothing need be said publicly about costs."

"All right," I agreed. "That will do."

Then happened a strange thing. Mr. Preston absolutely broke down. He leaned his head on his hand, his elbow on the table, and spoke in a half-strangled voice; "I am down and out. I've lost my position. And that fellow (i.e., the Chief Justice) knocked me out when I had a good thing. I've no lawyer—couldn't pay one. I haven't anything left. Do the decent thing, Mr. Ross. Let me have a little outside the costs."

We gave him a cheque for something well over the costs.

XXXIX. MY ACCOLADE.

"A veray parfit gentil Knight."

—Chaucer: *Canterbury Tales*.

TWO stories have been told of libel suits taken by Mr. W. T. R. Preston at intervals of time against *The Journal*. Some years after the second of them, the following occurred.

In the autumn of 1916, *The Evening Journal* staged a circulation effort. Prizes were offered for competition by any who chose to canvass for subscribers to *The Journal*. A large number of prizes were offered, but all in the way of either special articles from an automobile down, or orders on city merchants for goods.

While this competition was in progress I was away from Ottawa. A day or two after my return, before I had caught up with all that had been going on in my absence, a lady came in to my office accompanied by a couple of nice-looking children, girls of 12 or 14.

"You are Mr. Ross?" she enquired.

"Yes."

"Mr. Ross, I want to ask you a favor."

"Yes?"

"I have won a prize in your circulation contest, but it is an order on Bryson, Graham and Co. for goods. I would like to get money instead. I and my two girls have worked very hard to win the prize. It would be pleasanter for us if we could have money instead of the order for goods. Would you not let us have the money?"

Yes, of course.

Turning to my desk to write an order on our accountant for the money, I realized that I did not know the lady's name. While hesitating at this, the lady said:

"It's so good of you, Mr. Ross, but I was sure you would do it. My father-in-law told me you were a gentleman."

"Your father-in-law?" I ejaculated.

"Yes," said the lady, "Mr. W. T. R. Preston."

XL. AN UNDECIDED ISSUE.

“Could he with reason murmur at his case,
Himself sole author of his own disgrace?”

—*Cowper: Hope.*

THE story has been told of two of the libel suits which Mr. W. T. R. Preston at intervals of years took against *The Journal*. Apparently, judging from an incident which also has been related, Mr. Preston after these suits, in both of which he failed, remained for a time under the impression that I was a gentleman. This idea seems to have faded, inasmuch as he entered a third suit against *The Journal* for alleged libel, in 1928.

The trouble this time was Mr. Preston's book. Mr. Preston had launched into authorship. He published memoirs. These memoirs in considerable part remember things not exactly as they occurred but as Mr. Preston would like to remember them.

Among his recollections was one which concerned *The Journal*, although the actual name of the newspaper was not mentioned. The passage in the book being called to *The Journal's* attention, an editorial reference to it appeared in *The Journal* of Jan. 19, 1928, of which part was as follows:

“W. T. R. Preston, in olden days famous—or notorious—throughout Canada as ‘Hug-the-Machine Preston’, has published a volume of memoirs which seems to include many things which Mr. Preston thinks he thinks are memoirs, but which are merely imaginations or worse.

Certainly this is the case in a passage which concerns *The Journal*, and although he is careful not to mention *The Journal's* name, we do not feel that the reference ought to be let pass. For from it, one can guess the general unreliability of Mr. Preston's memoirs, which already have been characterized as a mass of muck at the expense often of public men, many of whom are dead and cannot answer.

"The reference to *The Journal* appears in connection with an attack which Mr. Preston had made upon the then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Dominion, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick."

In his book, he does not mention *The Journal's* name. His reference to the episode is as follows:

A libel suit against an Ottawa newspaper followed.

"When the case came to court I addressed the jury for two hours, explaining my evidence against Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, which was corroborated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one of my witnesses at his own suggestion. Justice Riddell, who presided, expressed the view to the defendant's counsel that the parties should effect a settlement out of court. The next morning an apology was offered for the libel, and the case was dropped. Thanks to the intervention of Justice Riddell, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was spared an exposure which would not have but impaired his usefulness in that sphere, and might have forced him to resign."

"The above passage," *The Journal* editorial of Jan. 19, 1928, went on, "is cut out of whole cloth, in everything except the preliminary that a libel suit was taken. In particular the state-

ment that Mr. Preston got an apology from *The Journal* is a pure fabrication. The whole story is similar. He says the judge was Justice Riddell. The judge was Middleton, not Riddell. Mr. Preston says Sir Wilfrid Laurier was a witness. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was not a witness. There were never any witnesses. No evidence was taken. The case never got that far before Mr. Preston backed down.

“From the accuracy of Mr. Preston’s version of this episode, the accuracy likely to pertain to the rest of his book can be gauged.”

The Journal editorial proceeded to relate how Mr. Preston withdrew the suit in question unconditionally, and then pleaded for financial assistance from *The Journal*—which he got, as a matter of charity.

Which was the reason why Mr. Preston for a time thought I was a gentleman.

Some time after this editorial of Jan. 19, 1928, appeared in *The Journal*, Mr. Preston, on account of the statements in the editorial, entered his third libel suit against us.

That was in 1928. The suit remains entered, so far as I know.

XLI. MENTAL TROUBLE.

"We are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body."

—*Shakespeare: King Lear.*

IN 1930, the Ontario Government appointed a Royal Commission to report on the hospitals, charities and prisons of Ontario. I was chairman.

This commission, known as the Public Welfare Commission, in the course of its work visited some of the states of the neighbouring Union. In Massachusetts the Commission came to Worcester, where one of the largest Massachusetts Hospitals for Mental Disease is located.

Here a word about the modern hospital for mental disease. No doubt many people, probably most, think of an asylum for the insane as a place to be dreaded—a gloomy and depressing thing akin to a prison for life, over the gate of which might be inscribed the lines which Dante places over the gates of his Inferno—over the gates of Hell:—

"Through me you pass into the city of woe;
Through me you pass into eternal pain;
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

That may be a deplorable mis-impression. The best modern hospital for mental disease is just a great hospital. It is clean, dignified, sanitary and sunlit. The wards are comfortable, indeed attractive. The food is excellent. The management and the attendance

are kindly. Man guards have given place almost entirely to trained nurses, except in the case of patients liable to be violent—and these are but a very small minority.

Where a hospital for mental disease is not of such a type, it ought to be.

Insanity is disease. It is disease of the brain, just as there is disease of the heart or lungs or stomach. A serious disease, always; but a disease that can be cured, just as bodily disease can be cured. In the best modern hospitals for mental disease, as many as 25 per cent. of the patients may be discharged cured, and 25 per cent. more sent out improved, few of whom return. Those who need remain in mental hospitals incurable are only a minority.

At the noble Worcester Asylum, we went to the great dining hall of the hospital to see the patients enter for the mid-day meal. The dining hall would be a credit to any large hotel. It seated 800. The long hall had lofty windows on both sides, and a skylight as well, fifty feet up. Sunshine was pouring in. A small orchestra—of patients—was playing. The dining tables were small, seating from two to eight patients each. A broad centre aisle ran the length of the hall. On one side of the aisle were the tables for male patients, on the other side for female patients.

Across one end of the hall was a cafeteria. The patients entered, male and female respectively, from opposite sides of the hall. They came in in single file, approaching the cafeteria in the same orderly procession as customers of any city cafeteria would. There was no crowding, no pushing, no disorder. Each patient waited due turn, took tray, knife, fork and

spoon from the beginning of the counter, passed along and selected whatever food he wanted from the bill of fare for the day. The menu on the 28th of February, the day we were there, was as follows. It is varied every day, of course.

Fried or Boiled Haddock
Lamb Stew
Roast Pork with Apple Sauce
Cold Beef
Boiled or Mashed Potatoes
Turnips Carrots
Raspberry Corn Starch
Bread and Butter Pudding
Tea or Coffee

The quality was excellent. I know, because our Commission, dined with the medical superintendent, Dr. Bryan, and we had just that fare and no other.

"Is there any restriction on what the patients take?" we asked.

"None whatever," Dr. Bryan replied, "they take what they like at the cafeteria, they take as much as they like, and they come back if they choose for more. Also, each patient selects his own company at the tables."

No guards were visible, nor attendants other than a limited number, mostly women, to gather up dishes after use, and take them to the dish-washing machines in an adjoining location.

Worcester had over 2,000 patients, but only about 200 are refractory, or liable to be violent. These dine by themselves last of all.

"How would you characterize roughly the main

trouble with those whose minds cease to be normal?" I asked Dr. Bryan.

"Illusions," he replied. "I think what happens with most is that to begin with they sort of give in. Trouble comes to a man or woman, worry follows, the world seems to get too hard for them, the nerves weaken, and then the brain cooks up things."

Dr. Bryan and I walked down the centre aisle. A diner beckoned to me.

"May I speak to him?" I asked.

"Certainly," replied Dr. Bryan.

I went over to the table. It was a table for two. The diner, a pleasant-looking person, who had a friend with him at the table, remarked:

"I see you are an angel."

This simple statement took me aback. Before an appropriate comment occurred to me, he went on:

"I am an angel, too. "

There did not seem any appropriate comment to this either.

"How did you get down here?" he proceeded.

"I—I don't know," was all I could think of to say at the moment.

"You look like that," was his final remark, in a tone which indicated that the interview was closed. He winked at his friend, and returned placidly to his dinner.

XLII. A FIVE-POUND NOTE.

"Memory is the treasury and guardian of all things."
—*Cicero: De Oratore.*

ON an evening in Ottawa in February 1906 (please note the date), an invitation to play bridge took me to the house of Mr. A. F. Sladen, C.M.G., for many years private secretary to the Governor-Generals of Canada. On arriving at Mr. Sladen's I was introduced, with others, to Mr. Bonar Law.

Mr. Bonar Law was on a brief visit to Canada. He had been a member of the Imperial Parliament for a Glasgow division, but had been defeated in the general election late in 1905 in the Old Country, which completely smashed the Conservative party in Britain for the time being and placed that other great Scotchman Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman in power.

Andrew Bonar Law, Canadian by birth of Scottish parents, was already recognized as one of the coming men in British politics. On his return to England from Canada he was speedily re-elected to Parliament for Camberwell, became leader of the Conservative party in 1911, and in 1922 Prime Minister of Great Britain.

We played bridge at Mr. Sladen's that February evening of 1906. When the game was over, Mr. Bonar Law, who was a loser, was settling his score in Canadian money, but happened to show some £5 Bank of England notes.

I hadn't seen one of these before. It looked to me rather a curiosity—a bit of white paper six or seven inches oblong, lettered in black. Mr. Law, at my request, let me have one instead of Canadian money.

In July 1909 (please again note the date) I was in England as a member of the Canadian delegation to the Imperial Press Conference of that year. A dinner was given to the Press Conference by the Asquith Government in the Grafton Galleries in London. When we sat down at table, a chair remained vacant two or three removes from my seat. Later on, a gentleman came in and was pioneered by a waiter to the vacant chair. It was Bonar Law.

No question existed about my recognizing Bonar Law. I had seen him only once, three and a half years before; but he was a big man in politics and business, a famous man even in 1906. I couldn't forget Bonar Law. But there was no expectation on my part that Bonar Law would remember my face. I was only one of hundreds of people mostly unimportant like myself, who would flit across Bonar Law's vision during his visit to Canada, an interregnum in a busy and big life.

But there came an illustration in this case of a quality which is invaluable to a public man, namely that of remembering even casual faces and names.

Mr. Bonar Law happened to glance around as he was about to sit down. He noticed me. He could hardly have thought that at this dinner to the press he might run across a Canadian he had met, for in Ottawa he had not known that I was a newspaper man. But he rose, came over and shook hands. "Why," he said, "here is a gentleman from Canada who once got a five-pound Bank of England note from me!"

XLIII. "WAIT AND SEE."

"Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and forward foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them."

—*Shakespeare: All's Well That Ends Well.*

THE first Press Conference of the British Empire took place in England in the year 1909. There were sixty-two overseas delegates, from all parts of the Empire. The Canadians numbered sixteen. Also there were, of course, a large number of representatives of English, Scotch, and Irish newspapers.

One of the important subjects we had up for discussion was cable service. Atlantic cable tolls were heavy; evidence existed too of a combine among the cable companies to maintain what the newspapers considered to be high rates.

The Canadian delegates wanted a Government-owned cable across the Atlantic. Already there was a Pacific cable owned jointly by the Governments of Great Britain, Canada and Australia, which was paying its way.

Before our delegation had sailed from Canada, Sir Sandford Fleming, who had been one of the chief promoters of the Pacific cable, had talked about the Atlantic cable situation to me, urging that the Canadian delegates to the Press Conference should push for a Government-owned cable across the Atlantic. He primed me with facts and figures. Then before the departure for England Mr. Lemieux, who was Post-

master-General in the Laurier Cabinet, authorized me to state in London, if appropriate, that Canada would pay one-half the cost of an Atlantic cable if Great Britain would pay the other half.

Thus armed, the Canadian delegates found in England a speedy acceptance by the Imperial Press Conference of their views. A committee was named to interview the Imperial Government on the subject. I was named chairman.

Being given an appointment with the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, we waited on him in July, 1909, at Downing street, twenty strong. He received us, accompanied by Lord Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

As spokesman of the delegation, I stated as compactly as I could our case for Government construction of an Atlantic cable.

Mr. Asquith I saw for the first time. His fine face was impassive as he listened—his eyes, gray, I think, seemed very cold as he kept them fixed steadily on me.

When my effort ended, a British delegate spoke briefly, then an Australian.

Mr. Asquith replied briefly. He said he had listened with interest, and the Government would take the matter into consideration. However, there were important developments in the air. It was difficult to conjecture what might come of Mr. Marconi's discoveries. Any Government decision in the near future might be premature. “I think that is all,” he concluded, “is there anything further to say, Mr. Ross?”

“Nothing, Sir, except, if you will pardon me, that we think another Atlantic cable would not be hurt by

Mr. Marconi's progress—and, knowing what pressure there always is on Government councils, we venture to hope that the cable matter can be considered at an early date—not perhaps (and here I attempted an ingratiating smile) six months or a year hence."

Mr. Asquith's impassive face grew preceptibly harder, his eye acquired a colder glint. I became suspicious that I had said the wrong thing, in some way.

"That is all, gentlemen," the Prime Minister said, rising.

We filed out. Safely outside the door, I remarked to one of the British delegates: "Mr. Asquith did not seem pleased, at the finish."

My colleague grinned. "Did you ever hear the expression 'wait and see'?" he said.

"No—what does that mean?"

"Why," he said, "it is a term Mr. Asquith's opponents are applying to him because he is given to putting off things. Possibly Mr. Asquith thought you had something like that at the back of your mind when you chirped for an early consideration of the cable question."

I rather wilted.

Well, at all events, nothing was ever heard of from Mr. Asquith's Government about an Atlantic cable.

XLIV. CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs."

—*Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.*

IN my observation of life, it has seemed to me that want of a kindly sense of humor has been one of the chief causes of a lack of affection in one's neighbors, the chief cause almost of failure to achieve the possible in life.

Achievement, success, is of course comparative. A man may go far without reaching the ultimate.

Few men came nearer the final success than George Nathaniel Curzon, first Marquis Curzon of Kedleston. Born a commoner, earning celebrity as traveller, author and statesman, Viceroy of India, peer of the realm, Chancellor of Oxford University, finally Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Imperial cabinet and leader of the House of Lords, he yet fell short of his great ambition—namely, to be prime minister of the British Empire. And, so far as I have heard, he was never personally very popular.

The final failure, it is said, broke his heart.

He came so near to his goal that when Mr. Bonar Law died, and the Unionist Party in England were looking for a new leader and prime minister, Curzon seemed to be the obvious choice. But, to the surprise of his friends and almost of the Empire, the chaplet fell upon Mr. Baldwin, who although Chancellor of the Exchequer had only recently come to the front in politics.

Rumor asserts that Marquis Curzon himself once made the remark that lasting injustice had been done him by a distich by which he had been lampooned when he was a student at Oxford, and which followed him through life. It introduced him thus :

“This is George Nathaniel Curzon
Who is a most superior person.”

After Curzon's death there was debate as to whether that distich was too unkind or not. I do not know; but as regards his sense of humor, I will relate the solitary experience of Lord Curzon which came my way.

The episode occurred in connection with the Imperial Press Conference of 1909.

The Conservative members of the Imperial Parliament gave a luncheon to the Imperial Press Conference on June 10 that year in the Constitutional Club in London, Mr. Balfour presiding. The chief toast on the program was “The Viceroy of Empire.” The men who were to respond were Lord Curzon, ex-Viceroy of India; Lord Milner, ex-Governor-General of South Africa, and Lord Cromer, ex-ruler of Egypt.

The proposer of the toast on behalf of the newspaper men was Maitland Park, then editor of the *Cape Times*, South Africa, an able journalist afterwards knighted for public service.

Mr. Park, a fine speaker, made a happy address, paying high honor to the great records of British pro-consuls abroad. Then in closing he said that if our hosts would pardon a personal reference, he would like to say that the present occasion affected him in

a curious way, and was in a sense illustrative of the kaleidoscopic changes which are liable to occur in life—also illustrative of the catholicity of the Empire. Seven years before, he related, he had been employed on an important newspaper in India, the *Allahabad Pioneer*. By a series of accidents he was suddenly placed in a responsible position as editor. Being full of youthful enthusiasm and impulsiveness, he had set out at once to reform the Government of India, and had proceeded with such vigor that he speedily met what was tantamount to a request from the government of India to leave the country (general laughter), which he did. “Yet here,” proceeded Mr. Park, “a few years later, I am in the heart of the Empire, representing another section of it, a most loyal person, proposing with the utmost warmth of heart a toast to the viceroys of Empire, one of whom is the able and esteemed statesman who was Viceroy of India at the time I was kicked out.”

There was hearty laughter from the two or three hundred public men at the dinner at the termination of the story.

Lord Curzon's name was the first on the list to respond. After the toast had been drunk and he rose to speak, there was another outburst of laughter. But Lord Curzon's face was stony. The laughter died speedily away. When silence came he began his speech by a curt reference to Maitland Park's effort. “I have listened with attention,” he said, in a pompous tone, “to the remarks of my young friend, the proposer of the toast, but before I proceed I am afraid I am obliged to say that with regard to the episode he has

mentioned in connection with the Government of India, I think my young friend's reminiscence or memory is not at all accurate."

He did not say how, but having thus practically characterized poor Mr. Park as a liar in the face of the splendid assemblage, he proceeded with his speech without further reference to the matter.

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XLV. RANK INJUSTICE.

"Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes."
—*Shakespeare: Hamlet.*

THE Government of Great Britain gave an official dinner at the Grafton Galleries in London, June 11, 1909, to the Imperial Press Conference of that year. The Earl of Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Asquith Cabinet, presided.

I was seated next to Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Birrell, a charming man and delightful talker, who was in an exuberant vein that evening ragged me about the sins and shortcomings and exaggerations of newspapers on this side of the Atlantic. English and Scotch newspapers, he professed to believe, were much more sane. I righteously endeavored to defend Canadian newspapers, but Mr. Birrell would have none of me. In a joking way he kept on assuming that, on the North American continent, we newspaper persons were all whooping sinners together.

By and by the orations began. Mr. Birrell was one of the speakers. During his remarks, probably pursuant to his bombardment of me, he made a jesting reference to the often remarkable and disconcerting divagations of the newspaper press.

Lord Crewe spoke later. In his speech he touched on Mr. Birrell's remarks. He said that Mr. Birrell's insinuations about the press reminded him of a story told of an English nobleman and that eminent Amer-

ican, Mr. Evarts. The peer was deploring to Mr. Evarts that, after spending all his lifetime and infinite money and study in the breeding of Jersey cattle with a view to the production of the greatest possible quantity of milk, he had just seen in a New York paper a statement of a Jersey cow in America giving 50 per cent. more milk per day than the best of His Lordship's herd had ever been able to show.

"Why," returned Mr. Evarts to the peer, "I don't see anything in that which should worry you. You surely do not imagine that any English cow could ever possibly give as much milk in a bucket as an American cow can give in an American newspaper?"

At this stage Mr. Birrell gave me a dig in the ribs. "There, now," he said, "what did I tell you!"

Wasn't that a rascally injustice—to Canadian newspapers?

XLVI. WHEN YOU MEET A SAILOR.

“—Everybody loves a sailor.”

—*Paraphrased.*

DURING the holding of the first Imperial Press Conference in 1909, the British Government arranged for a great naval review at Portsmouth, in honor of the conference. Accordingly, on June 12, 1909, there took place the assemblage of the most powerful fleet the world had seen up to that time. The fleet comprised 140 war ships, carrying 40,000 seamen. The Dreadnought class was new at that era, Britain alone possessing any samples of it. The only existing four Dreadnoughts of the world were part of the review.

A special train of parlor cars left London for Portsmouth this morning of June 1909, carrying members of the press conference, and such ladies as belonged to them, along with a number of members of Parliament and a few invited official people.

When I entered one of the parlor cars, the seats were nearly all occupied. I got one. Soon afterwards all seats were taken.

A couple of military men came in. By their uniforms they were evidently officers of high rank.

One of them said sharply to a “guard” (alias, a conductor), “Are there no seats left in this car?”

“No, sir,” said the guard, “but there will be some forward.”

“Confound it,” said the officer, “why the devil don’t

they reserve seats? Absurd, don't you know, to have to wangle all over the bally train."

The other officer agreed loudly, and they clanked on forward.

By and by another man came in. He was a little chap, wearing a straw hat and blue serge suit. Looked like a well-to-do commercial traveller. Very alert.

"Got a seat here, guard?" he enquired, in a cheery tone.

"No, sir," replied the guard, "lots of seats forward, sir."

"Right-o," chirruped the little man, and, smiling at a couple of the ladies, "Sorry to leave."

He passed on.

Reaching Portsmouth the train ran alongside dock, where an admiralty steamer was waiting to take us through the fleet.

Hustling off the train and crossing the dock, I boarded the steamer in advance of the rest and wended up to the top. I got alongside the captain on the bridge. The advance of our party were still coming across the gangway from the dock. Among them was the little commercial traveller. I thought to myself, "Guess he's made a mistake, that lad—got the wrong boat."

A minute or two later the little man appeared on the bridge beside us.

He glanced down at the dock, where the last of the party were crossing the gangway. He turned to the captain.

"All right, captain. We've got them all," he said, "be off now. Look sharp."

The captain touched his hat. The little man treated me to a friendly grin, turned and went downstairs.

To the captain, myself:—"Who is that?"

Said the captain: "Why, that's the boss of the whole show, as you say in America. That's Sir John Fisher, the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty."

The First Sea Lord of the Admiralty was the heartiest kind of host all day, especially to the ladies, and we newspaper people bounced him on the platform at one of the great London railway stations when we got him back to the city that evening. When Sir John, after going up into the air, came down he said he was certain that that was the first time anything like that had ever happened to a First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.

XLVII. A BOER PROPHECY.

—“What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother’s blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?”

—*Shakespeare: Hamlet.*

IN the Imperial Press Conference of 1909, in England, among our sixty-two representatives from all over the Empire outside of Great Britain, the South African newspapers had eight delegates. Four of these had fought in the Boer war of 1899-1900, two on each side. The two men who had fought in the Boer army against the British forces were Charles Fichardt, of the Bloomfontein *Friend*, the chief Orange Free State newspaper, and Dr. F. V. Engelenburg, of the Pretoria *Volkstem*, the leading Transvaal paper.

These two men, fine types both of them mentally and physically, were somewhat reserved in their bearing—courteous personally, but not talkative among us. The rest of us were not sure just how friendly the two men were either to the Imperial Press Conference or to British connection in general. The Boer war was past only a few years. Fichardt had been wounded and captured late in the war, after making a dramatic escape from Paardeberg when Cronje’s army was surrounded and taken by Roberts. So, for a while, in the familiar associations and travels of the Press Conference in England, we were circumspect in our conversations when Mr. Fichardt or Dr. Engelenburg was around.

We were being feted in various cities in England, and our members were taking turns in the speechifying we had to do. Came a banquet at Sheffield, June 16, 1909, the Lord Mayor of Sheffield in the chair—Sheffield, London and Manchester are cities that have Lord Mayors—where courtesy made it Mr. Fichardt's turn to respond on behalf of the Press Conference to the civic welcome. Many of us were curious—perhaps a little apprehensive. How far could we count on him?

I was sitting beside Mr. Fichardt at the dinner. As the moment approached for him to rise, he looked at me, in a speculative way. "I have really something to say to-day," he remarked.

He made a fine speech, dealing at first in happy terms with the Press Conference, and the welcome it was meeting in England—then came to this close:

"I am a Boer. In that bloody and devastating war which swept over our country, you British overcame us. There was left a sullen anger among our ruined people ready to seize any opportunity of new struggle. You conquered our troops, our lands, our bodies—but our hearts and our spirits—never! So we thought. Then came a day, a wonderful day, when the conqueror with open hand approached us, holding out to us freely that inestimable thing for which we had fought—that liberty for which so many of us had died—and from that moment, I think, we were really conquered, we joined hands with you, and if ever need arises there will speak for England on the wild and lonely veldt the unerring rifle of the Boer."

Five years later the World War flamed up. The

Boer rifle spoke for us. General Botha, the leader of the Boer armies in 1900, became commander of the British forces in South Africa in 1914. Col. Fichardt served with him.

XLVIII. THE CROWD ON THE EARTH.

"There is little of the world that is entirely uninhabited; but still less is permanently uninhabitable Probably the polar regions alone do not fall within the category of the potentially productive, as even sandy and alkaline desert is rendered habitable where irrigation can be introduced; and vast tracts of fertile soil adapted for immediate exploitation, especially in the temperate zones, both north and south, only remain unpeopled because they are not wanted."

—*Encyclopedia Britannica: Population.*

SOME scientists tell us that the earth is getting too small for its population; or, if you like, that the population is getting too big for the earth. Soon, the theory goes, so many people will be here that the cultivable soil on this terrestrial globe will not be able to raise sufficient food for the crowd.

Let us all hope that at least the present generation will be able to struggle through.

In England I motored one afternoon in June, 1909, from Sheffield to Manchester. The route we took was roundabout, lying partly along what is called the Peak of Derbyshire, the distance, by the way we went, fifty or sixty miles.

At dinner that night I sat beside Mr. C. P. Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. The dinner was one given to the Imperial Press Conference of 1909.

Mr. Scott during the talk remarked casually, "You have been having a good many interesting experiences in England, no doubt. What about to-day Anything particular?"

"Yes," I replied, "something very particular. This England is small, supposed to be thickly populated.

You are thought to be crowded. Well, I have motored to-day through fifty or sixty miles of England. There were a few people on the way at Chatsworth, a good many people at Buxton. But barring these two places, I have hardly seen a living soul. I might have been driving in the Canadian West for all the human life that has been in evidence."

Mr. Scott said: "Within a radius of fifty miles from where we sit, more human beings live than in any equal area in the whole of the earth."

Surprised, I ejaculated: "Do you mean to tell me that within that circumference more people live than in an equal area around say, a central point in London?"

"Yes. If you take a draughtsman's compass, place one leg upon the spot where we sit, and describe a radius of fifty miles with the other, you will include ten to eleven million people. There is no such number in such a space anywhere else in the world. From any point in London, a radius of fifty miles would reach about eight million people."

It may be explained that a radius of fifty miles from Manchester City Hall would include nearly all the great manufacturing and commercial cities of the west of England—Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Oldham, Macclesfield, Stockport, Buxton, and others.

"Well," I said, "seeing that I am in the part of the earth where the human crowd is thickest, and that I have motored through this part of the earth for several hours and have hardly seen any human being, I guess the great open spaces will hold out for a while.

XLIX. THIS COUNTRY OF OURS.

"This is the land of the rugged North; these
Life-yielding fields, these inland oceans, these
Vast rivers moving seaward their wide floods,
Majestic music: these sky-bounded plains
And heaven-topping mountains; these iron shores,
Facing toward either ocean; fit home, alone,
For the indomitable and nobly strong."

—*William Wilfred Campbell.*

THE Marquis of Salisbury visited Canada in 1908. When in Ottawa he went to lunch at Sir Robert Borden's house—or, rather, to Mr. Robert Borden's house, as the then leader of the Opposition had not yet been knighted.

Prior to going into the dining room, Mr. Borden was introducing guests to Lord Salisbury. I had just been presented when Mr. Borden was called away for a moment. Mr. C. A. Magrath came along. I ventured to say to the Marquis: "May I introduce Mr. Magrath, M.P. for Medicine Hat?"

"Ah—Medicine Hat?" queried Lord Salisbury, shaking hands, "it sounds very western, Mr. Magrath."

"Quite western," Mr. Magrath returned, "also there is a good deal of it. The riding is about two-thirds the size of Ireland."

The Marquis looked at Mr. Magrath: "That is not a joke is it?"

"Not at all," replied the other, "Medicine Hat has enough fertile soil to grow all the wheat, alias flour, that the British Isles use for food."

Mr. Martin Burrell, who had come along, had overheard the dialogue.

“Introduce me too,” he remarked. “I represent a constituency nearly as large as England and Scotland put together.”

Mr. Burrell was member for Yale-Caribou in British Columbia. Measure that single riding on the map of that day and you will find that it was eight hundred miles long. It has been cut in two since.

The Marquis of Salisbury shook hands with Mr. Burrell. Then he turned to us with the question, “How many Parliamentary ridings are there in Canada?”

“Two hundred and thirty-six,” was the reply.

The Marquis looked reflective for a moment, then passing his hand over his chin he remarked drily: “Perhaps I had better go home before I lose myself.”

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L. ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

“From other lips let stormy numbers flow:
By others let great epics be compiled;
For me, the dreamer, 'tis enough to know
The lyric stress, the fervour sweet and wild:
I sit me in the windy grass and grow
As wise as age, as joyous as a child.”

—*Lampman: Ambition.*

TO Archibald Lampman, a memorial cairn has been erected at his birthplace, Morpeth, in Kent County, Ontario.

But Archibald Lampman belongs most of all to Ottawa. There he lived his short manhood; there he wrote.

Lampman, I hold, is the greatest of our Canadian poets. Perhaps my judgment is biased; we were friends.

He died serenely, a few days after writing his last sonnet. To quote his own lines on the death of Tennyson:—

“From before his eyes,
This glorious world that Shakespeare loved so
well
Slowly, as at a beck, without surprise—
Its woe, its pride, its passion and its play —
Like mists and melting shadows passed away.”

An editorial which appeared in *The Journal* at his death is reproduced here:—

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

From *The Evening Journal*,
Ottawa, Feb. 11, 1899.

In the passing of Archibald Lampman, a gentle and kindly soul is gone, an owner of high thought and master of pure English whose ill fortune it was to be born in the suburbs of civilization. This country has as yet but a limited place for the poet or the artist, nor will it have much better for many a decade. Raw, rough, mainly unbroken, it is the land of the engineer, the railway promoter, the contractor, the hard-headed practical man. There is no leisure, little culture. An intensity of strife with necessity and nature absorbs the mind and presses upon the body. Money is the god, and the worship must be material. However sweet the voice of a singer, it is scarce heard amid the roar of steam whistles, the grunt of engines or clang of hammers, the clatter of business and buzz of politics, and if we do hear it we can scarce halt to listen for fear that we shall not overtake our daily bread.

There are rugged literary temperaments which may not suffer from such arduous conditions, temperaments which at all events one conceives to be capable of assimilating as much intellectual nutrition here as anywhere. One thinks differently of Lampman. One can hardly help believing that a man of such essentially refined and artistic feeling as Archibald Lampman's poems and tastes showed him to be would have been better nourished intellectually, and personally far happier had fate placed him in another and artistically richer atmosphere. Certainly he would have met a far warmer appreciation in the mother country than here; certainly he would have been keenly grateful for

ampler recognition and sympathy; probably he would have had a greater measure of worldly prosperity. He deserved these things, and while we need not blame ourselves, each pioneer of us in this new encampment being pressed by his own tasks, we may be permitted to wish that Archibald Lampman had been more favored by fate in his personal and literary environment.

His early death deprives his country of one of the noblest if not the noblest of its writers. There is not in his poems one line that breathes anything but highmindedness as well as music. Passionately a lover of nature, he partakes of her freshest sweetness. Perhaps his range is not wide, nor his grasp ambitious; often he seems overweighted by a sense of the mystery of existence, sometimes repelled by the harshness of some sides of it; but he is a poet, a true poet, he is in words a master of feeling and art and music. There is none greater among his countrymen. While he was with us, he was accepted as a matter of course as living men are, but it will be strange if his name is forgotten or his work unread or unvalued as time goes on. Some of his sonnets we venture to believe rank high in English poetry. One of them, "Outlook," which voices his own attitude to life, may fitly close this hasty and inadequate tribute to one among us who belonged to nature's nobility:

"Not to be conquered by these headlong days,
But to stand free; to keep the mind at brood
On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
At every thought and deed to clear the haze
Out of our eyes, considering only this,
What man, what life, what love, what beauty
is
This is to live, and win the final praise.

“Though strife, ill fortune and harsh human
 need
Beat down the soul, at moments blind and
 dumb
With agony; yet, patience—there shall come
Many great voices from life’s outer sea,
Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men
 heed,
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.”

Next day the following personal letter came from
Archibald Lampman’s mother:—

“222 Daly Avenue
Feb. 12, 1899.

“Dear Mr. Ross—

“Accept a deeply grieved mother’s heartfelt
thanks for your tribute to my dear son’s mem-
ory. I had not thought anyone but myself so
fully understood the blockade of adverse circum-
stances surrounding his life, and which I know
too well has helped him to a premature grave.

“Yours ever sincerely and gratefully,
“S. GESNER LAMPMAN.”

Lampman’s dedication of one of his earlier volumes,
“Lyrics of Earth,” was this:

TO MY MOTHER.

Mother, to whose valiant will
Battling long ago,
What the heaping years fulfil,
Light and song, I owe;
Send my little book afield,
Fronting praise or blame
With the shining flag and shield
Of your name.”

LI. LESE MAJESTY.

"For twelve honest men have decided the cause,
Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws."

—*William Pulteney: The Honest Jury.*

A PROPOS of libel suits, *The Ottawa Journal* once a good time ago was sued for libel by one J. Carling Kelley. Kelley was a promoter who did one good thing anyway when he got the Ottawa Dairy Company under way. But as to some others of his promotions, the less said the better.

Kelley went to England to promote things. He got in wrong there. An English newspaper published a scathing attack on him. This attack coming to *The Journal's* notice was reproduced in Ottawa.

Kelley had been in England when the English article appeared, but had paid no attention to it—although the English libel law is a more severe thing, more dangerous to newspapers, than the Canadian laws.

Returning to Canada, Kelley became aware that *The Journal* had reproduced the English article. He took action for libel. Undoubtedly his idea was that as the evidence on which the English paper had acted was in England, *The Journal* would be in a hole, and a bluff would work.

The Journal's lawyer, Mr. G. F. Henderson, K.C., arranged for a commissioner in England to take evidence, which was possible under the law, and we got some good stuff there. A plea of truth and justification was entered to the libel suit.

May one be pardoned here for saying something about *The Journal* and alleged libel.

My idea about complaint of libel against a newspaper is this: No newspaper has any excuse for doing anyone the slightest wrong wilfully. Little excuse for doing any wrong by carelessness. If something has been published which is complained of, the duty of a newspaper is to make immediate anxious investigation; and if the complaint seems well-founded to make complete apology at once, with full reparation of any damage. If on the contrary the news or statement complained of is found to be justifiable and was in the public interest, a newspaper ought to stand to its guns.

This sounds simple. But sometimes the truth is hard to get at, sometimes the difficulty is complicated—and, sometimes, one being human makes a mistake.

Well, the Kelley suit duly came into court at Ottawa. The judge who presided at the trial—he is not living now—was hard on *The Journal*. Of any Canadian judge of whom I have known anything, he was the only one whom I have thought unfair. He had been a member of Parliament before being appointed a judge. Perhaps some newspaper had tramped on his political toes unfairly—possibly *The Journal* itself.

All the breaks in court went against *The Journal*; and the judge charged against us.

When the jury went out to consider their verdict some of the lawyers who were in court condoled about what they thought was going to happen to us.

The jury returned to court with a verdict for *The Journal*, with all costs against Kelley.

Shortly after the jury had been discharged I left

the court house. At the corner of Daly and Nicholas streets a couple of the jurymen were standing. One of them grinned at me.

“Say,” he said, “what d’ye know about that judge! Didn’t we give the old cock a slap in the eye!”

LII. LORD MILNER.

"His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen."

—*Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.*

LORD MILNER, one of the greatest of Englishmen, and one of the greatest of gentlemen, was passing through Canada once, in 1911 likely, and was a guest at Ottawa of Sir John Hanbury-Williams, then military secretary to the governor-general, Lord Grey.

Let me interpolate something concerning Milner. I was once dining with a friend of Milner's in Oxford, and he told me this:

"Alfred Milner made his own way in the world. He had little means at the start, but got through Oxford. Leaving here, he was named a Fellow of New College. A Fellow of an Oxford College has rather nebulous duties, but he is entitled to rooms in the college, and an annual honorarium. In Milner's case the honorarium was £300 a year—\$1,500. Milner was hard up. He was engaged in earning his living as a journalist in London. He couldn't live at Oxford. He declined the \$1,500 a year. Said he wasn't doing anything to earn it. That was Milner."

Milner being in Canada, I was invited by Sir John Hanbury-Williams to dine at Rideau Cottage, the residence of the military secretary. On reaching there I found besides our host and Lord Milner, Hon. Mackenzie King, who was then Minister of Labor in the Laurier cabinet, and the late Major-General Sir W. D. Otter, who was in command of the militia.

After dinner the five of us were sitting in the library smoking and chatting, when Mr. Mackenzie King suddenly asked Lord Milner who he thought would be the best man for the prime ministership of the South African Confederation.

This question was not, as I recollect it, apropos of anything which had been coming up in the general conversation. At the moment it seemed a curious one. It sounded almost as though Mr. King wished or expected to hear something from Lord Milner critical of General Botha. General Botha was the existing Prime Minister of the South African Confederation; and just a week before he had made in the Confederation Parliament a violent personal attack on Lord Milner, whom many of the Boers and some other people considered to have been chiefly responsible for the war in which the Transvaal was conquered.

By the way, from reading and reflection my conviction is that everything Lord Milner did in South Africa was right.

Now spoke an English gentleman—

Lord Milner did not show by manner or look that he regarded Mr. Mackenzie King's curious question as anything out of the ordinary—though it is certain that he must have thought so. In a matter-of-fact tone, he said in a reflective way,

“Well—all things considered, I think the very best man for both the Boers and the Empire as prime minister of the South African Confederation, would be and is—” he paused a moment, “—General Botha. He is a great statesman, and of the highest character and integrity. We

all, of course, admire him as a very brave man. And personally (here Lord Milner looked up with a twinkle in his eyes), while I can not always agree altogether with what he says, I think him usually a very broad-minded and fair-minded man."

LIII. A QUICK KICKER.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud?"

—*Shakespeare: Macbeth.*

A FEW of us have—or had—a summer camp on Round Lake, in the Gatineau country, seventy miles north of Ottawa. Round Lake is one of a chain of four lakes—Mitchell, Old Woman's, Round and Roddick—through which the waters of "the big lake," alias Thirty-One-Mile Lake, find their way to the Gatineau river.

Earl Grey was Governor-General of Canada in 1910, in which year his military secretary was the Earl of Lanesborough. I invited Lord Lanesborough, who was a keen fisherman, to spend a week-end at Round Lake, where the black bass are something exceptional. The Earl duly arrived there on Aug. 16, 1910, fully equipped for good fishing. Meanwhile, he had arranged to go later from Round Lake to the Gatineau Fish and Game Club on Thirty-One Mile, to spend some days.

Friends from the Gatineau Fish and Game Club were to meet him with a motor launch at the dam at the outlet of Thirty-One Mile into Mitchell, to which point I was to take him.

On the morning of Aug. 19, at Round Lake, I embarked Lord Lanesborough in a bark canoe, as we had three portages to make between Round Lake and the dam at Thirty-One Mile; and we started on our way. Lord Lanesborough had never been in a bark canoe

before, nor, indeed in any kind of a canoe; so before we set out he was preached a short sermon about the peculiarities of canoes, especially small bark canoes.

We made fine progress for a couple of hours. But nearing the last portage, reached through a comparatively narrow run in at the top of Mitchell Lake, I happened to remark that fine bass were usually infesting that stretch of water. Lord Lanesborough, announcing at once that we had plenty of time, proceeded to set up a fishing rod and throw out a line with a small spinner at the end of it. A minute later the spinner snagged in something. I backed the canoe, and shortly we saw the spinner caught on top of a stump, under the surface of the water, apparently a foot or so down.

But there is such a thing as refraction in water, so that what looks like a foot down under the water if you are getting to it at an angle, is really somewhat deeper. As we ranged near the spinner I saw the Earl rolling up his sleeves, preparing to reach down for it. I gave a shout of warning, but it was too late. His hand plunged for the spinner, and the plunge didn't stop in time. Lord Lanesborough, the canoe, and myself all went over with a rush.

The shore was close by. We had to swim only a few yards. Lanesborough climbed up the bank and turned, wiping the water out of his eyes.

"What was that?" he spluttered, "what happened?"

"The canoe just hit us a kick," I explained.

"I jolly well didn't know that anything except a mule could kick as quick as that," said the Earl.

LIV. THE RECIPROCITY TREATY OF 1911.

"Love your neighbor, yet pull not down your hedge."
—*Old Proverb.*

AFTER fifteen years of office, beginning in 1896, the Liberal Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier fell from power in the general election of 1911, owing to the Reciprocity Treaty which the Laurier Government negotiated with the United States, made public April 26, 1911.

The day after the first announcement appeared of the terms of that treaty, *The Ottawa Journal*, editorially, expressed strong approval. I wrote the article. Shortly afterwards *The Journal* turned around and waged war on the treaty to the utmost of its ability. I wrote a large number of articles smiting the treaty.

The Journal did not hear the last of this from Liberal newspapers and speakers for a long time afterwards. The sharp change in *The Journal* point of view was set down to mere partisanship upsetting *The Journal* as soon as the Conservative leaders were seen to be opposed to the treaty.

But the cause of the change had nothing to do with party. The cause was apprehension about the spirit in which the treaty was viewed by many in the United States. As a mere commercial agreement, the treaty looked to have excellent points. But, apparently, a great many people in the United States held it to be a step towards the political union of Canada and the United States. If such were their idea—if the Canadian acceptance of the treaty were to be interpreted

by a strong body of opinion in the United States as meaning that there was among the majority in Canada a desire for political union—a misapprehension would be promoted in the United States which, with the tremendous strength of that country, and the arrogant temper of the mass of its people as regards international relations, might have disastrous results sooner or later to our welfare, possibly even our independence. The danger of such a possibility seemed to me—and undoubtedly, as the event showed, seemed to the general feeling of Canadians—to utterly dwarf any consideration of commercial advantage from the Reciprocity Treaty.

As soon as the treaty was announced, many United States newspapers and speakers dwelt upon it as a step towards the political union of the two countries.

President Taft himself early contributed a startling phrase. Disastrously for the agreement, his first unfortunate expression, in an address delivered to the Illinois State Legislature on Feb. 11, 1911, contributed a great deal towards disturbing Canadians. "Now is the accepted time," he declared, "Canada is at the parting of the ways."

Accepted time for what?

Three days later Champ. Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, declared in the House on Feb. 14, 1911, "I am for it (i.e., the Reciprocity Agreement) because I hope to see the day when the American flag will float over every square foot of the British North American Possessions, clear to the North Pole."

Two days after Mr. Clark's speech, Congressman

W. S. Bennet, of New York, on Feb. 16, presented to Congress a resolution requesting the President "to enter upon and prosecute from time to time such negotiations with the British Government as he may deem expedient for the annexation of the Dominion of Canada to the United States of America."

By this time appreciation at Washington of the Canadian alarm was beginning to be felt. A conference of the leaders of both parties in Washington was held, and Mr. Bennet's motion was voted down in Congress.

But the idea was prevalent: similar resolutions were proposed in some state legislatures, notably in Michigan and South Dakota.

A cartoon which went the rounds in Hearst's yellow journals depicted "Uncle Sam" patting the head of "his little daughter, Canada."

I had occasion to visit Chicago about that time. One night there, losing my way, I stopped a man on the street to ask him to direct me to the Auditorium Hotel. Saying that he was going in that direction, he invited me to walk along with him. He was apparently a man of education and position. After exchange of some talk he remarked. "You are not an American, I take it?" I said no. "And I'm sure you are not an Englishman, by your accent," he went on.

"No," I replied, "I am a Canadian."

"Oh," said my guide, "that's fine with us. We'll all be one soon."

The thing nettled me. I had heard something like that just before from one of my American friends, to whom I felt obliged to be polite.

I said to my Chicago companion: "I'm afraid not.

I don't think that the United States is ever coming under the Union Jack."

He bridled. "I beg your pardon, sir!" Very sharply.

"You don't like that idea?" I queried.

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Sorry—but do you realize that that is exactly the sort of thing you said to me, from your own angle?"

He was surprised. "I—I really—why, that was different—oh, quite different."

LV. PLAY.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."
—Dryden: *All For Love*.

VIRGINIA Hot Springs is a hamlet lying in a lovely valley of the Appalachian Mountains in West Virginia, a night's run from Washington. The Homestead, a famous hotel, is practically the whole thing, with, of course, two first class golf courses.

In the spring of 1913, on the last green of one of these golf courses I missed a short putt, which gave the match to my partner. He headed for the club house, while I lingered behind trying the putt over again. Dusk was coming on; nobody was around except an old gentleman, who had watched the finish. He strolled over and remarked, "I could show you just how you missed that putt." He took my putter, and played a putt himself. He missed.

"Why," he said, "there must be a little slope in the ground."

He tried again; missed again. "I don't like your putter much," he remarked, handing it back to me with dignity.

I received it with suitable gravity.

We walked off toward the club house. On the way he asked me if I would mind playing a round with an old man like himself. So we arranged to meet next day.

At 10 o'clock next morning, the appointed time, the old chap was at the first tee with quite a little crowd of people standing around, evidently interested in him.

We started off. The little crowd followed. Along about the second or third hole they got pretty close up. My opponent looked back and remarked in an amiable way: "I wish people wouldn't follow one so. For that reason, I prefer to play on my own links."

Thirty or forty thousand dollars a year can be easily spent keeping up a golf course. "You have a private course, sir?" I remarked.

"Yes," said my companion, "yes, I have a good course at Lakewood, New Jersey. Still, I don't like it as well as a little course I have on the Hudson."

"Ah—you have two courses?"

"Yes, indeed three. I have a course at Cleveland, Ohio."

"I beg your pardon," I observed, "but may I ask your name?"

"Why, certainly—sorry I did not mention it. Rockefeller—John D. Rockefeller."

During subsequent talk, Mr. Rockefeller, who was then 72 years of age, told me that he had taken up golf seven years before on the advice of his doctor; and he was inclined to think that doing so might have saved his life, as he "had been a martyr to dyspepsia."

"But apart from that," he proceeded, "it is a wonderful game. I never miss a day with golf if I can help it. I only play 14 holes, but I play every morning in the year if I can manage. Florida in the winter, Augusta and Hot Springs later, up north in summer."

One day he remarked casually: "If my doctor told me now to give this thing up, I think I'd change my doctor."

That, as I have said, was in 1913, when John D.

Rockefeller was 72 years of age. As I write he is 90 years of age, still playing golf.

This giant of the financial world, now so far past the allotted age of humankind, an old man long, long ago, has yet enjoyed for numerous years a lovely thing in life, clean play every day in the open air, keen interest, good companionship, pleasure, health.

Having drunk deep of all that life can offer of power and struggle, he nears eternity with a foretaste of heaven.

Is there a moral?

LVI. A BLACK LAD.

"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Book of Job, XXXIX, 25.

CANADA entered the world war in 1914. The following story goes back to 1881.

Having not long arrived in Toronto in 1881 as a reporter on the *Toronto Mail*, I joined the Toronto Lacrosse Club. The first day, on turning out for practice, sides being picked I found myself in the lot with Ross Mackenzie, captain of the club.

As the fellows were lining up for practice, Mackenzie asked me if I knew many of them.

My acquaintance was with only one or two.

"Know that black lad over there?" Mackenzie enquired, pointing to a strongly-built chap on the other side. Mackenzie did not mean colored—just a dark-complexioned youth, well tanned, wearing a black jersey.

"No," was the reply.

"Well, look out for him. He's some little body-checker. Don't get between him and the fence, or the fence is liable to lose a board."

Nothing particular happened during the practice.

Next day came a visit to the Toronto Exhibition, in company with a young lady. The two of us took seats on the lowest row of the grand stand to see the races. There wasn't much interest, nor many people around. In front of the row of seats was a board fence with a

broad parapet on top. A couple of rough-looking citizens came along, hopped up on the parapet in front of us, and settled themselves to enjoy the races.

As they were right in front of us, I asked one of them politely to move along a little. He consigned me to a hot place. Naturally this was disturbing when one's best girl was listening, so I shoved him off the parapet, and shoved the other fellow after him.

The two couldn't very well get at me just there, nor so publicly. They crossed the track, sat down beside the fence on the far side and waited.

When the races were over, I and my lady companion started for an exit at the end of our row of seats. The two roughs moved along parallel to us on the opposite side of the track. As we neared the exit from the stand they began to cross over. It looked like trouble.

Just then a voice came from behind me, "All right, Ross, I'm with you."

It was the "black lad" who had been in the lacrosse game the day before. He had been sitting on the grand stand behind us, and had noticed the episode of the parapet. And evidently he was a chap of similar temperament to the Irishman who came across a shindy and enquired whether it was a private fight or could anybody get in?

When the two roughs saw a burly newcomer ranging up alongside me, they concluded there was nothing worth doing. They turned off and went away.

The "black lad" in 1881 was Sam Hughes.

In 1915 he was Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, K.C.M.G., Canada's War Minister.

LVII. IRRESISTIBLE TEMPTATION.

"There are crimes,
Made venial by the occasion, and temptations,
Which Nature cannot master or forbear."

Byron: Don Juan.

ROSS MACKENZIE of Toronto, in the eighties of last century was, I think, the finest lacrosse player who ever stepped on a field. A giant in physique six feet or more in height he played lacrosse at 210 pounds, yet could run a hundred yards in a little over eleven seconds—an extraordinary pace for a man of his weight. He held the record for long-distance throw in his day, and he knew the whole lacrosse game from A to Z.

His temper when he was heated was liable to do anything. But normally he was a fine man, clear-headed, square and very capable. He died in British Columbia, occupying an important post with the C.P.R.

In a match between the Torontos and the old Ontarios of Toronto, somewhere around 1883, Mackenzie laid out an Ontario man with a swing of his lacrosse because the Ontario man charged into the goal crease ahead of the ball. Mackenzie usually played goal. The blow fortunately landed high up on the Ontario player's head. Had it been lower, it might have been fatal. As sporting editor of the *Mail* I made remarks in the next issue.

Mackenzie appeared in the office that evening. He looked angry.

"That was a rough deal you gave me to-day," he said.

"Sure—I don't want to see you or anybody get into penitentiary for manslaughter."

"There was nothing like that."

"Yes there was. If that Ontario lad had not ducked, your stick would have got him below the ear and killed him."

"I only meant to hit him on the arm, and he got it on the head because he ducked. It was third time that beggar fouled me, and I'd warned him."

"Well, what was the chance worth anyway?" I persisted. "A game's only decent if it's played decently. No game in the world is worth risking killing or crippling somebody."

We talked a while, and by and by I felt that my ideals were making an impression on Ross. He rose to go.

"Well," he said, "next time I want to get a fellow I'll take my fist."

There came a championship match in Montreal between the Shamrocks and Toronto. One of the Shamrock players, Moffat by name, the biggest man on the Shamrock team, played in bare feet. Notoriously a rough chap, he was handing out nasty jolts to the Torontos that day. At length, coming down the field with the ball, he neared the Toronto goal. Mackenzie dashed out to check him. Moffatt dodged, and was just getting past when Mackenzie whirled up his stick and brought it down with a fierce crack on Moffat's bare toes. Moffatt went head over heels, with an agonized yell.

What looked like a thousand Irishmen were over the

boundary fence in a minute, heading for Mackenzie. Luckily for him, a strong force of police was on the grounds, the Toronto players rallied around, and even some of the Shamrock players realizing that Mackenzie's life was in danger helped to stall off the mob. Ruled off for the match, Mackenzie was got safely to the dressing rooms.

"Thought you were only going to hit people with your fist," said I.

Mackenzie grinned. "I couldn't resist the fellow's toes."

LVIII. KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

"Whatever the number of a man's friends there will be times in his life when he has too few."

—*Bulwer-Lytton: What Will He Do With It?*

WHEN the home team is getting the worst of it, 'ware the crowd.

At a hockey match in Ottawa once, sitting next to a pretty girl, there came trouble on the ice, and the referee did something to one of her friends in the Ottawa colors. The crowd didn't like it, and started to hoot, and the young beauty beside me rose and shrieked, "Kill him! Kill him!"

The lady, who now has sons of her own who play hockey, has reformed. She is an advocate of the League of Nations.

In the long ago I used to be in occasional request as a referee in sporting matters. Particularly somewhere around 1890 in lacrosse. The big five in those days were the Ottawas, Montrealers, Shamrocks, Cornwalls and Torontos. Duty of refereeing some of the championship matches in Ottawa fell to me.

Ottawa matches were played on the old Metropolitan lacrosse grounds, south of the Canada Atlantic tracks.

Came a match one Saturday between the Ottawas and Shamrocks, with myself in the limelight as referee.

Bad blood existed between the two teams. Trouble began almost at once. Before the game had gone far five men had been ruled off by me for rough play—two Shamrocks, three Ottawas.

A Shamrock came down field with the ball, Charlie Clendinnen of the Ottawas after him. Charlie was one of the squarest and cleanest players who ever handled a stick, a great favorite with Ottawa crowds. But something was in the air that day, and it got into Charlie like the rest. Following up the Shamrock man he swung his lacrosse around and scragged the Shamrock under the chin, effectually ruining the Irish lad's career.

Charlie was ruled off. That made four Ottawas off. None of the others was back yet. The crowd hadn't kicked much about previous rulings, but as Clendinnen was seen to go, the cumulative effect came. The crowd rose and raved. Probably most did not realize just what had happened—imagined Clendinnen was just striking at the Shamrock's stick. But they did roar for two or three minutes. If there had been eggs or tomatoes handy in the crowd, they surely would have come to me.

The match proceeded, the ruled-off players coming back by instalments, and no further trouble developing.

Monday on Sparks Street, Bob Devlin came along—R. J. Devlin, a friend, one of the city's leading business men. He stopped: "Say, P. D., I've got an apology to make. I was in that crowd on the stand Saturday, and yelling with the rest when you put Charlie Clendinnen off. I don't know what possessed me. You were all right."

Shortly afterwards W. Y. Soper, another of the prominent men of the Capital, met me. He spoke in a similar way, only more so.

Later Dr. W. C. Cousens, one of the leading medical

men of the city, himself formerly one of Ottawa's best lacrosse players and one of the squarest of men, took the trouble to come to my office to talk about the match. "I didn't utterly yell at you," he remarked, "but I did feel like it, and I'm sorry. But I thought we were going to lose the game sure."

LVIX. BATTLE BLOCKED.

"Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued; nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heaven perhaps, or all the Elements
At least, had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not . . ."

—*Milton: Paradise Lost.*

IN olden days, a husky French-Canadian of large size, Corrique by name, used to give trouble to the Ottawa Police Department. Once some of us saw him carried down Elgin Street towards the Police Station by four constables at the four ends of him, stomach down, shirt ripped off, his powerful back gleaming white in the sunshine.

He was a most efficient rough-and-tumble fighting man, also always willing to mix it with anybody.

About that time, Denver Ed. Smith was one of the noted heavyweight pugilists of this continent, not in the front rank but good enough to give an argument to anybody. Smith made appearance in Ottawa, and kept some little stay here, incidentally giving boxing lessons.

Smith had a bad temper. So had the aforesaid Corrique.

Kind friends informed Corrique that Denver Ed. had heard of him, and had expressed confidence of ability to knock the block off of anybody like Corrique in less than two minutes. Other well-meaning gentlemen told Smith that Corrique said he could tear Denver Ed Smith to pieces with his bare hands.

No personal discussion between the two occurred, however, until Smith got tired of Ottawa, and concluded to leave. But he decided to have a benefit first. Engaging the old Grand Opera House, on Albert Street, he organized an evening show consisting chiefly of boxing numbers, the entertainment to close—barring one possibility—with a six round exhibition between himself and another professional, Murphy by name, who was advertised as the heavyweight champion of Boston.

The possible additional feature was to materialize if somebody accepted an offer which Denver Ed. placed on the program to give \$100 to anybody in Ottawa who would stand up to him for four rounds.

This offer was particularly intended to interest Corrique. Denver Ed. told me so himself beforehand.

Came the great evening. The house was packed. Everybody expected Corrique. Word soon commenced to circulate that Corrique was up in the gods waiting for the appropriate moment to descend. Meanwhile the show on the stage went on rather tamely until 10 o'clock or so, when the wind-up of the fixed program came on, the six-round encounter between Denver Ed. and the heavyweight champion of Boston.

When the two appeared stripped on the stage, it was clear that Murphy, the alleged pride of Boston, was no adequate opponent for Denver Ed. Murphy of Boston was a sturdy fellow of apparently 165 or 170 pounds. Smith was twenty pounds the heavier man, and magnificently muscled. The first round opened. Soon it was pretty clear that the two did not intend to hurt each other. By the end of the round

the crowd was beginning to jeer. The second round was hardly under way when the booing was general. The two boxers tried to slap harder. Murphy, endeavoring to rise to dramatic heights, made a furious swing at Smith. Smith, who could see it coming almost before it started, lurched forward, evidently intending to step inside it. But he slipped. Some spot of grease or something was on the boards. His face pitched forward just in time to meet plumb on the nose a crash from Murphy's full swing. Smith capsized back clean off his feet and came down on his stern with a dull thud.

For a moment Smith sat half dazed, blood spurting from his nose. He started to scramble to his feet. The heavyweight champion of Boston had stood gazing with horror in his face at the damage he had done. As Smith rose, Murphy turned and fled as if shot out of a pistol—and in a flash Denver Ed. was up and after him.

Murphy's position had been on the east half of the stage, and he fled east for the wings. But he evidently kept his head. He evidently had noticed that the stage door to Albert Street was on the west side of the theatre. Reaching the east side of the stage in his gallop he whirled around the end of the back stage drop and shot west behind the curtain. He was only three or four yards ahead of Smith. The back drop had some rents in it, and the astounded crowd in the theatre realized first the Boston champion and then Denver Ed. shooting west behind the curtain. Murphy held his own. He got to the door first and disappeared

into the great open spaces of the night with nothing on but short pants.

The big crowd in the house started yelling with laughter, the convulsions accentuated as Denver Ed. Smith rushed back on the stage from the west with a bloody front. He steamed to the footlights, glared at the gallery, raised his hand—and the noise in the theatre stilled. Shaking his fist at the gods, like Ajax defying the lightning, he roared:

“Where’s that son of a b—— Corrique? Send him down here!”

There was a hushed suspense in the house. But no sound or stir followed. No Corrique came. Denver Ed. stood glaring and bloody in vain, then strode sullenly off the stage, the crowd yelling anew. The curtain fell.

Corrique had unfortunately been detained by circumstances. Enquiry next day elicited information that in anticipation, perhaps, of earning an easy \$100 in the evening by argument with Mr. Smith, Corrique indulged in too much red-eye in the afternoon and started an argument with somebody else, winding up by getting into the hands of the police

At the moment Denver Ed. Smith was roaring an invitation to him in the theatre to come downstairs, Corrique was thrall to the majesty of the law, locked up in the calaboose, alias the hoose-gow.

LX. A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

"Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered."

—*Shakespeare: Cymbeline.*

W. J. MINNS was a clerk in the Grand Union Hotel in Ottawa in days of yore. Minns was a little man, rather weazened, of about middle age. His salary, he told me, was \$800. He had a family.

Boarding at the Grand Union, I was sitting at dinner one evening. Minns entered the room. Weaving between tables, he reached mine.

His face was white. Beads of perspiration were standing on his brow. For a moment apparently he could not speak.

Producing a copy of *The Evening Journal*, he pointed with a trembling finger to an item which was about as follows, and stammered, "Wh-where d-did you g-get that?"

"In the latest drawing for the grand prize of \$1,500,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, the winning number is 142,393. The tickets are sold in fiftieths, so each holder of one or more tickets bearing that number gets \$30,000 per ticket. One ticket bearing that number was sold in Ottawa, so probably somebody in Ottawa or nearby is one of the winners."

"Wh-where d-did you g-get it?" repeated Minns.

He did not usually stutter. But his lips were quivering, and his chin was wobbling like a rabbit's. It was the queerest thing I ever saw on a human face.

“The boys at *The Journal* told me they got the news from Sam Rosenthal,” I replied.

“I’ve g-got it,” stuttered Minns.

He had, too. A couple of weeks later he showed me a cheque payable to him for \$30,000.

The moral?

Is it that one should buy lottery tickets?

LXI. A MOMENT OF FURY.

"Anger seeks its prey,
Something to tear with sharp edged tooth and claw."

—*George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.*

SAM HUGHES, Canada's War Minister, was an extraordinary character. He was fearless, bodily and mentally; he was impulsive, he had unlimited self-confidence. He was easily influenced by anybody he liked. By anybody he did not like he could not be influenced at all. His physique was powerful; in his youth he was one of the best lacrosse players in Canada at a time when lacrosse was at the height of its vogue as the national game.

Sam and I were friends for forty years, a friendship which started on the lacrosse field.

There was one brief interregnum.

The interregnum occurred in 1916, when Sir Sam Hughes was practically the complete despot in Canada's action in the World War. A big political row was on in Ottawa over certain war contracts, regarding which J. W. Allison, of Morrisburg, a close friend of Sir Sam's, was under fire. An investigation was being held by a commission. All the newspapers were featuring the proceedings.

The telephone bell rang in my house one evening, May 1, 1916, and a maid came to tell me that Sir Sam Hughes wanted to speak to me.

I went to the phone.

"That you, Ross?" Sir Sam's voice, strident.

"Yes, Sam, how are you?"

"What is the meaning of the blackguardly way in which you and your newspaper are treating me?" he rasped.

"Why, what's the matter?" I stuttered. "What have we done?"

"I want to know why your *Journal* is playing a blackguard game at my expense, with big head-lines and all that?"

"Go to hell," I blurted.

Sam rang off.

Worried, I taxied to *The Journal* office, made enquiries, and examined our files for some distance back, thinking something had got into the paper that I had not noticed. But there was not a word in *The Journal*, never had been, derogatory to Sir Sam; on the contrary, support and praise, always.

What had happened, as developed later, was that *The Journal*, like other papers, in featuring the Allison inquiry, had been using big type, all right, in a way which could be interpreted as reflecting on Mr. Allison. And Sir Sam, his friendship for Allison dominating his ideas, and probably reading newspapers very sketchily under his pressure at the time, had jumped to the conclusion that *The Journal* was hitting at him.

Next morning, the *Journal's* Press Gallery man, James Muir, came into the office. He laid a memo. on my desk. "General Hughes sent that in to the Press Gallery last night, as an item of news," Muir said.

The item read:—"It is rumored that Brigadier-General J. G. Ross, Chief Paymaster of the Canadian Army in Europe, has been recalled from London. No reason is assigned."

General Ross was my brother.

I was horrified. "Did that go out?"

"No," said Muir. "Some of the Press Gallery fellows wanted more information and couldn't get it."

Sam's fiery nature had evidently just overwhelmed him for the moment.

Next day John Bassett, of the *Montreal Gazette*, one of Sir Sam's most trusted friends, came to my office to say that the General was sorry for what had occurred, that he had been in a fever that evening, had flown off the handle, and hoped that the thing would be forgotten.

That was the end of it.

All of us have our moments of weakness. Any of us, if in possession of great power, may get a little unbalanced at moments. Sam Hughes did a great work for Canada and the British Empire at the outbreak of the World War, a work in which few among us would have been likely to be so great, and at a juncture in which Sam Hughes had no precedents and no guide.

LXII. SOLDIERS' OVERCOATS.

"I know
The past, and thence I will essay to glean
A warning for the future, so that man
May profit by his errors, and derive
Experience from his folly."

—*Shelley: Queen Mab.*

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, afterwards Sir Wilfred, came into *The Journal* office one morning in 1916. He told me he had come to Ottawa to see Sir Sam Hughes, and asked me to telephone for an appointment.

Dr. Grenfell apparently did not realize that any Minister would feel it an honor to see him without any third party mentioning his name. I suggested something like that, adding that probably it would be better for me not to butt in, as Sir Sam had been displeased about me just before.

Dr. Grenfell, however, seemed to want it his way. So with John Bassett's aid an appointment was got with the minister. Mr. Bassett added that Sir Sam would like me to come along.

Dr. Grenfell and I duly presented ourselves at the Militia Building, where both of us met a cordial welcome from the General.

Dr. Grenfell proceeded to his errand. He said that during his experience in France, where he was attached to hospitals at the front for several months he had many times had it impressed upon him that an improvement could be made in the equipment of the

soldiers, particularly their overcoats. Khaki soaks up water like a sponge. After a term in the trenches in wet weather, the khaki uniforms would get so laden with water and filled and caked with mud as to constitute a weight a man could hardly stand up under. Dr. Grenfell said that he had seen an overcoat taken off a soldier which was a sodden mass of water and mud, weighing 40 pounds—the ordinary dry weight being less than 10 pounds. To carry a load like that, in addition to other sodden clothing, with rifle, kit and ammunition, must render soldiers almost useless for movement, to say nothing of their health.

Dr. Grenfell went on to say that in his work in Labrador he was accustomed to wear a jacket made of a special canvas which was both wind-proof and water-proof, which, with a woollen sweater beneath, was good protection even in the often desperately severe conditions of winter journeying in Labrador. Overcoats made of that canvas, he thought, would be ideal as a military garment; they would give sufficient warmth, yet never absorb moisture or dirt; they would remain unchanged in weight under any circumstances.

The doctor then told the Minister that an American friend of his, a wealthy man, who had seen the conditions in France, had authorized him to tell the British War Office that if the War Office, as an experiment, would equip a regiment with overcoats of the canvas used by Dr. Grenfell, his American friend would pay the cost. Dr. Grenfell transmitted the offer to the British war authorities, but there had been no response. He had concluded, therefore, to try the Canadian Government.

Sir Sam listened for a time, then without expressing any opinion asked Dr. Grenfell to have a talk with the Quartermaster-General, General Macdonald. Dr. Grenfell did, but nothing came of it.

The reason I have for telling this story is that there may be in it a useful hint for military men. Dr. Grenfell's idea had no chance in 1916. Several million British soldiers were already equipped with khaki overcoats. To provide for continued needs a million more khaki overcoats must already have been made and stored, or in the making. All British manufacturing energies and resources were under a desperate pressure which forbade trying to embark on any new thing on a big scale unless there were absolute need. To begin to manufacture a vast quantity of special canvas for soldiers' clothing, and then to manufacture millions of coats out of the canvas at that stage of the war, was an impossible practical proposition, however good the theory, unless there were some certainty that the war would continue for several years. But nobody could say that it would continue. Peace might come at any time.

Undoubtedly Dr. Grenfell's idea had no chance then. What about our militia or police now?

Sir Wilfred Grenfell is living and active. He would probably be very pleased to give any details to anybody of the suggestion he made to Sir Sam Hughes in 1916.

LXIII. A LITERARY MORNING.

"'Tis a terrible thing to be pestered with poets."
—*James Russell Lowell: A Fable for Critics.*

IN the World War, compulsory military service—alias conscription—came in Canada in July, 1917. Prior to that date more than 400,000 men had entered the Canadian army voluntarily.

Except in Great Britain and in the other overseas dominions of the Empire, nothing like this volunteering was known among the nations in the war; never before in the history of the world had anything of the kind been known, in equal proportion. And in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, a million volunteers for the war, backed by every possible energy of each country, responded thus to a call to battle many thousands of miles distant, in a cause in which they had no selfish concern. Than what occurred thus in these four great overseas dominions of the British Empire there has never been in the history of the world any other such magnificently spectacular and magnificently honorable uprising except that of the Mother Country herself in the same crisis.

But, before 1917, volunteering in Canada was falling off. Not only had several hundred thousand men gone voluntarily into the army by the summer of 1916, but several hundred thousand others were by that time employed directly in work necessary to keep up war supplies, and were as necessary there as in the army. To secure enough men to keep up the strength of the

Canadian forces in the field, it began to be evident in the summer of 1916 that conscription would have to be resorted to, if the war continued. Virile and patriotic as the mass of the Canadian people had proved themselves to be, scores of thousands of young slackers remained among us.

Canadian newspapers had done their best for recruiting. But in the summer of 1916 they thought something more could be done which might avert conscription, and that the Government could help by advertising. I admit that this would help the newspapers too—and they were not at all averse to that, for they had been hard cracked by the general slump in business and the great increase in the price of newsprint during the first two years of the war. Accordingly, the Canadian Press Association prepared a series of sample full-page advertisements calculated to stimulate recruiting, to run in all the daily and weekly newspapers of the Dominion for a period. They asked me to arrange for an appointment with Sir Sam Hughes, to discuss with him the desirability of the advertising propaganda and the possibility of the Government meeting part of the cost.

The appointment was duly secured, so one fine morning in the summer of 1916 a delegation from the Canadian Press Association 15 or 20 strong, comprising representatives of most of the prominent papers of the Dominion, arrived at the office of the Minister of War in the Woods Building in Ottawa.

When the door opened and we began to file in, an orderly started to announce names. Sir Sam advanced.

"Never mind that," he proclaimed. "I don't have to be told their names. I know all these boys." He did, too, most of us. Sam was a newspaper man himself, formerly; the publisher and editor of the *Lindsay Warder*. He welcomed everybody with fraternal cordiality, shaking hands. Then he retired to his desk, and got us all ranged around on chairs in front of him. He was in his shirt sleeves. Sam often worked that way.

Then a young lady came in—a lady stenographer.

"Good morning, Jennie," exclaimed Sam genially and loudly, "How are you this morning? How's your mother?"

The delegation rustled.

The delegation program was that I was to say a few words to introduce the matter, then ask the Minister to hear Mr. J. E. Atkinson, of the Toronto *Star*, who would outline the proposition fully. Mr. Atkinson was—and is, as I write—an extremely clear and convincing speaker, one of the most pungent to be found.

I rose and said a little.

"Now, then, come on Joe," said the Minister.

Mr. Atkinson rose. He began to speak, and was just getting into his stride when Sir Sam held up his hand. "Wait a moment, gentlemen," he said. "I think we had better have General Fiset here." He touched a bell. An orderly came in. "Orderly, go and tell General Fiset I want him." Fiset was the Adjutant-General.

As the orderly went out, Sir Sam said: "Well, I am glad to see you all. I feel I'm in a literary atmosphere. Heavens, I do miss time to do a little reading! How-

ever, I don't forget everything. There's the great Sir Walter—you remember those line of his:

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own, my native land?’
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.”

General Fiset appeared at the door. “Come in, Fiset,” Sir Sam called cheerily. “I want you to hear what these newspaper chaps have to say. Now then, Mr. Atkinson.”

Mr. Atkinson rose again, and endeavored to resume where he had left off. He got in a couple of minutes' good work, when the general held up his hand.

“Just a moment, Joe. Perhaps General Macdonald ought to be here.” He touched a bell. An orderly appeared. “Orderly, tell General Macdonald to come here.”

Macdonald was the Quartermaster-General.

“You know, boys,” Sir Sam remarked, “Scott and Burns are two of my favorite poets. What could be finer than some of Burns?”

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

“I love some of his songs,” continued Sam,

“O, my luve’s like a red, red rose
That’s newly sprung in June.”

General Macdonald was a little slow in appearing, But Sir Sam kept on entertaining us meanwhile, with remarks about Burns. “Tam o’ Shanter’s the best of him,” he observed, and resumed reciting:

“O Tam, hadst thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate’s advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blithering, blustering, drunken blellum.”

General Macdonald arrived. Sir Sam asked him to take a seat, and invited Mr. Atkinson to proceed.

Mr. Atkinson by this time showed signs of not knowing exactly where he was at, but started again bravely. But he was only under headway a couple of minutes when a telephone call came for the Minister, who held a short, crisp dialogue with somebody.

Meanwhile Mr. Atkinson looked around at us, with the air of a man who was being shot at from ambush from several different places at once.

The telephone done with, our spokesman began once more. Not many moments elapsed, however, before something he said about Canadian effort aroused the Minister. “Why, Joe,” he exclaimed, “that’s well put. It reminds me of Kipling. Do you remember those splendid verses where England speaks:

“This for the Maple Leaf, and that for the
Southern Broom:
The law that ye make shall be law and I do not
press my will
Because ye are Sons of the Blood and call me
Mother still
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight
of all,
Our House shall stand together and the pillars
shall not fall.”

By this time the interview had lasted half an hour, or more.

Well—Mr. Atkinson resumed in a disheartened way. But in a couple of minutes came another telephone call.

Sir Sam listened, and sprang up. “I’m sorry. They want me at a Cabinet meeting. I will have to go at once. But I think I have the gist of the matter. Glad I’ve had Generals Fiset and Macdonald here. I will talk it over with them. I must say good-bye now.”

He shook hands with all of us, and departed.

That was the last that was heard about the advertising. I don’t think that Sam really knew what we were after at all, except that we wanted some Government money. So perhaps he did it all on purpose.

LXIV. ADVERTISING RESUMED.

"For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh;
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn."

—*Thomson: The Seasons.*

TOM LINDSAY, alias Thos. Lindsay & Co., used to have one of the largest department stores in Ottawa.

Tom Lindsay was a live wire, who did not limit himself to merchandise. In 1906 he conceived the idea of taking a hand in the electric situation in Ottawa.

Charter after charter had been granted by the city council to electric companies in Ottawa up to that date, with the uniform result that after each new charter there was amalgamation of the new with the old; and so a continual increase of capital burden upon electric service in the city.

The Journal in consequence was opposing the granting of new charters by the City Council. When Tom Lindsay headed for another charter, *The Journal* opposed his proposition. Mr. Lindsay's scheme was to dig a power canal from Britannia to below the Deschenes rapids on the Ottawa. As the argument grew warm, *The Journal* rather suggested that Mr. Lindsay was more likely to sell out his charter if he got it than to really go ahead himself.

Mr. Lindsay didn't like that. He caused an intimation to be sent along that if *The Journal* didn't shut up he would take away his advertising.

He was the largest advertiser we had, except one other.

The Journal kept on, but the city council didn't mind. They gave Mr. Lindsay a charter for the Metropolitan Electric Co.

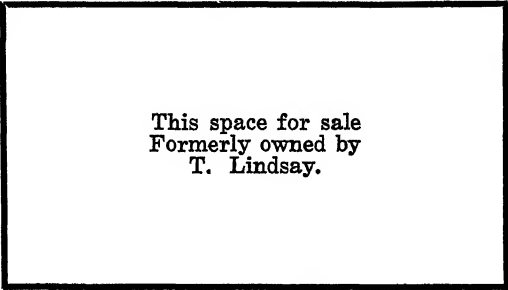
Shortly afterwards a prominent citizen of Ottawa, long since dead, who had been more or less associated with Mr. Lindsay in the application for the Metropolitan charter, came into *The Journal* office. He had quarrelled with Mr. Lindsay. He produced a photograph of a private letter written by Mr. Lindsay to Mr. J. R. Booth offering to sell the Metropolitan charter to Mr. Booth for \$20,000.

We had a cut made of the photograph and published it in *The Journal*.

Mr. Lindsay next day ordered his advertisement out of the paper.

The contract of Thos. Lindsay & Co. was for a quarter page at the left top of one of the pages of *The Journal*.

A day later the quarter page was left entirely blank and white in *The Journal* except for a couple of lines which were inserted in the centre of the space in the smallest type we had, as follows:



This space for sale
Formerly owned by
T. Lindsay.

The above appeared daily for two or three days. Most everybody knew what it meant.

Tom Lindsay was a good sport, after his first fury. A message came from him:

“Take that d—— thing out of the paper. I am sending copy for advertisement as usual.”

LXV. PROHIBITION.

"Oh! Give me liberty!
For were even Paradise my prison
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls."

—*Dryden.*

IN the presentation of these retrospects I remarked that I was giving such as seemed to me to convey some sort of moral. Or, may I add here, to suggest some curious phase of human temperament. You can place this recital under which heading you please.

The people of the Province of Ontario have voted six times in plebiscites on the subject of prohibition. A review is in order.

1. The first plebiscite was taken by the Liberal Government of Sir Oliver Mowat, Jan. 1, 1894. About half the electors voted. Prohibition carried by 192,489 to 110,720, a majority of 81,769. The Mowat Government did nothing, and didn't suffer politically.

2. The second plebiscite was a Dominion one, Sept. 29, 1898, ordered by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Prohibition carried. In the plebiscite the Ontario vote was: For prohibition, 154,498; against 115,284; majority for prohibition, 39,214. Sir Wilfrid Laurier did nothing, and didn't suffer.

3. The third plebiscite was taken by the Provincial Liberal Government of G. W. Ross, Dec. 5, 1902. About half the electors voted. Prohibition carried by 199,749 to 104,539, a majority of 95,210. The Ross Government did nothing, and didn't suffer.

4. The fourth plebiscite was taken by the Con-

servative administration of Sir William Hearst in the general elections of October 20, 1919. Several options were put. Selecting the vote which came for Government control, the strongest one against prohibition, the vote was: For prohibition, 693,829; for control, 447,146, a prohibition majority of 246,683.

This vote was accompanied by a very extraordinary happening. Prohibition, alias the Ontario Temperance Act, was in force. It had been in force for three years. It had been enacted in 1916, by the Hearst Government, as a war measure. Sir William Hearst was a prohibitionist himself. He had put prohibition, alias the O.T.A., in force in 1916, with a pledge, however, that when the war ended and the soldiers had returned (Ontario sent 232,000 of them into the army) there would be a plebiscite on the subject. As the time approached for the plebiscite, Sir William practically declared the policy of his Government to be resolute prohibition. It was a bold step—a fine and honorable step for a public man. He was pledging himself to do something which all previous prime ministers had shirked. Prohibitionists should have rallied to him. They didn't. On the other hand, many of his own party, the Conservatives, didn't like his course. There was indeed very angry feeling and much blunt rebellion in the Conservative ranks. But Sir William had pledged himself, trusting to prohibition support. He didn't get it. The plebiscite and a general election were held on the same date. In the plebiscite, the people voted overwhelmingly for prohibition; and overwhelmingly, at the same time, they voted against the Hearst Government. While straight prohibition was favoured by the enormous majority of 246,683, the

Hearst Government was utterly smashed. Nearly all the ministers were defeated, including Sir William himself and Sir Adam Beck. Hearst had had a following of 76 Conservatives in the dissolved Legislature. To the new Legislature the return was this: United Farmers of Ontario and Progressives, 46; Liberals, 29; Conservatives, 26; Labor, 11.

What explanation is there? A prohibition leader offers himself with a policy of prohibition to a people of whom a vast majority declare themselves to be prohibitionists; and at the same moment at which a huge majority declare for prohibition, they knock the chief prohibitionist and his Government cuckoo! What a spectacle! One begins to think that these other previous Prime Ministers who had held plebiscites and then done nothing about it, knew their oats. The one honest Prime Minister was smashed. The only explanation I can think of, if such a happening can be explained at all, is that the Farmer, Liberal and Labor parties voted strictly for their candidates, disregarding Hearst because they thought prohibition was safe enough without him—while many Conservatives voted against him and their party because they were angry at his prohibition policy.

And so came the Government of Mr. Drury, the head of the United Farmers of Ontario.

5. The fifth plebiscite was taken by the U.F.O. Government, under Mr. Drury, April 18, 1921. Prohibition was triumphant, as usual. The vote was not exactly on the general question. Prohibition was in force in the province, but there had been a legal doubt as to

whether anybody could bring liquor in from outside. The plebiscite was whether importation of liquor should be prohibited absolutely. The vote was: For absolute prohibition, 540,773; against, 373,938, a majority of 167,835.

In the next general election the Drury Government was defeated.

6. The sixth plebiscite was taken by the Conservative administration of Hon. Howard Ferguson, Oct. 24, 1924. Prohibition won by the skin of its teeth. The vote (whether O. T. A. should be repealed) was 585,670 to maintain the O. T. A.; 551,645 to repeal it. Majority for prohibition, 34,301.

Recapitulation of plebiscites:

	For Prohibition	Against	Majority for
1894	192,489	110,720	81,769
1898	154,498	115,284	39,214
1902	199,749	104,539	95,210
1919	693,829	447,146	246,683
1921	540,773	373,938	167,835
1924	585,676	551,645	34,031

Not yet was the battle ended. In the next general election, Dec. 1, 1926, prohibition was the main issue. Mr. Ferguson had said prior to the plebiscite in 1924 that he would abide by the result. But between 1924 and 1926 the confusion and evils which had been always conspicuous under the Ontario Temperance Act had become worse. Mr. Ferguson in 1926 bluntly declared his policy to be to repeal the O.T.A. and substitute Government control. Thus Mr. Ferguson receded from his position of 1924. He went to the people in 1926 on the specific platform that if returned to power he would appoint

“An independent commission who will have authority to issue to all citizens over 20 years of age who desire to purchase spirituous or malt liquors for their own use an annual permit upon which shall be entered each purchase, and which may be suspended or cancelled at any time for abuse or misconduct.”

The general election which followed was practically a prohibition fight. Hon. W. F. Nickle, a member of the Ferguson Cabinet, a strong Prohibitionist, resigned from the cabinet and came out against the government. All the parties, other than Conservative, declared for prohibition. But the election proved to be an overwhelming defeat for prohibition. The result of the election was: Conservatives, 75; Liberals, 21; U.F.O. and Progressive, 16. Mr. Nickle was defeated by an overwhelming majority in Kingston.

As regards the popular vote, the Canadian Press made the following analysis of the ballots for and against candidates pledged one way or the other:

For Government Control	679,812
For Prohibition	424,173

Majority for Control	255,639
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Mr. Ferguson proceeded to enact a measure for Government control as soon as possible.

After two and a half years' trial the Government and the measure came before the voters again in the general election of October 30, 1929. The Ferguson Government was overwhelmingly sustained: Conservatives, 91; all others, 21.

Such is the complete story of prohibition in Ontario.

When Mr. Ferguson's proposition of 1926 came on, *The Journal* and myself were in a dilemma. In all the plebiscites on the liquor question *The Journal* had supported prohibition. Personally, I had always voted for prohibition. Now came a new condition. Previously the issue had been between prohibition and the saloon. I preferred prohibition to the saloon. The new issue was between prohibition and Government control, a proposition by which the saloon would be abolished. The saloon—the open bar—the public treating habit—I believed these had constituted the great liquor evil. These were to go down under the Government control plan. Did one need further to sacrifice the principle of personal liberty? Liquor drinking is not a crime. It is not even a moral offence except when extreme—and anything extreme is likely to be a moral offence. Prohibition I had always regarded as merely a matter of expediency. If large evil be palpable in the community through the consumption of whiskey, wine or beer, one may be willing to sacrifice personal freedom in order to lessen the evil; and one may be willing even to block other people's freedom—as a matter of expediency. But in this view, the evil must be large and unmistakable. If a proposal appears which seems likely to greatly diminish the evil, then may not one regard individual liberty as a more important thing than prohibition?

The general election of 1926 brought this new issue. What should *The Journal* do?

We could keep quiet, of course. But that would not be a straightforward course, seeing that a newspaper presumes to express opinions.

I decided to come out for Government control of the sale of liquor.

Friends in and out of *The Journal* office disagreed. *The Journal's* constituency, they argued, was chiefly a prohibition constituency. We had always fought for prohibition; should we be renegade? We would be accused of gross inconsistency, perhaps dishonesty, We would certainly lose the good opinion of many whose good opinion we valued. We would lose prestige. We would lose subscribers and readers.

However, I wrote and signed a column article coming out strongly for Government control, stating the case as fairly as I knew how.

The consequences?

We did not apparently lose a friend. We did not lose a subscriber, or, so far as we knew, a reader. We never heard a complaint.

Why did not *The Journal* suffer?

Was it because Canadians are a tolerant people (about anything except religion, in which they are more or less like the rest of the world), or was it because on the liquor question everybody has a special compartment in his mind in which he operates some special private logic? (Which might apply to me.)

I am not sure. But if there be a moral, perhaps it is that law which is not based clearly upon justice and mutual right does not bite very deep with most people.

LXVI. LAW AND PROHIBITION.

“Our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose.”

—*Shakespeare.*

THE Royal Commission on Public Welfare of the province of Ontario, in the course of its enquiries, arrived one evening in 1930 in the capital of one of the states of the neighboring union, the union in which prohibition is the law. We were taken to a dining place. Thirty or forty persons were at tables; a number of waiters were coming and going. Public enough, certainly.

At one table seven or eight gentlemen of weighty appearance were seated.

The escort of the Ontario Commission remarked, “There are the members of the — Board. The Board must be holding a session this evening.

“What is the scope of that Board?” I asked.

“It’s the most important official body in the State,” was the reply, “controls the so-and-so, the so-and-so, the so-and-so and so on. They are some of our finest men. Come on over, I’d like to introduce your Commission to them.”

We were introduced. The gentleman at the head of the table, vice-president of the Board, the president being absent, shook hands with us.

“You’ve had an arduous day, I hear,” he remarked|

“Well, we’ve been going since 8 a.m.,” I said.

“You need a freshener,” said the vice-president.

“Come and have something with me.”

He stepped to a side table on which were bottles of Scotch and gin, and a supply of soda water. He poured out a horn for me and one for himself, and the vice-president of the state board and myself clinked glasses publicly and drank each other's health.

LXVII. A SENSE OF HUMOR.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

—*Anon.*

SIR JOHN MACDONALD I think of as the greatest public man I have known or seen. And he had a keen sense of humor, that saving grace which men of big mental calibre do not always have.

Sometimes Sir John was the victim of alleged humor, and so far as I ever heard, he took it nobly.

Once he told me this:—

He was devoted to his daughter Mary and always asked her criticism when he dressed for society parade. The first opening of Parliament following his decoration of Privy Councillor he, in his new glories of dress, which included knee-breeches, came to Mary for inspection.

"Well, Mary, what do you think of this costume?"

Mary's penetrating gaze lasted a moment—then:

"It's very nice, Papa—but your legs are preposterous."

In the Parliamentary Session of 1886, I was a member of the Press Gallery, as the representative of the *Montreal Star*. Naturally my ambition was to make my correspondence interesting. A dull afternoon in the House of Commons came along. I was at a loss for matter of interest. The House was in Committee, as it is called, in which stage proceedings are comparatively informal. When the House is in formal session, the Speaker occupies the chair. He is a strict

presiding officer, rules are stringent, and no member of the House may speak more than once upon any motion. But in Committee, the Speaker leaves the chair, some member of the House takes his place, proceedings become conversational, members talk pretty much as they please. Sometimes this is interesting and entertaining. But on the afternoon I speak of things were prosy.

They were so prosy that a notion came to me to suggest to the public that the speech of the House in Committee was not always all it might be. In the informal talk that was passing to and fro, most of the members were pretty slipshod in their oratory. There were hems and haws, redundancies and repetitions, coughs and throat clearings, a general looseness, sometimes dubious grammar. So I set to work to jot down a report *verbatim et literatim* of a good deal of the discussion, introducing all the mannerisms, the hems and haws, and all the other peculiarities of delivery.

When the ensuing despatch to the *Star* appeared in print my version of the discussion was a good deal of a caricature, because owing to the exigencies of newspaper space I had packed it in tight. In other words, where a member's talk might take five minutes, I had all his peculiarities packed into about one minute. The result was thick with absurdity—thick like the pattern made on a target by a charge of buckshot pegged into the target ten feet away as compared with the effect of the same charge fired into a target fifty feet distant. I must confess I was a little surprised myself at the look of the thing in print.

The total was a two-column despatch in the *Star* in

which Sir John Macdonald himself occupied about a third of a column. But there were a dozen others.

Next day, walking down the lobby of the House, Sir John came along. He stopped. "You are the only Montreal *Star* man up here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

He had a copy of the *Star* in his hand.

"Then I suppose you are the person who perpetrated this iniquity?" he said, pointing to my article.

"Guilty, sir."

Sir John, severely: "Have you no respect for the dignity of Parliament you big rascal? If you ever do anything like that about me again, I'll put you in jail."

Then, with a grin: "You've got some of those other fellows dead to rights, though!" and with a friendly pat on the shoulder he passed on.

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LXVIII. A DOMESTIC MYSTERY.

"What went on behind the scenes we could not tell. No sound escaped through the closed doors."

—*Wilkie Collins: The Woman in White.*

A WEALTHY citizen of Ottawa, not now living, stopped me on the street once, a good many years ago, to register an objection to the social column.

"I don't like that stuff," he said, "it's shoddy. The missus of every Tom, Dick and Harry gets her name in the paper, and all the flappers are getting their engagements advertised and their pictures published. Newspapers ought to keep out of that sort of bunk."

"But people like to know nice things about each other," I remonstrated, "and you couldn't possibly put anything better in a newspaper than a pretty girl's face."

"Oh, nonsense. Now, do me a favor. I don't want my social affairs advertised in *The Journal* or any newspaper. Promise me to keep out of your paper anything of the kind so far as I am concerned."

I promised.

Let us call the gentleman Mr. X.

Instructions were given to *The Journal* office not to print anything about the social doings of Mr. and Mrs. X.

A week later, a report a column long appeared in the *Morning Journal* about a Pink Tea at Mr. X.'s house.

It wasn't long before a wail on the telephone from Mr. X. notified me that I was an Ananias.

The Journal's city editor was soon on the carpet. "Didn't you get the idea that nothing was to appear in *The Journal* about Mr. X.'s social affairs?" was my query.

"Yes—but there seems to be a queer misunderstanding somewhere. What we printed about that Pink Tea was sent in to us by Mrs. X. herself, with a note to say that she wanted all of it published just the way she sent it."

LXIX. WHAT WE KNOW.

"The mere present-day possession of a large mass of organized knowledge does not argue a sufficient culture."

—Prof. R. H. Lowie, *University of California*.

"We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems."

—Arthur O'Shaughnessy: *The Poets*.

WE were sitting on the balcony of the Rideau Club on Wellington street, overlooking the Parliament grounds, John S. Ewart and I, one evening in 1913. The hour was between five and six. We were having some tea, and talking about recent books.

John S. Ewart, K.C., author of the *Kingdom Papers* and other works, an able lawyer, a generous citizen and a sportsman, did fine service to Canada as one of our counsel at The Hague arbitration on the Alaska Boundary.

As we talked Mr. Ewart dropped a remark to the effect that he had no use for fiction.

"Oh, well, most novels these days are trash," said I.

"I don't mean merely novels of to-day," Mr. Ewart said, "I have no use for novels new or old—nor for poetry either."

This last was astounding to me. My belief is that the best and most important of all reading is the great poetry of our language. That a man of Mr. Ewart's intellect could say what he did was incomprehensible.

"You can't really mean that about the poets, surely?" I said.

"Yes, I do," Mr. Ewart replied. "No reading of that kind attracts me, or ever has. I do absolutely none of it." He proceeded to make clear his point of view, that the only reading really worth while deals with science and knowledge—with things of practical value to humanity.

"But surely," I objected, "it is of value to any of us to know Shakespeare, for instance, who has touched the whole mind of the human race?"

Mr. Ewart would not admit even that. He said he gave his exclusive attention to fact, not fiction.

"Fact? What is fact?" I enquired.

Mr. Ewart pointed to the Parliament buildings. "If you want a fact, there is the Parliament Tower."

"How do you know it is a fact?"

"I see it."

Dusk was on. Venus, the evening star, was glittering in the western sky.

We see things because light is reflected from them to our eyes. Light is a fast traveller, but everything is comparative. The light which shows us Venus in the evening takes several minutes to reach our eyes. But Venus is very near to the earth compared with some of the fixed stars. Some of the fixed stars are so distant, astronomers tell us, that the light reflected from them takes years to reach our sight.

In other words, if one of these fixed stars were by some cataclysm destroyed at any time, we on this earth might still be seeing it for several years after it wasn't there.

If therefore Mr. Ewart, in offering me as proof of a fact the assertion that he saw it, had mentioned one

of these fixed stars, his seeing the star would not be a proof that it was there. It might not be a fact at all.

What he said wasn't even a proof about the Parliament Tower. The Tower might have been swallowed up by an earthquake at the moment he spoke, yet for an infinitesimal fraction of a second his eyes would assure him it was still there when it wasn't.

I suggested this to Mr. Ewart, but we failed to come to any agreement about poetry.

But so, what is "fact" or knowledge?

What we think to be fact or knowledge depends on what our senses, mental or physical, tell us; and our senses may be registering something that is not so.

Then are our senses more important than our spirit, which poetry touches?

One recalls Sir Philip Sidney:—"I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglass that I found not my heart stirred more than with a trumpet."

What any given age, including our own, believes to be knowledge may be merely the opinion of the majority, and may be all wrong. All the world scoffed at Galileo. The science of his day doubted Newton. Darwin's ideas were anathema at first. All the world once believed in witchcraft. All the doctors used to let blood. Asia to-day believes in the transmigration of souls.

I was introduced once in the Brockville Hospital for Mental Diseases to a gentleman who told me he was the Emperor of Japan. His mind informed him that was a fact. It wasn't a fact to anybody else; yet to that Emperor himself, his mind was as good as anybody else's. He told me so.

LXX. THE GRIZZLY.

"Black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell."

—*Milton: Paradise Lost.*

WHAT perils we sometimes escape!

From the top of Rogers Pass, in the Rockies a steep grade takes the C.P.R. down to Glacier, four miles, the rails running along the side of Mount Macdonald.

At the top of the Pass, the train halted, which my wife and I were patronizing, on Aug. 28, 1913. The conductor remarked that it was a fine walk down the track to Glacier. So the train went on down with my wife, while I remained to walk down.

Half on my way down, a freight train appeared, lumbering up around a corner, ascending the grade. As it passed me, the fireman stuck his head out and yelled, "Hey, mister. Look out. There's a grizzly just back down there!"

"Takes me for a tenderfoot," I thought, "Swallow anything."

On rounding the corner, my eyes bulged at the sight of a huge beast sitting on a boulder a hundred yards further on and fifty yards down the mountain side.

My armament was a pen knife.

A frenzied glance back told me I could never catch the freight train.

What the devil to do!

The monster's head was slowly weaving to and fro. I could see the glitter of its small eyes.

Then my sight fell on a box car on a siding a couple of hundred yards down the track, with smoke issuing from its chimney.

There was just one thing to do. Sidling forward as slowly and quietly as possible, I headed for the box car. This brought me nearer the big terror at first, but he didn't stir. I came abreast of him—drew past—gained towards the box car. The door of the car was open.

Then feeling sure I could make the car before the beast could catch me, and with the ingratitude and insolence sometimes characteristic of humans when they think they are getting away with something they shouldn't, I picked up a rock, let drive at the monster and ran for the box car.

As the rock fell near him, the huge animal slumped off the boulder and ambled down hill.

A man came to the door of the box car.

"Grizzly down there," I panted, "an enormous fellow!"

"Yaw, he's a bully old scout," said the cook, "he comes around and cleans up our garbage good every day."

LXXI. INDEED PICTURESQUE ENGLISH.

"List my discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music."

—*Shakespeare: Henry V.*

UNDER the Liquor Control Act in Ontario, if you wish to buy intoxicating liquors, you first have to buy a permit, which costs you two dollars.

Late in 1928 I bought a liquor permit. Shortly afterwards I lost it. Some months later I bought another permit at one of the Ottawa stores.

A couple of weeks after this second purchase I received a letter from the Department of Permits in Toronto. The letter was annoying. It seemed to me crude. Indeed as I milled over it, the letter seemed nothing less than disgusting. I got hopping mad about it. Here is the letter:

Toronto, June 7th, 1928.

Mr. P. D. Ross,
17 Blackburn Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
Re your permits 40073 and 263887.

Dear Sir:—

It being contrary to Sec. 41 of the L.C.A. for a person to hold two permits at the same time, I write to call your attention to the above two permits, the first having been purchased on October 17th, and the second on June 2nd.

I request an explanation, failing a satisfactory one, I demand immediate surrender of these two permits and warn you meanwhile

against attempting to procure another permit or to make any further liquor purchases.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) W. C. MANN,
For Director of Permits.

Sir Henry Drayton, chairman of the Liquor Control Commission, is a personal friend, but I am afraid that in my fury I wrote him impolitely:—

Ottawa, June 11th, 1928.

Sir Henry Drayton,
Chairman, Board of Liquor Control,
Toronto, Ont.

My Dear Sir Henry: Enclosed is a copy of a letter from the permit department of the Commission which seems to me to suggest that the department has caught another bootlegger.

Of course when a bootlegger is convicted he is a proper subject for whatever language the department chooses to use.

When I reflect, however, that a perfectly well-meaning citizen might be found unwittingly infringing Section 41, whatever the merry Hades that is, or some other of the hundreds of clauses of the L.C.A., and get a ferocious demand and rasping warning right off the bat, I venture to think that a Government department in transacting its business could afford to adopt the same rule of courtesy as a private business house; and when requiring an explanation about anything from a customer might ask him for it civilly to begin with.

I quite admit that every clause of the L.C.A. must have good reason, but I fail to see good reason why even the humblest citizen of this country or province should be unnecessarily

subjected to insolence by a Government understrapper.

Sorry to inflict such a note upon you, but it seems to me there is a principle involved in the matter which might be useful to the Commission.

With regard, yours sincerely,

P. D. ROSS.

A copy of the above letter I sent to the Director of Permits. I had made no enquiry as to whom he might be. I didn't know and I thought I didn't care.

Sir Henry made a pacific reply.

Then came the following letter from the Director of Permits:

P. D. Ross, Esq.,
President, *The Journal* Newspapers,
Ottawa.

Dear Mr. Ross: You sent me copy of your letter of June 11th, to Sir Henry Drayton, no doubt not knowing that a former contemporary of yours acted as Director of Permits. It may be that since Sir Henry has written you, a reply from me is strictly not necessary, but knowing you and esteeming you for many years, I thought I should show you the courtesy of a reply.

One of the troubles of this department arises out of indifference and carelessness of people. We have had hundreds of instances of persons apparently, on the evidence of our files, having two permits, and even running to five or six, and on rare occasions more. Accordingly a formal letter was prepared by me and sent out by one of my assistants, and you appear to have got one of them. I have not been able to follow up these personally. Had I seen your name, I would have known at once that it was impos-

sible that you would be using two permits at once, thus breaking the law. I would have inferred, of course, that you must have lost your first one.

I remember you as a master of vivid and indeed picturesque English, and therefore was quite entertained by your letter—though I doubt if you would have, in your calm moments, put all officials down as “Government understrappers,” of whom insolence is a principal characteristic. Officials seem to be a necessary evil, and I dare say some of them are fairly worthy persons.

However, I am sure you did not intend that expression to be taken seriously. I will admit that since you drew attention to the matter, I concluded that the form letter which I had prepared was more tart than absolutely necessary, and I have modified it for future instances of the kind, thinking that in a modified form it will do the business just as well.

I assure you, knowing you as I do, that I am sorry that you happened to have got one of these letters, but you have evened up things pretty well by working off steam through your letter, I imagine.

With personal regards,

Yours sincerely,

W. S. DINGMAN,

Director of Permits.

And so, to my long-time acquaintance and old newspaper colleague, W. S. Dingman, formerly proprietor of the *Stratford Herald*, I sent a humble apology.

LXXII. A BOX OF GOLF BALLS.

"My neighbor's lamp, across the way,
Throws dancing lights upon my wall:
They come and go in passing play,
And then the sudden shadows fall.

"My friend's white soul through eyes and lips
Shone out on me but yesterday
In radiant warmth; now swift eclipse
Has left those windows cold and gray."

—*Charles Buxton Going.*

WHEN the Dominion general election of October 29th, 1925, was approaching, I was asked to act with Sir Henry Egan—one of the finest men and most valued friends I have known—to obtain some subscriptions from well-to-do Ottawa Conservatives to assist the party in the campaign, both in Ottawa and in other constituencies in Eastern Ontario.

In the course of our canvass, a prominent Ottawa business man promised a subscription. On the afternoon of Oct. 19th, 1925, he called at my office, where he handed me a package containing \$5,000 in bank bills. He explained that he preferred to give the cash rather than have a cheque go through his books. The package was about the size of the normal box of a dozen golf balls; it was of the same shape.

The hour was about six o'clock, the banks, of course, were closed; also *The Journal* accountant had departed, leaving the vault locked up. I started home with the package.

On the way, remembering something about which it would be well to see Sir Henry Egan, I turned north to Wellington Street, to the office of the Hawkesbury

Lumber Company, on the off chance of finding Sir Henry still in. He was there. On entering his office another man rose to leave. He seemed to know me, nodded, looked at the package in my hand, smiled and said: "Is it a box of golf balls for Sir Henry?" He went out. He was a stranger to me.

Sir Henry and I had a short talk. He was looking as usual. I did not take much notice when, speaking about a possible holiday after the election, he put his hand on his breast remarking in a casual tone, "I'm not right here."

We chatted on. Incidentally I told him what was in the package with me, and suggested leaving it in his safe. For some reason he thought the money might as well go home with me.

Shortly after reaching my house a telephone call came from Sir Henry, who had also got home. He spoke to me about something he had forgotten to mention in his office, then, before ringing off, he said with a chuckle: "Take good care of those golf balls."

That was about half-past seven.

A few minutes before nine o'clock another telephone call reached me, this time from *The Journal*.

"Did you hear about Sir Henry Egan?" came a query.

"Hear what?"

"He died at 8.35."

LXXIII. A MOOSE.

"Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak, and noble for the strong."

—*Edwin Arnold: The Light of Asia.*

YEARS ago, 1920 I think it was, with two companions I went on a camping and shooting trip in the country north of Sudbury, chiefly in the Lake Wahnapiatae district, late in the fall. One of my friends was Ed. Archibald, then on *The Journal* staff, afterwards physical director of the Toronto public schools, a splendid athlete and fine sportsman. The third member of the expedition was Gilbert Bennett, a Sudbury prospector, a very fine chap.

In our camping trip we had a three-man canoe, which with ourselves and our dunnage and provisions was heavily laden.

Some days out, we came into moose country. Archibald and I one morning while packing across a portage picked up a moose trail quite fresh. We dropped our packs, and turned off to follow. After considerable going, finding from the tracks that we were close up on the moose, we separated and moved forward, cautiously, some little distance apart.

I heard a shot fired by Archibald. On the instant a moose jumped out from some cover, about 150 yards ahead of me, and fell forward on all fours in a comparatively open space. Its head came up and turned towards me. In the bright sunlight I could see the

large eyes shining, looking at me, with no further move of the moose. I fired, and the head fell.

When we came up to the moose, it was dead. Archibald's shot had broken its back. It had fallen forward, breast against a log. My bullet had gone through its head.

It was a magnificent young bull moose, larger than an average horse, weighing probably a thousand pounds. What could we do with it? We could take only a small portion of the meat—which we did. The spread of horns was not great enough to make the head worth serious trouble. The hide would have been heavy, and as regards carrying either meat, horns or hide, our canoe was down to the limit of safety already.

The morning was one of the glorious ones of the late Canadian autumn. The magnificent, beautiful animal lay there in the rich sunlight, amid the autumn glory of the woods, its powerful life gone. We went away, leaving the splendid thing to rot.

I have not killed anything since, for sport.

LXXIV. "KENKO!"

Dear friends if you'll listen I'll tell
You a story you may know quite well,
The chorus is fine and so is the rhyme,
Please shout out the chorus, 'tis swell.
—Singing Too-ra-la, Too-ra-lie-aye!

—*E. L. Horwood: Original Poem.*

THE Hon. Chonosuke Yada was Consul-General of Japan in Ottawa for some years prior to 1917. He was one of the best. On coming to Ottawa he took up golf with astonishing vigor, and with at first an equally astonishing lack of efficiency.

Endeavoring to assist him when he began, I occasionally played with him, conceding him at first four or five strokes a hole. He improved; one day the handicap came down to three strokes a hole. He was defeated, and laughed at himself. "One day I will perhaps beat you," he informed me cheerfully, "we will have a return match."

Then, for a couple of months, he was always engaged when a return match was suggested. Meanwhile he worked away on the links like a beaver, mostly practising alone. At this stage he was the author of a golf phrase which has become celebrated. Coming in to the verandah of the Royal Ottawa Golf Club one day from a round of the links which he had made solus, he said delightedly to a bunch of the members, "I made it in 121." Then a shadow appearing on his face, "No—it was 122—there was an empty one!"

He meant that in one of his swings he had missed the ball altogether.

But about two months after his previous last match with me, he announced himself ready for the return encounter. "You will give me three strokes a hole," he announced.

"I won't do anything of the kind," I retorted, "I'll give you one stroke a hole."

Mr. Yada looked deeply pained. "But you beat me before."

"I didn't beat you by much, and you have been practising ever since."

A prolonged argument followed, resulting in a compromise. The match was made at a handicap of two strokes a hole for Mr. Yada.

As soon as the odds were fixed, Mr. Yada said in a complacent tone which at once aroused my suspicions. "The match will be for a dining."

"For a what?"

"For a dinner," said Mr. Yada, "a dining for ten good friends."

This didn't sound good to me, and it wasn't. When the game came off, Mr. Yada wiped the floor with me.

He had endeavored to acquire a good brand of colloquial English in Ottawa. As we left the last green after our match, he remarked, "You could see me always since we played before, how I tried the game often. I did not play behind the back. I think, Mr. Ross, I catch you for a—how do you say it?—I think I catch you for a fish."

Mr. Yada, as I have said, was one of the best. He was very popular with us all, and when about to leave

Ottawa he was given a dinner at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club, November 16, 1916, at which some 80 members were present, with myself in the chair, when some fine tributes were paid to him.

We have poets in the Ottawa Golf Club whose work is not famous, their efforts being usually reserved for private circulation. It is not generally known that one of our chief poets is Mr. E. L. Horwood, whose name to the hoi polloi outside the Ottawa Golf Club is merely that of a leading city architect. Mr. Horwood composed for the Yada banquet an original ballad of about 16 verses which was sung by a select chorus to the tune of Too-ra-la, Too-ra-lie-aye. I reproduce a few stanzas. "Kenko" is presumed to be Japanese, meaning "Fare-thee-well."

Here's "Kenko" to you, sir, tonight,
Mr. Yada, we know you're all right,
You've a powerful punch and I've got a hunch
You can knock a golf ball out of sight.

From far away Islands you came,
Where a golf ball's not known by that name,
But nevertheless, you've made some of us guess
And you'll climb to the top just the same.

When you started the golf balls a rollin'
You couldn't expect to control 'em.
Many "empty" ones we, saw you knock off the
tee
As 'round the golf course we went strollin'.

'Tis said that a golfer's no soul,
So you asked P. D. three strokes a hole;
P. D. got a fright and said two's about right,
Yet around with his scalp you can stroll.

Mr. Yada, the seeds you have sown
 Of good fellowship now are full grown.
 We're sorry you're leaving us all here this
 evening,
 So here's "Kenko" to you and your own.

LXXV. OTTAWA HYDRO.

“Little pains
In a due hour employed, great profits yield.”
—*John Phillips.*

IF I had gone home to lunch on a certain day in June, 1905, the city of Ottawa would not likely possess a municipal Hydro-Electric plant.

This does not mean that I am the only one responsible for the Ottawa Hydro. J. A. Ellis is at least as much so.

Mr. Ellis was mayor of Ottawa in 1905.

At the time a danger was imminent that the city would fall under complete monopoly by a single private company, charging excessive rates for electricity.

The civic situation in 1905 was as follows:

Throughout many years there had been repeated appearances of private electric companies in Ottawa, followed by subsequent amalgamations. The Standard Electric Company, the Chaudiere Electric Company, the Ottawa Electric Company, the Metropolitan Electric Company, the Consumers' Electric Company, followed in succession through the early years of electric development in this vicinity. Every year or two saw a new application to the City Council for a charter. The council at first kept on granting charters in the hope that there would be real competition in electric service. But competition never lasted very long. New company would amalgamate with old company, and when another new company was chartered—well—“Will you walk into my net?” said the old spider to

the new fly. The fly would walk in, and the inevitable result was continuous duplication of cost of machinery and equipment, watered capital, and high rates.

The evil came to a head in 1905. For some time the Ottawa Electric Company had had a monopoly. The Ottawa Electric was an amalgamation of the Ottawa Company, the Standard Company, the Chaudiere Company, and other charters. But in 1904 a new company, the Consumers', entered the field.

The Consumers' charter from the city contained a clause prohibiting amalgamation with any other company. To get around this obstruction, the Ottawa Electric Company applied to Parliament for power to buy the shares of other companies, intending to buy out shareholders of the Consumers' Company, and so obtain control of it; and the bill also asked the authority of Parliament for the right to charge higher prices for electricity in Ottawa than prevailed at that time. The civic representatives fought the bill, but the House of Commons could not be budged. A continued private electric monopoly of Ottawa was apparently inevitable.

At this stage my accidental walk in Sparks street came into the picture.

Usually I went home to lunch from the office, but on a day early in 1905 I happened to decide to lunch uptown. Probably the Ottawa Hydro eventually happened on account of that.

The Journal was housed on Elgin street at that time. Leaving the office to make headway to a lunch room, I turned into Sparks street. I met Mayor J. A. Ellis just coming out of the office of Ahearn and Soper, who

controlled the Ottawa Electric Company. The mayor looked depressed.

Mayor Ellis and I had been working together in opposition to the Ottawa Electric Company's bill. Mr. Ellis stopped. "I've come to an agreement with Ahearn and Soper about the bill," he said.

This was not altogether unexpected. I knew the mayor had fought the bill tooth and nail, among members of Parliament, and had lost out—which was a disgrace to Parliament.

The mayor proceeded: "Ahearn and Soper have agreed to reduce materially the price which their bill gives them authority to charge for electricity, and I have agreed to cease opposition to the bill. There is no possibility of our beating the bill, or delaying it any longer. I thought I had better get the best I could."

This meant a private electric monopoly in Ottawa for probably all time.

I hadn't had the gruelling the mayor had had. My head was not bloody. I pleaded: "Don't do it. Let's go down with our flags flying. Make them force the issue to the limit. Something might come out of it, in the Senate or somehow. Go back and withdraw from your agreement."

It wasn't because I was *The Journal*, for J. A. Ellis did not fear newspapers, nor anything else, in his civic duty; but, I am sure, because we were friends and allies that he took my view. He went back to Ahearn and Soper's office and cancelled his agreement with them.

Within two or three days a new idea came into the play with us—namely, for the city itself to buy the Consumers' Electrical Company.

Among the directors of the Consumers' Company, and in control, were Sir Henry Egan and other public-spirited men. Mayor Ellis had a talk with them. He called an emergency meeting of the City Council, and in about 48 hours the city became the owner of the Consumers' Company and an electric plant.

This plant, nursed by Mr. Ellis, first as mayor and afterwards as manager for some years, was the precursor of Ottawa Hydro, established later with Mr. Ellis and myself as commissioners, in addition to the mayor of the city, *ex officio*.

Starting with a revenue of \$25,000 for the municipal plant in 1905, the books and accounts of the Ottawa Hydro-Electric Commission audited by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, showed the following status at the end of last year:

Revenue	\$609,521
Expenditure	485,070
	<hr/>
Surplus	\$124,450
	<hr/>

The expenditure included all charges for maintenance and operation, power, interest, taxes, and sinking fund on debentures.

The balance sheet of 1929 as audited by Ontario Hydro shows gross assets of \$2,676,482, with liabilities of only \$1,079,142, all practically debentures, leaving a surplus of \$1,599,290.

By the time the capital debentures come legally due, when they will be paid off by the sinking fund, it is probable that Ottawa will own the municipal electric

plant free of every dollar of debt, and worth several million dollars.

But, the real value is far greater than that. The great value is that Ottawa has enjoyed for a quarter of a century, and will likely continue to enjoy permanently, the cheapest electricity in the world.

LXXVI. A FIGHT IN THE HYDRO.

"Arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rayed; dire was the noise
Of conflict."

—*Milton: Paradise Lost.*

THE Ottawa Hydro-Electric Commission is composed of three members, namely, two members who may be described as permanent, being Mr. J. A. Ellis and myself, and a third, the existing mayor of the city, who is always a member ex-officio. Mr. Ellis and myself have been members since the first appointment of the commission in 1910. Proceedings on this commission have been so harmonious that during the twenty years of its existence, there has never been but one division recorded in the minutes of the meetings. The story of this exception follows:

Napoleon Champagne was mayor of Ottawa in 1924. As such, he was a member of the Commission.

During Mr. Champagne's term as mayor a difference seemed coming to a crisis between the Ottawa Commission and Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Ontario Hydro. The Ottawa Commission is under the supervision of the Ontario Hydro; and in the last resort under compulsion to comply with the Ontario Hydro's orders. Sir Adam for some years had been urging the Ottawa Commission to increase its rates. This was rather a curious thing, inasmuch as the Ottawa service was showing a good annual profit on existing rates. The argument offered by Sir Adam was that the Ottawa position was not as absolutely sound as it

should be. He thought the Ottawa Commission's best policy would be to charge more for current service so as to build up a reserve faster against possible contingencies and extensions. Possibly he was sincere in this, but our suspicion—in the Ottawa Commission—was that Sir Adam was really bothered chiefly by the fact that the Ottawa rates were the lowest in Ontario, lower than any of the direct Ontario Hydro rates, and that he disliked the chance of this being thrown up to him.

We in Ottawa were proud that the Ottawa rate was lower than that of any of the Ontario Hydro Commission's direct service in the province. We had no doubt about the soundness of the Ottawa position. We kept fencing and stalling with Sir Adam. At the time Mr. Champagne became mayor, the chairman of the Ontario Hydro had become very angry about it. Mr. Ellis, individually, had a very stormy interview with him, and I had a somewhat trying one myself.

Sir Adam Beck did a magnificent service to Ontario. The Ontario Hydro, which was his creation, has been and is an almost unutterably great public thing. Hardly any words could do justice, in my estimation, to his great patriotism, far-sightedness, ability, and courage. Only an intense public devotion backed by indomitable courage could have carried through the work he did. But, of course, such a man was necessarily a very strenuous and determined man, likely to be bound to force his way over any obstacle if it were possible.

The Ottawa Commissioners woke up one day to the fact that at the instance of Sir Adam Beck, the Ontario

Government was putting through the Legislature an amendment to the Ontario Hydro Act, empowering the Ontario Commission to disqualify for all municipal office in the province any local commissioner who disregarded orders from Toronto—to turn out a recalcitrant, not merely from Hydro service anywhere, but to disqualify him for any sort of municipal office whatsoever from mayor down to pound-keeper.

I think this latter bearing of the act was a most unjust and unjustifiable thing. The Ottawa Commission protested; but our protest was disregarded.

Shortly afterwards a letter was received by the Ottawa Commissioners from Ontario Hydro which practically was a positive order to abolish the rate of half a cent per kilowatt hour, which is our basic charge, and make the basic charge one cent, uniform with that generally prevalent in the province.

Mr. Ellis and I decided to defy the order.

Mayor Champagne was badly perturbed. "Why," he cried, "they can disqualify me at the city hall! I'll be thrown out of the mayoralty!"

Napoleon Champagne was a fine chap, and a gallant old civic soldier. The three of us pondered a way to save him if possible.

We thought of one way.

A meeting of the Ottawa Commission was called, at which came the only formal vote that has ever been taken at the Commission meetings.

Mayor Champagne solemnly moved a resolution that the order of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission be obeyed.

Mr. Ellis and I solemnly voted him down.

Thus it could be made clear to Sir Adam Beck that the mayor had done the best he could single-handed to have Sir Adam's orders carried out, but in vain. This would save Mr. Champagne as mayor.

Then we waited developments.


But there were never any. Sir Adam apparently gave it up.

That was in 1924. The Ottawa Hydro has continued to make handsome annual profit since without increasing rates.

LXXVII. TWO MEETINGS.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness;
So, on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

—*Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

NE of the things about golf is that it keeps old fellows in the running.

The Canadian Senior Golfers' Association was formed in 1918, open only to men of fifty-five years or more. It has been going strong since. Each year an international match is played with the United States Seniors' Golf Association, fifteen men a side, alternately in Canada and the United States.

The first international match was played on the Royal Montreal Golf Club links at Dixie, in 1918, in which match I was drawn against an American player named Tyng—J. A. Tyng, Jr., a member of a New York Club, a small dark gentleman.

The name had a faint ring as of something I might have heard before, but I did not give thought to that until, as we went along in the game, an impression grew on me that I had seen him somewhere. I asked him if he had been up in Canada much.

"Never was in Canada before in my life, except once," Mr. Tyng replied, "a very long time ago, too. But it was a rather interesting occasion to me."

"What was that, if I may ask?"

"I came to Montreal—let me see, it must have been about 1876—with a Harvard football team to play McGill. Forty-two years ago! Pathetic, isn't it?"

My memory for faces and physiques that interest me is exceptional. Almost incredibly a recollection came back to me of a small dark man who had played a hot game for Harvard.

“You played quarter back, didn’t you,” I remarked.

‘My, yes,’ exclaimed Mr. Tyng. “But—why, where did you get that?”

“I was captain of the McGill team.”

I never saw Mr. Tyng again. Shortly before this writing, I learned of his death.

LXXVIII. WHO WAS SCOTCH?

"It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding."

—*Sydney Smith.*

GEORGE GRAY, of Orillia, was the champion shot putter of the world along about 1890. He was an amateur, but the best there was, amateur or professional. While he remained in the game he held the world's record for the 16-pound shot.

He became one of the chief men in the Spanish River Paper Company.

Some years ago I was playing golf with George Gray on the San Gabriel course, near Pasadena, the beauty-spot of Southern California. It was a four-ball game; that is, there were four of us.

One of the fairways ran parallel to a roadway. George Gray could hit a golf ball a mile, more or less, when he connected with it properly, but like the rest of us golf-players he sometimes—indeed pretty often—omitted to connect properly. On this particular occasion George hit a ball wrong. It scooted high up into the blue at an angle of about 45 degrees and off to the side, and came down on top of a truck driver on the roadway on the left of the course.

The driver had on a hard felt hat. The ball bounced off, leaving no doubt a considerable dint, and careened down the road. The truckman jumped down, ran after it, picked it up and came over to the fence to see who had hit him.

Three of us were out on the fairway, some distance

off. Glaring at us, the truckman didn't notice Gray, who had played his shot some distance back close to the fence at a place where there was a high hedge of evergreen. Gray's caddy came along first to the scene of trouble. Evidently he asked for the ball, for the truckman made a swipe at him. The caddy dodged. A moment later Gray arrived.

George Gray was nearing the sixties, but in his golf jersey he looked about three feet wide across the shoulders, a foot thick through the chest, with no stomach to speak of, also he has a wide jaw and a cold blue eye. We saw him hold out his hand for the ball. We could not hear what was said, but after a moment we saw the truckman give Gray the ball, turn back to his truck, mount, and drive off.

Gray came back on the fairway, dropped the ball and played it. Shortly the four of us were alongside, Gray apparently not aware that anything had happened. One of us queried:

"Did you apologize, George?"

"No, I didn't," replied Gray. "He tried to hit my caddy."

"What did you say to him?"

"I didn't say anything."

"What did he say to you, then?"

"He didn't say anything," said Gray.

Then, seriously, "That was just one of those fellows that has no sense of humor."

LXXIX. GOVERNMENT MONEY.

"When men assume public trust they should consider themselves and their doings as public property."

—*Thomas Jefferson.*

THE Second Imperial Press Conference of the British Empire was held in Canada, in 1920, to which nearly one hundred delegates came from parts of the empire outside Canada. Besides the main meeting at Ottawa, August 4 to 7, 1920, the program included a tour of Canada by the visiting pressmen. All expenses, including partial travelling expenses to Canada of overseas delegates, were paid by the Canadian Governments and newspapers. The following Government grants were made towards the expense:

Grant from Dominion Government..	\$50,000.00
Grant from Province of Quebec.....	10,000.00
Grant from Province of Ontario.....	10,000.00
Grant from Province of Saskatchewan	5,000.00
Grant from Province of New Brunswick	5,000.00
Grant from Province of Alberta...	5,000.00
Grant from Province of Manitoba...	5,000.00
Grant from Province of British Columbia	5,000.00
Grant from Province of Nova Scotia.	5,000.00
Total Government grants	<u>\$100,000.00</u>

In addition, large contributions were made and expenses paid by Canadian daily newspapers.

I was treasurer of the Conference. When everything was over, I found myself with \$15,841.14 balance in hand of the Government money.

What to do with it? One or two of our executive committee thought the money might be used to start a Canadian Institute of Journalists. The argument was that as the newspapers had put up a lot of money themselves, the balance in hand was as much due to them as to the Government. This idea was communicated by one of our members to the various Governments concerned. No objection was expressed by any of them. Nevertheless a majority of our executive decided that the money left should be returned to the various Governments *pro rata*. Accordingly I addressed the following letter to the Dominion Minister of Finance, and a similar letter to each Provincial Government:

Ottawa, Dec. 5, 1921

Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

Sir:—The Government of the Dominion made a grant of \$50,000 in 1920 towards the general expenses of the Imperial Press Conference of that year.

The Conference was held at Ottawa, from August 4 to August 7, participated in by 130 newspaper publishers from all parts of the Empire and Canada; 87 of these were from overseas, the balance being Canadian representatives. In connection with the Conference the visiting overseas publishers were guests of the Canadian Governments and Canadian newspapers in a tour of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific and return, covering most

of the months of July, August and September, 1920.

Apart from newspaper expenditure, the general cost was defrayed by Government grants of a total of \$100,000.

I enclose balance sheet of the expenses charged to this fund, duly audited, showing the expenditure to leave a balance in my hands, as honorary treasurer of the Canadian executive, of \$15,841.14.

I am instructed by the executive committee of the Canadian press to return the balance in my hands proportionately to the various Governments which made grants. This enables a refund to each Government concerned of a little less than 16 per cent. of its grant. I am accordingly remitting the following accepted cheques:

Dominion of Canada	\$ 7,920.54
Province of Quebec	1,584.12
Province of Ontario	1,584.12
Province of Nova Scotia	792.06
Province of New Brunswick	792.06
Province of Manitoba	792.06
Province of Alberta	792.06
Province of Saskatchewan	792.06
Province of British Columbia	792.06

\$15,841.14

The Conference was beyond all question of great value to the strengthening of the idea of British brotherhood, and undoubtedly also of great advertising value to Canada.

Thanking the Government of the Dominion on behalf of Canadian newspapers for its generous aid, I beg to enclose refund cheque for \$7,920.50.

Yours very truly,

P. D. ROSS,

Honorary Treasurer.

Some time later, the Dominion Auditor-General, the late Major E. D. Sutherland, made a remark about this to me. "I think it's about the first time in the history of the world," he said, "that anybody who got money from a Government ever gave it back when they didn't have to."

LXXX. POISON PROMOTED.

—"Such even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of a poisoned chalice
To our own lips."

—*Shakespeare: Macbeth.*

AT a recent annual dinner of the daily newspaper publishers of the Dominion in Toronto, the guest-of-honor was Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of the Ontario Court of Appeal, ex-Postmaster-General of Canada in the Laurier Cabinet. Sir William, one of Canada's grand old men, then 86 years of age, looking back upon a long life of great public service, made a fine address to the newspaper men in which he paid tribute to the fact that the Canadian newspapers of to-day have a high standard of impartiality and fairness as regards their treatment of political news.

That is, that while the newspapers still exercise—and exercise properly—a right to urge strong political opinions in their editorial columns, they give fair play in their news columns to both men and opinions, regardless of party.

That is true.

It was not always so.

Sir William Mulock's address carried me back in memory to a political meeting nearly fifty years ago. This was in East York, at the village of Thornhill.

It was in the campaign preceding the general election of 1882. The candidates in East York were the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, then recently Prime Min-

ister of the Liberal Government of the Dominion from 1873 to 1878, and Mr. Alfred Boulton, Conservative, the sitting member.

The meeting at Thornhill was a joint one.

I was a reporter on the *Toronto Mail*; that newspaper sent me to attend the meeting.

My newspaper education was rather deficient, so far as political work was concerned. I had just come to Toronto, having previously been on the *Montreal Star*. The *Star*, not a party paper, did not at that time pay much attention to party considerations.

The Thornhill meeting was fairly long, and it took me some time to get back to Toronto. In the *Mail* office it was after midnight when I turned in a lengthy report. Owing to the lateness of the hour the report slid into type uncensored.

On picking up the *Mail* at breakfast next morning I was proud of my performance. Nearly three columns of the *Mail* were occupied, just as I had written it.

To the *Mail* building I wended my way, mentally full of beans.

Walking into the office of the city editor with my chest stuck out, that gentleman—Tom Gregg, he was, a most capable newspaper veteran—scowled at me.

“That was sure a rotten job you did last night,” he growled.

My chest collapsed.

“By cripes,” Gregg went on, “I wish to goodness somebody with sense had been around this office when you turned in that thing last night.”

“What’s the matter?” I enquired feebly. “Was it too long?”

“It wasn’t too long maybe for the right kind of

stuff," growled Gregg, "but a darn sight too long for the sort of slush it was.

"Holy smoke," went on Tom, "haven't you got any gumption? You gave as much space in your report to that man Mackenzie as you did to Mr. Boulton. What the devil do you think we publish a Conservative newspaper for?"

LXXXI. A GRAND DUKE AND A LADY.

"Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices."

Emerson: Letters and Social Aims.

THE Grand Duke Michael of Russia, a brother of the late Czar, was, in 1926, the man recognized by Russian exiles in Europe as the heir to the throne of all the Russias—if the throne of all the Russias became accessible. He spent his winters in Cannes, on the French Riviera.

An American woman of position and means, Mrs. Howland, had a villa there, the Villa Dubosc, where she maintained a little salon, a feature of which was that on most afternoons in the week she welcomed friends in for tea and bridge. For the bridge, however, only men were expected. Mrs. Howland, a stately old lady, well past seventy years—once, I imagine, a very beautiful woman—did not expect other women at the bridge. She was extremely fond of it. always played herself, and she played an excellent game. Generally three or four bridge tables were set, at which the men cut in and out, but Mrs. Howland herself always occupied the same chair at the same place in the room, where she was established with a little table beside her for her cigarettes, her tea, etc.

Introduced at Mrs. Howland's during a visit to Cannes in the spring of 1926, I occasionally went to her villa for bridge.

One afternoon I was playing at Mrs. Howland's

table. The two other men were Admiral Lord Wemyss, commander of the British Mediterranean fleet, and a Col. Rowley. As we were finishing a rubber a tall, rather sullen-looking man, a stranger to me, entered the room. Coming to our table he remarked in English, somewhat accented, that he would like to cut in. This, in itself, was out of the ordinary, as Mrs. Howland usually designated whom she would like to have at her table, and nobody offered to cut in unless invited. I was introduced to the newcomer—the Grand Duke Michael. Lord Wemyss cut out, and the others of us cut for partners.

The Grand Duke and Col. Rowley cut together, and we played.

They won the rubber. We cut for partners for a second rubber. The Grand Duke and Mrs. Howland cut together.

Some bridge players are superstitious. They lay stress upon keeping or getting the seats or cards or both which have won the previous rubber. Mrs. Howland was not one of them. Her custom was to remain in the same seat. The Grand Duke was evidently of a different mind. He wanted to keep the winning seats. By the present cut, he, having turned the highest card, was entitled to choice. He said to Mrs. Howland, "You will sit opposite me, please."

Mrs. Howland looked surprised. Col. Rowley looked surprised. A couple of men watching the game looked surprised. Col. Rowley said mildly, "Perhaps Mrs. Howland would rather retain her seat."

The Grand Duke made no response. Mrs. Howland hesitated; then "You wish me to move?"

The Grand Duke did not even answer by words. He

simply waved his hand towards the chair opposite him.

The aged lady changed her place. One of the servants moved her little vanity table round beside the new seat.

Leaving the villa later, one of the men remarked to me, "That was like the Grand Duke. He does that sort of thing. Thank heaven he doesn't come here often. For all his descent and blood he's a boor."

LXXXII. TALE OF A PULLMAN.

Bottom:—"Masters I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out."

—*Shakespeare: Midsummer Night's Dream.*

EDWARD FARRER was one of the most remarkable men I have known. Of wide range of intellect, of high culture, with virile gift of expression, a master of English prose, of impressive personality, his powerful mind was seemingly quite without moral convictions so far as he allowed himself to be known.

Irish by birth, educated at the Jesuit College in Rome for the priesthood, he changed to become a journalist, and incidentally an assailant of the church. In turn he was editor of leading Conservative, Independent and Liberal newspapers in the Dominion, and he made mischief on them all.

Working in the *Mail* building in Toronto with him when he was editor-in-chief of the *Mail* 1882-1884, I once heard him talking in four different languages on the same day, to colleagues or visitors—namely in English, French, Latin and Gaelic. Also he spoke and wrote Italian.

The discovery that Farrer, while editor of the Toronto *Globe* in 1890, had been privately communicating views to Washington believed by the Conservative party to be dangerous to the independence of Canada, was the final touch which inspired Sir John Macdonald's swan-song in the general election of 1891 "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die."

Edward Farrer and George Ham were close friends—George Ham, that peerless raconteur, that long-time invaluable courier of the C.P.R. George Ham had a lovely wit, never unkind; Farrer had a blandly-cheerful but half malicious humor like that of a clever spoiled child. Both, particularly Ham, were fond of practical jokes.

One evening long ago Mr. and Mrs. Farrer and George Ham left Montreal together for Winnipeg. The Farrers had a drawing room, George Ham a lower in the same car. I was on the train on my way to Ottawa, and Ham and I sat chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Farrer in their drawing room for a while after leaving Montreal. Then I went out to the chair car, leaving Ham with the Farrers.

A couple of weeks later, Mr. Farrer was back in Ottawa, where the Farrers resided. Meeting him, I asked how the trip had gone on.

"We had a little excitement the morning after you left us," Ned said. "I was up fairly early, and when I dressed went out to see what George was doing. His berth was lower 8. When I looked between the curtains, he was still asleep. He was lying with his back to me under the blanket, his anatomy rather conveniently disposed, so I pulled the curtain wider and called in 'wake up, George' and hit him a good hearty slap in a suitable location."

Farrer paused, ruminating with a melancholy air.

"Well," I remarked, "George wasn't badly annoyed was he?"

"It wasn't George," said Mr. Farrer, "There was a loud shriek from the blanket. It was a lady.

"The drawing room was close by, fortunately," continued Farrer, "and I shot back into it undiscovered. When I looked out a minute later, the car was full of sobs and excitement. The porter was trying to quiet the lady, and I expressed my own sympathy warmly. I said I had seen a man in the car the night before who looked like a crazy man."

Mr. Farrer had large eyes, in a large face, eyes slightly protuberant, and he could assume an expression like an owl.

"In the confusion," went on Farrer, looking at me like an owl, "I'm afraid I gave a description of somebody like George."

"What had happened?" said I. "Did you get the wrong berth?"

"Oh, no," Farrer replied, "no, it was George's No. 8 all right. I found George in the dining car afterwards. He was very hot. He said that when he left our drawing room the night before he found a young lady in the car who couldn't get a berth, and he wasn't going to let any lady go without a berth on the C. P. R. if he could help it, so he gave her his lower 8, and slept in the wash room. He had a beastly night, he said, but he wouldn't have minded that so much but he was afraid now to go in the car. Somebody had insulted the girl in lower 8, they couldn't trace anybody, and the girl was saying it must be the man who had given her the berth. The porter, who knew him, George said, told her it certainly wasn't him, but she wouldn't be convinced.

"I sympathized very much with George," concluded Farrer looking at me again like an owl.

"What did he say when you told him?" I asked.

“I didn’t tell him,” said Ned. “He’s back in Montreal, and I drop him a line every day or two in which I include sincere condolence for the poor reward he met on our trip for his generous devotion to the fair sex and the C.P.R.”

LXXXIII. ANOTHER UNDECIDED ISSUE.

"Ay me! What perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!"

—*Butler: Hudibras.*

MR. C. LEVESON-GOWER was Comptroller of the Household at Rideau Hall during most of the term of Earl Grey as Governor-General of Canada, 1904-1911. Mr. Leveson-Gower (pronounced Lewson-Gore) was a first-class golfer. He figured in the semi-finals in one of the championship meets of the Royal Canadian Golf Association.

Leveson-Gower and I, one day in 1910, got discussing the height to which a golf ball could be sent when hit a full shot with a mashie.

He thought perhaps a hundred feet high. My idea was that about fifty or sixty feet would be the possible limit.

The argument grew warm.

"I could drive a ball over the Ottawa post office," said Leveson-Gower.

"You couldn't do it."

"Bet you a box of golf balls," he returned.

The bet was made.

A month or so later Leveson-Gower came along one afternoon at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club. "You can go and get a box of golf balls from Karl Keffer," he remarked, "charge them to me."

Keffer was the Ottawa "pro."

I had forgotten about our wager. "What's that for?"

"Don't you remember the bet we made about driving a golf ball over the Ottawa post office?"

"Oh, yes. Couldn't do it, eh?"

"Yes, I can—any old time."

"What's the matter, then?"

"Well, it isn't convenient, that's all. I went out to do it this morning. Got up at daylight, so as not to meet any fuss in the street uptown, and footed it up to the post office with a mashie. There wasn't a soul around so it looked fine. I selected a good position opposite the building, teed up my ball and let go. But I 'topped' the shot."

To the uninitiated let me explain that this means that, instead of hitting under the ball properly, thus lofting it into the air, the lower edge of his mashie caught the ball half way up and sent it straight forward.

"I topped the ball," said Leveson-Gower, "and it went through one of the lower windows of the post office like a bullet.

"I hadn't dreamed anybody would be inside at that hour in the morning," continued Leveson-Gower, "so I was gaping at the wreck of the window when fellows in shirt sleeves started to pour out from everywhere. Maybe there weren't really so many, but in a second they looked to me like a swarm of bees—and I ran like lightning for home and mother, alias Rideau Hall. No more of that for me."

Leveson-Gower was a good runner, too, when he chose.

"I've learned something, anyway," he concluded. "I've discovered that people work all night in the post office."

LXXXIV. JUST A DOG.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity or poverty, in health and in sickness. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

"When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there, by his graveside, will the dog be found, faithful and true, even unto death."

—United States Senator Vest.

AN item in *The Journal* one morning told of the Ottawa Blue Cross Hospital having had 145 stray dogs in refuge during the year.

One thought of one's own, if listed among stray dogs. Stray dogs! Bundles of misery, of pathos, of hope! Living things each of which has looked upon some human being as a god, and usually—not always, as you will hear—wants to find another one. Anxious eyes, trembling tails! Just dogs.

They are nuisances enough at times, dogs. They bark, they fight, they get dirty and paw you, they stray, they get stolen, they eat garbage. But if you come to analyze their faults, you find that their faults come most of them from affection and from loyalty. In the

dog's mind abides the conviction that he has to champion his master and protect his master's property, and ought to be vociferous about it, and that above all, anybody else's dog has to be kept in his place. But if you get your dog as a puppy and take a little care, he will have few faults as he grows up.

Thrash him, and he makes love to you the moment it is over. Ignore him, and he waits humbly and anxiously for your kinder mind. His greatest joy in life is to be your comrade, and he has a dominant idea throughout his brief existence that everything his master does is wonderful, and that a dog should always be on hand to show complete admiration.

A dog is not long-lived. So it was written, long ago, that "it is the inevitable tragedy of the life of every lover of dogs that his heart shall be a place of ghosts."

Did you ever hear of Greyfriars Bobby? The original name was just Bobby.

Bobby was a Scotch terrier. He attached himself to a broken-down aged farm laborer who was making the last of a forlorn living by trying odd jobs in Edinburgh. Under exposure one raw winter night the old man was hit by pneumonia, and soon died untended and half frozen in his attic lodging. There was a pauper's funeral to Greyfriars churchyard in Edinburgh. Bobby followed it, chief mourner—indeed the only mourner. Why the wooden box which was lowered into a grave was identified by Bobby with the master who had left him, only a dog would know. When the burial was over, Bobby took up ward and watch over the grave. And in faith and hope of a glorious resurrection of the poor old man who slept there, Bobby

remained guardian of the grave for fifteen years, till Bobby's own time came.

Dogs were not allowed in Greyfriars' cemetery by the rules. Many an attempt was made to drive Bobby out and keep him out. But always Bobby got back. Sometimes at first under stress of starvation he went abroad to beg food, but always he got back. During this era of the efforts to chase him out of the cemetery, he appeared to come to the conclusion that it was up to him to prove that he was the right kind of terrier in the right place, for one morning when the caretaker came after him again with fire in his eye, Bobby did not run as usual, but sat up begging on the grave with the dead bodies of half a dozen big rats ranged out on top of it. "Let me stay" the eyes of the pleader said, "Look—see what I am able to do to excuse myself."

After a time human beings relented and let Bobby stay. Once out of kindness they kidnapped him and carted him to a farm-steading twenty miles away, with the idea of giving him a good home—but the terrier escaped, and found his way back to Edinburgh and the graveyard.

Bobby had a weakness for military bands. He followed the soldiers into Edinburgh castle one day. They tried to keep him there. Bobby dodged his way to the verge of the precipice at the back of the castle and shot over. He was badly crippled by falls, but got down and managed a day or two later to crawl into his cemetery again.

Through winter and summer, spring and autumn, through heat and cold, through rain and hail, through day and dark, Bobby kept vigil by his dead love's

grave, sheltering himself from the worst of the weather in a hole which he excavated underneath a nearby tombstone that had fallen over. Year after year the caretaker of the cemetery and his wife tried hard to get Bobby to make his home with them—but nothing doing for Bobby. His tombstone was his palace.

As time passed on Bobby's fame grew, but a new policeman picked him up on the street one day and took him to the pound to be slaughtered. The word spread and the high civic authorities were appealed to in time. Bobby was freed in triumph and a collar came to him bearing the legend :

GREYFRIARS BOBBY
From the Lord Provost
1867—Licensed

Some years later, before Bobby died, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, passing through Edinburgh, heard of him. She would have liked to get him, but nobody could entice Bobby away from that grave. The Baroness did not forget. When Bobby died she put up a memorial to him in Edinburgh, a drinking fountain accessible to dogs, surmounted by Bobby in stone, and you may see him there to-day if you will.

For fifteen years Bobby had no shelter but the tombstone, and he died on the grave of the master buried fifteen years before.

Dogs vary in kind and temper as do human beings, but the essence of the soul of Greyfriars Bobby is the essence of the soul of all dogs.

All this I write partly as a prayer in behalf of stray dogs, partly as a requiem for another little

terrier, Canadian-bred, not Scotchman, "Bytown Danny," killed untimely by accident, a gallant and clean, proud and humble, modest and vain little gentleman, a small knight without fear and without reproach, who did not lack a master and mistress who loved him.

LXXXV. "THANK HEAVEN FOR FERGUSON."

"There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets."
—*Proverbs XXVI. 13.*

ARTHUR MEIGHEN, ex-prime minister of Canada, and Howard Ferguson, premier of Ontario, crossed swords at the big Dominion Conservative Convention in Winnipeg, October 10-12, 1927.

The debate originated in a speech which had been made by Mr. Meighen two years previously.

On Nov. 16, 1925, Mr. Meighen had astounded many by a deliverance at Hamilton, Ontario, in which he announced that if he were returned to power in the next general election in the Dominion and if, while he was in the saddle, the British Empire were again to be involved in war, he would dissolve Parliament and hold a general election on the question whether Canada should share in the war.

Mr. Meighen at the time was in Opposition, leader of the Conservative party.

The speech was a shock to many of us. Without designing argument, but merely to state a point of view, my own feeling was that so long as Canada chose to remain in the British family in piping times of peace, she ought to be expected to fight if fighting should come, not to start asking herself if she should skedaddle.

I was—and am—a great admirer of Mr. Meighen's splendid personal and political qualities, and had been one of his warm political supporters, but the

Hamilton speech hurt badly. I wrote so at once to Mr. Meighen, saying that while my newspaper would not do anything to hurt the Conservative cause prior to a coming expected general election, we held ourselves free to express afterwards utter opposition to his view.

Followed an upset in Parliament in June, 1926, which unexpectedly placed Mr. Meighen in power without an election. After a brief session he dissolved the House of Commons. In the ensuing general election of Sept. 25, 1926, Mr. Meighen was defeated. He shortly afterwards resigned the leadership of the Conservative party. Mr. Hugh Guthrie succeeded him temporarily.

The big Conservative convention at Winnipeg in October, 1927, was held to elect a permanent leader.

Mr. Meighen unexpectedly appeared on the platform the first day to champion his Hamilton utterance of two years previously. There was every chance that this would cause war in the Convention, and possibly wreck the Conservative party. It was little less than a bomb-shell to the Conservative leaders. Somebody had to reply, and Mr. Ferguson was appealed to. He stepped into the breach with his usual courage.

Mr. Meighen made a magnificent speech. Described graphically by a Winnipeg newspaper account as “a pale flaming fury” he delivered himself with a fire which swept the Convention off its feet. He received an ovation. Then came Mr. Ferguson. He had had little notice of the emergency; he had no ammunition prepared. With the echoes of Meighen’s speech still ringing, he got a bad start, and then ran into trouble by beginning to tell of an attempt he had made to

persuade Mr. Meighen not to take the line he did take at Hamilton; the Convention seemed to get the silly idea that Mr. Ferguson was revealing something he shouldn't of private talk—as if the Ontario leader hadn't a perfect right under any and all such circumstances to emphasize the fact that he had disagreed with Mr. Meighen before Mr. Meighen plunged on his own course. But the Convention grew noisy and Mr. Ferguson got a poor hearing, and ended apparently a poor second in the debate.

Nevertheless there was sufficient support for him as he spoke to make it clear that he represented the opposition to Mr. Meighen's views of a powerful section of the Convention, and to compel some sober thinking by all. The Convention calmed down, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

I was wiring signed comments on the Convention proceedings to *The Journal* in Ottawa, and after describing the Meighen-Ferguson episode that day I closed the despatch with the words, "Personally, I say Thank heaven for Ferguson!"

A couple of years later, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson made a visit to Ottawa. Mr. Ferguson had some business with me, which we discussed in the Chateau Laurier. After our talk was over, we found Mrs. Ferguson in one of the drawing rooms. When I was leaving she shook hands with me and with a warm smile on her very sweet face she exclaimed, "Oh, I've been in love with you ever since you wrote 'Thank heaven for Ferguson!'"

LXXXVI. EGYPT.

"Old Time, himself so old, is like a child,
And can't remember when these blocks were piled
Or caverns scooped; but, with amazed eye,
He seems to pause, like other standers-by,
Half thinking how the wonders here made known
Were born in ages older than his own."

—Anon.

FROM Cairo in 1929, bright with electric light,
noisy with tram cars, one travelled back into the
past of Egypt.

A thousand cloudy years, six thousand cloudy
years!

Up the Nile by steam:

"The Nile, High Priest of streams, whose waves
have cast
More riches round them, as the current rolled
Through many climes its solitary flood,
Than if they surged with gold."

Up the Nile by steam, passing by the Egyptian peasant, who has been hoisting his water out of the Nile by bucket for these thousands of years. The apparatus is called a sadoof. Two or more men are required to operate the sadoof—and where the banks are high, a couple of oxen in addition. Each sadoof irrigates 20 or 30 acres of land, taking most of the day to the task. An Englishman put in a pump station near Asswan some time ago, which, with the aid of a dozen men or so, irrigates 40,000 acres. By and by, the Egyptians will sit up and take notice:

Marvellous fertility wherever the Nile reaches, and a marvellous climate, a climate which, unlike that of most tropical lands, permits of human energy in a high degree. Little extreme heat, no cold, no frost, no rain; coolness in the evenings and night; no severe winds, yet enough gentle breeze to freshen things always.

Marvellous fertility and marvelous climate to account for the development of Egyptian civilization; and one other factor during most of the 4000 years before Christ, namely, Peace. Guarded on the east by the Arabian desert, guarded on the west by the Libyan desert, guarded on the south by the difficult country of the upper confluence of the Nile, guarded on the north by the Mediterranean, which was no seductive sea for the cockle-shell craft of the early ages, the valley of the Nile saw little foreign attack during the thousands of years which have left such extraordinary mementoes to modern times.

And so we traverse the scenes of the first so-called great civilization in the world.

Well—what did this ancient civilization all amount to?

Practically to little more than vast architecture.

The average English-speaking man grows up with the idea that the ancient Egyptians were a great people. Anyway, such was my thought about them. I have changed my mind since I saw. I have come to the idea that the ancient Egyptians were a mess of pottage for kings and priests, and that the kings and priests, the top dogs, so to speak, were concerned only with glorifying themselves. That there was no achievement of human freedom or human manliness, or of better-

ment of life for the common people, far less any notion of equal human rights, hardly any achievement in thousands of years of anything except the pomp of temples and tombs.

How much did the Egyptians leave behind them in culture or in art, other than architectural? Or in painting except the coloring of walls? Or in music? Or in practical science? Or in medicine and surgery? With the papyrus available, did they discover printing? Or typewriting? Did they discover explosives? Or steam? Or electricity? What were their brains really doing during thousands of years of peace?

“Not a reformer, not a great poet, not a great artist, not a savant, not a philosopher, is to be met with in all the Egyptian history,” remarks Renan.

Why, they did not even come to a knowledge of how best to handle the Nile, the source of all their strength. The British in the past fifty years have done more for the intelligent conservation, distribution and beneficent use of the Nile waters than the Egyptians did in thousands of years—or, for that matter, than what the Greeks, Romans, Arabians or Turks in later possession of Egypt did in a couple of thousand years afterwards.

The most tremendous thing from ancient Egypt is Karnak—and, indeed, one of the tremendous things of the world. The ruined temple five hundred miles south of Cairo is the relic of the most vast religious structure the world has known. Compared with Karnak, the great Pyramid of Cheops at Gizeh shrinks, the Sphinx is but a freak, the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings merely a curiosity.

Yet Karnak was a monument to childish superstition.

Karnak stood in Thebes, the greatest city of ancient Egypt, 500 miles up from Cairo; it is next door to the modern town of Luxor; one of the finest plains in Egypt surrounds it.

The ruin of Karnak occupies not much less than a square mile of ground. A ruin? Yes. But still a vast erection remains. Something is left of the avenue of a thousand Sphinxes which once led to it. Great bastions and pylons still stand, great portals, mighty halls, lofty columns, towering amid the piled up debris of hundreds of fallen walls and columns. I walked for two hours in the temple enclosure, hardly retracing my steps anywhere, and I did not see all that was worth seeing. In the main court alone, and there are a score of courts big and little, still stand 134 giant columns, some 80 feet high. In another court are giant obelisks of single blocks of granite 100 feet high, and nearby are the remains of others that have fallen.

You need see nothing in all the Nile country save Karnak to realize what the gigantic scale of ancient Egypt was, monumentally.

And yet—even Karnak has its practical criticism of the ancient Egyptians. The foundations were bad. The mighty columns are toppling because their bases were insecure. And the huge stone slabs which formed the roofs of the halls, have cracked and fallen, hundreds of them. If the Egyptian knew the arch, he did not use it. His idea of a roof was a slab of stone stretched across the tops of two columns. And such slabs, fifteen or twenty feet long, are as numerous as flies—on the ground.

As our steamer approached Luxor in the Nile sunset and the dark mass of Karnak rose on our left, an aquaplane ascended out of the Nile and winged its way down the river. We had tea in Luxor at a palatial modern hotel, embodying comfort such as no ancient Egyptian ever knew. Electric lights flashed out. Next morning we visited Karnak by motor car. Descendants of the men who built Karnak many thousands of years ago lined the way in hundreds, in rags. What did Egypt do for their forefathers? What did their forefathers so long ago really know or have? For the crowd, through thousands of years, slavery; for all, senseless superstition.

I hope I do not lay too much stress on material things. I do not wish to give the impression that a sort of contempt for the ancient Egyptian intellect arose in my mind because that intellect knew nothing of and developed nothing of steam and electricity, of practical science, or machinery. No—the lack was something worse than that. The lack was spiritual. No lasting good work was done by the Egyptian intellect in thousands of years for human freedom, or equality, or happiness, for justice or tolerance, for mercy or charity or fair dealing. “The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples” arose chiefly for the self-glorification of mortal despots, poor mortals all, with sometimes the excuse of dedication to superstition, ranging from the worship of the sun down to that of bulls and dogs, of cats and crocodiles, and hawkes and beetles.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Seiss, who wrote a curious book about the great Pyramid, esteeming it a miracle in

stone, contends that it was not the Egyptians who built it, but some mysterious predecessors. As to the rest, even Dr. Seiss says:

“Of all the enormous mounds of brick or stone which Egypt itself set up there is not one to tell of aught but vaulting ambition and blundering imitation. From the least unto the greatest there is neither science nor sense in any of them.”

But worse than that, there was never a thing attempted in old Egypt to build up human hope.

The Valley of the Tombs of the Kings lies opposite Karnak, on the other bank of the Nile. It is hidden in a mass of limestone hills, which rise some three or four miles from the river. The approach is by a winding track amid high bare cliffs, until you come to a deeply enclosed valley of sand half a mile in diameter. The valley and the limestone cliffs and hills around are absolutely bare as to surface of anything except sand. The place must be a red hot hole in summer. It was scorchingly hot on February 13th, 1929.

Into the sides of the cliffs are dug the tombs of half a hundred kings. All are on the same plan, long tunnels, occasionally broken by small chambers, leading down to a large mortuary chamber where the mummified body was immured in its casket.

For some reason, all the tunnels descend steeply, even though run into the face of cliffs rising hundreds of feet above the entrance. To the mortuary chamber of King Rameses VI. the distance from the entrance was nearly 400 feet, the drop from the entrance over

100 feet. Beneath the entrance to the tomb of Rameses it was that the entrance to the tomb of King Tutankhamen was found so lately. We went down into his tomb, to which his mummy has been restored, and we went into others of the chief tombs. The entrance tunnels are sometimes well-cut dignified halls—sometimes not. But the final chamber of the dead is always ample and stately and rich with innumerable wall carvings and still lovely colors. The coloring must once have been wonderful. But one leaves these endless tombs like all other Egyptian structures with no sense of any gain of any value to the human spirit or to human welfare.

And so, from the Valley of Tombs of the Kings, we went back to our luxurious river steamer at Luxor.

Modern Luxor is the creation of British enterprise, like so much else in Egypt. And a member of Thos. Cook & Son was the man who made Luxor. When John M. Cook sighted Luxor forty years ago, it was a collection of mud huts, sheltering a couple of thousand paupers. He built a first class hotel, surrounded it with a beautiful garden, erected a fine modern hospital, improved sanitation and streets, encouraged shops, built landing stages, and brought his steamers. Luxor is now a town with 13,000 people, several fine hotels, banks, good shops, electric light, and cleanliness.

Some member of Thos. Cook & Son should have been made a prince by some Egyptian Government.

What John M. Cook did at Luxor has been just a speck in what Britain has done for Egypt. When the British hand clamped down on Egyptian anarchy in 1882, the country was ruined by every species of mis-

rule and misery. Oppression, grinding taxation, dishonesty and disease, were rife. It is said that 75 per cent. of the native population had hookworm. The Nile was not doing half the beneficent work it is doing now. British administration doubled the agricultural value of the Nile; it nearly banished hookworm, it built railroads, cut taxation in two, yet doubled national revenue; it established law, order and justice; it promoted new crops and industries; it compelled official recognition of honesty and fair dealing. The population of Egypt has doubled since 1882 and is infinitely better off.

“Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.”

The Egyptian is not grateful, speaking by and large. He has been given national independence, an Egyptian is king since 1922, and Egypt governs herself, but England holds on to the Suez Canal and the Sudan, and the Egyptian howls about it, who never did anything for either the Sudan or the Suez Canal.

We sailed up from Luxor another 100 miles to the great Dam at Asswan.

Two massive things in Egypt stand out to afford a comparative illustration of some of the difference between the ancient Egyptian achievement and the modern British achievement.

The great Pyramid of Cheops at Gizeh is nearly 800 feet square at the base and nearly 500 feet high. The British-built dam at Asswan is a mile and a quarter long, 100 feet wide at the base, and 130 feet high. The two huge things are almost equally impressive in mere mass.

But otherwise?

The great Pyramid is a mass of soft limestone, which only the rainless climate of Egypt preserves. The Asswan Dam is a mass of ironhard granite, which no climate could affect.

The great Pyramid is a heap of stones piled one on another by mechanical slave labor, requiring little application of constructive intelligence, although some examiners claim to have discovered astronomical application. The building of it needed little application of any human effort save a vast mob of workers and a whip.

The Asswan Dam is a complicated creation of the highest scientific calculation and engineering skill and machinery.

The great Pyramid has nothing about it of interest save two or three small chambers where dead bodies once lay.

The Asswan Dam is pierced near its base by 180 tunnels equipped with sluice gates, raised or lowered, each independently by powerful apparatus to regulate to a gallon the flow of the mighty Nile, so that from highest flood, to lowest summer level, the life-giving waters can be served out in the most useful possible way. When we were there, only a dozen sluice gates were being used. In flood, all are used. On the top of the dam, which is 30 feet wide, is a double set of light railway tracks, equipped with huge travelling cranes. At one side is a canal with a number of great lock gates, through which the steam or sail craft of the Nile are raised or lowered 100 feet, between the upper and lower levels of the river.

The great Pyramid is a useless and senseless monument of human vanity, worth nothing to the world.

The Asswan Dam holds back a far-spreading and deep lake—greater than the Lake of Geneva, where the Nations talk peace—the dam and the vast reservoir above it spelling untold beneficence for ages to come to hundreds of millions of human beings.

With feelings of new pride at what Britain means in the world, we cease at Asswan our southern journey and in a day and a half's fast travel in comfort on a British-built railway, we are back at Cairo, with memory of a very wonderful holiday, a marvellous river, the perfect beauty and peace of the Nile.

Before we leave Egypt, let nothing I have said regarding the futility of ancient Egypt detract for a moment from anyone's conception of the loveliness of a holiday on the Nile. There is nothing more beautiful, in a peaceful way, in the world. Day after day passes upon the river in perfect sunshine, with soft breezes, with sunsets of a glory unsurpassable, with cool evenings and perfect sleep in the luxurious river steamers. Visit the innumerable majestic ruins if you will, and they are all of novel and impressive interest, but the only essential thing is Karnak, by far the greatest of them all. The days on the river glide by amid the green plains and groves, and the novel scenes, and perhaps you are glad that you did not have this experience while you were young and had your living to make, for you might never have felt like work again. You have been with the lotus eaters.

In this land of sunshine and utter absence of rain, the broken temples and palaces remain in daily almost

hourly witness to the evanescence of human life. And yet we do not have to think that their testimony is unique. Unlike the mighty structures of old of Chaldea and Assyria and Persia, the changelessness of climate in Egypt, and the protective overwhelming of the sands of the desert, have preserved the ruins of former ages for the inspection of later ones. But this need not much disturb the idea that all these ancient civilizations in their prime were almost equally majestic as well as equally futile, though it is more true of the scenes of most of them than of those of Egypt that

“The lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank
deep.”

LXXXVII. PALESTINE.

"Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

—*Shakespeare: King Henry IV.*

LANDING at Haifa, the chief modern port of Palestine, we are on the northern border of the country. Opposite, 40 miles inland, lies the Sea of Galilee and the native country of Christ, the scene of the most of his life.

We motored from Haifa by a good road, though round-about, through Nazareth where Christ was born, across to Tiberias, the chief place on the lake. The road ran mostly on ridges overlooking the great plain of Esdraelon, where Israelite and Philistine, Persian and Egyptian, Jew and Roman, Crusader and Saracen, Arab and French, and Turk and Briton, have fought innumerable battles during thousands of years. We came out high above Tiberias. From a hill we looked down on the beautiful lake whose borders hold Genesaret, Bethsaida and Capernaum—Capernaum, where Christ mostly lived—and many other places where the Prince of Peace wandered 1900 years ago amongst poor fishermen, peasants and shepherds. The descendants of these remain, their habits unchanged. Meanwhile—what have the Wanderer's words done elsewhere?

The Sea of Galilee! Big name for a body of water ten miles long, by six or seven miles at widest. Within

the limits of a city such as London or New York, there would be room for half a dozen Seas of Galilee.

Into the far end of the Sea of Galilee the River Jordan comes tearing fiercely down from the northern hills and then, on the southern side of the lake, it leaves smoothly and placidly for the Dead Sea, 100 miles south, where it disappears. Half the time this world-famous river is but 25 or 30 yards wide.

Across from the Dead Sea, a few miles to the west, towards the Mediterranean, lies Jerusalem, with Bethlehem almost a southern suburb.

Between the Sea of Galilee and Bethlehem, north to south, roughly 100 miles, and from the Mediterranean to the River Jordan, from west to east, roughly 40 or 50 miles, you have Christ's country, or most of it which matters, less in length than the distance between Ottawa and Montreal, less in width than between Ottawa and Prescott. The Ottawa River would hold 20 Jordans and then some, and there are hundreds of lakes in Canada bigger than the Sea of Galilee.

Palestine is about a quarter the size of the Province of Ontario. A petty country so far as geography goes. Not of any importance in the world in any material way. You could sink it in Lake Ontario, without any of it showing except the tops of its mountains. And you would not waste much by that materially, for most of the land is mountainous and very bare at that. Less than one-third of the country is fertile soil.

I had not wanted to see Palestine. It just came in as part of a journeying. My thought had been that Palestine was a flat, uninteresting country, with a lot of fakes in it about the beginnings of Christianity, supplemented by old stories of early squabbings and

butcheries among the petty tribes of Israel, and later by a ghastly tale of the failure of the Crusaders, with the redeeming feature recently of the smashing of the Turks by Allenby.

But afterwards—why one would have liked to visit Palestine again and spend some time there. The little land drives home the miraculous thing of Jesus Christ.

A flat country? No. A tame country? No—the reverse. Rugged, rocky, high pitched, picturesque, tortuous. Not a pretty land anywhere, still a land, nevertheless, often of noble scenery and often of beautiful coloring. One could easily imagine a great love for it on the part of its children and why the hearts of these children of old in captivity and exile cried out for it. “By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.”

Imagine the son of a poor laborer appearing in that little hole of the earth, and in three years of wandering and talking setting fire to the ideas of mankind. Three years comprised the activities of Jesus Christ. He did not begin preaching until he was about 30 years old, according to the authentic records, and he was crucified at 33. Wandering about this little country for this short space of time, mostly bare-foot probably, as most of the natives go to-day; and just talking. No newspapers then, no books, no printing, no notices of public meeting except by word of mouth. Just a poor peasant tramping around for a scant number of months, saying things in a language which nobody in the world understood or respected except a couple of million other poor Jews, slaves of the Roman Empire. The speech of Jesus, so scholars say, was Aramaic,

a Semitic dialect, a rude cousin of the Hebrew. Nothing taken down in writing of what he said. The earliest record of Christ appearing in Greek fifty years after his death, and from hearsay—yet from this young Galilean peasant and the rude tongue he spoke everything arising that is worth while in the world to-day.

There are others who have striven greatly for the betterment of humanity but their efforts mostly fell by the wayside. Moses—and what had the Jews come to when Jesus appeared? Buddha—and what did cast-ridden India come to? Confucius—what price the Chinese? Socrates—how did the Greeks last? Mahomet—what are the Turks?

But Christ! “Behold how great a fire a little spark kindleth.”

Let any of us suppose that some poor farmer's boy, uneducated, were to appear in a country hamlet and wander around in little better than rags, beginning to attempt to tell the world something. Suppose there were no newspapers, or that newspapers were prohibited from printing his name or saying anything about him. Suppose the best transportation he could command was a donkey, and that mostly he walked bare-foot and spent a good deal of his time in back districts where people were few and poor. Suppose the language he used was not English but something considered barbarous by practically all the world, not understood at all except over a few score miles around him. And suppose that nothing of what he said was allowed to be put into writing until fifty years after his death. Suppose this sort of an apparition

were to appear for two or three years in some limited little bit of territory in this or any other country, trying to preach, with nobody allowed to advertise him except by word of mouth. Suppose that then he vanished—which, in these present days, would be in a lunatic asylum. What would be the betting as to the chances of him or his talk influencing anybody or anything at all in the world, much less revolutionizing all the future of the world?

There is no need to answer.

From the Sea of Galilee we motored south.

In a few hours one arrives at Jerusalem and reaches the greater scene of Christ's life.

One proceeds to visit numerous shrines and sites, which are alleged to be the places where the Saviour walked and talked and died and was buried.

Almost all of these alleged sites are imaginary. You are under the escort of a Dragoman who communicates a large amount of information, most of which is not so. As history, the thing is farcical. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is shown the grave of Christ. If so, the grave must have kept sprouting up towards the sky throughout the ages, like a continuous Jonah's Gourd, for the place where Christ was possibly buried is known to be covered in by the debris of the ages, 50 or 100 feet deep. The story of Jerusalem is a story of war upon war, attack upon attack, siege after siege, destruction after destruction, heap upon heap of ruins. Identification of the exact places of two thousand years ago is practically impossible. The attempt is absurd.

But what does it matter? Here in Palestine is the

sky under which the Saviour lived. Here is the air he breathed. Here are the scenes where he lived and preached the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. Here in Jerusalem the neighborhood where he was crucified, here where he was somewhere buried. And around you are the sort of people who were his countrymen. The spiritual atmosphere is here. And if the alleged sacred sites are impossible or dubious, the pathetic human attempts to glorify them are none the less reverent or noble. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem is a magnificent structure, and it is the only church in the world in which several Christian denominations worship and which they combine to maintain. And the reverence does not belong to Christians only. The so-called Mosque of Omar, which, by the way, is not a mosque, and which replaces a Christian church which was supposed to cover the rock on which Abraham proposed to sacrifice Isaac, is the noblest structure of Mohammedanism. It does not directly commemorate Christ but Christ is the reason there is any commemoration. The Mohammedan abhors Christianity but the educated one reverences Christ.

The land of Judea, a by-word for a dozen centuries, is reviving in British hands. Peace and justice, religious toleration, improved roads, new railways, sanitation, promotion of agriculture and industry, are becoming familiar things in this little country, so famous and for long so wretched.

Being done with both Palestine and Egypt, one mentally looks backward. What is the lesson of the story of these

Or what is the lesson if one looks backward now upon all the story of the nations of the earth?

Perhaps I have already indicated sufficiently what the moral is to my mind. But I will sum up specifically now the impression which has become definite with me.

The character and the material achievements of the chief races and countries of the present stage of mankind, have come from the assertion of individual right. So long as man was subordinate to the idea of the "divine right of kings," or of any sort of unchecked privilege of human rule, no lasting gain to mankind came from any regime of so-called civilization. Under autocracy, little justice, little mercy, little toleration existed in the world. The common man did not count, and he remained dumb. A gleam of sunshine came with the early democracies of Greece and Rome, but these were slave-holding states, which by and by were submerged under their slaves. Is it not true to say that not until the preachings of Christ began to permeate the concepts of the European peoples did an era arrive on earth when the common man began to assert himself?

And was it not only when the common man became moderately free and safe, that human intelligence began to make a real civilization in the world? A weight began to come off mankind. Brains began to be usefully effective. Freedom is not a matter of political independence only, but of mental and moral independence as well. The chief occupation and industry of the earlier ages of the world was plunder and butchery. The most exciting and interesting way for a man to make a living was to follow some bandit such as Alexander the Great,

or Julius Cæsar, Attila, or William the Conqueror, or any of the hundred thousand lesser butchers and robbers who led ravage on the earth. But by and by democracy began to develop and the common man began to be able to get excitement and interest in life by pursuing some sort of a useful ambition in art or commerce or science or invention. And in particular, and of curious consequence there happened to develop in the little northern island of England a peculiarly vigorous people, with active and progressive ideas of Christian doctrine and of representative government, crude at first and tangled up with caste, but a people eventually shaking themselves fairly free of all hindrances and prevailing to dominate and direct the political ideas of all the western world. In the train of this new democracy and freedom came the free exercise of the human spirit, and on the material side the arrival of printing, steam, electricity and all the rest of the modern power.

Is it not pertinent to think that all this movement found its basis in the poor peasant who wandered for two or three years in the small valleys of Palestine? His was the first effective preachment on the earth of the human soul and of the idea that one man's soul is just as important as another's. But if souls are the test, what is there sacred about bodies or birth or inheritance? Why should one man ride another save by merciful intelligence, and if any particular brains do not serve a good purpose, why tolerate their rule over others?

What is respectable about soul or spirit if it does not mean justice, mercy, generosity, toleration, fair dealing; in short, all the things that are inculcated in

the Sermon on the Mount? So that even democracy and freedom of opportunity are not respectable unless they include and promote these things as well as material achievement. Surely does not our realization of this in the modern world come more from that 1900 year old preaching in Judea than from any other source in the history of humanity?

I find it impossible in any limited space to express fully or clearly my thoughts about this. I am trying, in only the roughest fashion, to convey the overwhelming conviction which Palestine has driven into my mind, that apart altogether from the question of His divinity, the wonder of the ages of the earth has been Jesus Christ.

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LXXXVIII. ON THE RIVIERA.

"Hail Empire of the Sun! Who bounds
As with a silver hem the glorious Rhone,
Empire of Solace and of Cheer
Empire fantastic of Provence
Whose very name brings joy into the world."

Mistral: Poems du Rhone.

IT is Spring; and on the Riviera, the visiting people are thinking of going home. The famous winter holiday of the Riviera is almost at an end. The hot weather approaches. Within two or three weeks, most of the great hotels will close, also the great Casinos at Monte Carlo and Nice, at Cannes and Menton. Perhaps the spring and even the summer will not be warmer here than elsewhere, thanks to the proximity of the blue Mediterranean, but at least there will be spring and summer and flowers elsewhere. The pleasure seeker does not need to remain now on the Cote d'Azur, the azure coast, the golden coast, where nature offers in the winter months a marvellous climate, and at all times a marvellous beauty, where mankind has built in recent centuries dozens of beautiful towns and thousands of beautiful homes, a stretch of coast where in the winter months sport by land and water has all sorts of variety, and where mankind and womankind revel day and night in ridiculous gambling on a gigantic scale.

But above the golden coast still frown Les Montagnes des Maurs—hills which Moorish corsairs ravaged ceaselessly.

Back of the golden cities and towns, back of the pleasure places, back of the innumerable villas dotting all the coast and the gentle eminences everywhere behind it, rise the foothills of the mountains, breaking into cliffs and crags; and every rocky spur is crowned with some little fortified town or village of old, still buttressed by thick walls and towers, and still occupied by the descendants of those who built the strongholds hundreds indeed sometimes thousands of years ago. You may climb to many of these fortalices but a few miles back from the coast, by excellent motor roads. You may for instance climb by motor in an hour by a noble road through magnificent scenery from the sea at Cannes or Nice to the grim fortress of Gourdon three thousand feet up in the mountains, where on a clear day much of the Riviera will be spread below you like a panorama. You will find this small town of Gourdon jutting out on a spur of the hills with deep precipices on three sides, a little town still surrounded by thick stone walls, within which the little population lives housed in tall gloomy sunless structures three or four stories high on either side of streets six or eight feet wide. From the southern rampart, if you throw a stone out, it will drop several hundred feet before it hits anything. There is a chateau where medieval counts once ruled, and close by is a fountain fed unfailingly by a strong spring of pure water which seems an anomaly on top of the rugged peak—but the peak is far below the further Alps, which contribute the spring.

From this fortress the ancient inhabitants went out down the hill sides to cultivate the narrow terraces hundreds of feet down, where they grew their olives

and vines, their fruits and flowers and vegetables. Why did they live up there, and in scores of fortified places more or less like it on the mountain sides behind the Riviera? Why is every mountain spur along the Riviera occupied by some stronghold of old? Why does every island or crag on or near the coast itself show some fortification or the remains of it? The answer is simple—is in two words, namely, Safety First.

This coast, until the last century or two, was harried from time immemorial by raiders or pirates. Ever the first concern of the people who attempted to live there was to try to give themselves and their children some protection against sudden murder. So they built their homes on these eyries in the hope of being able to escape from the consequences of sudden attack, consequences which in those olden days meant ruin and outrage, death or slavery, for man, woman and child.

In these uncomfortable high places, in gloomy homes, thousands of the people of the Riviera still live. Still they descend from the rocks to cultivate the terraces of the hillsides below. Human habit is slow to change. They are wedded to their little communities, these peasants, and to their age-long abiding places. New dwellings on the lower slopes would cost money or labor, of which their generations have ever had little to spare, and they would lose close neighbors. So they stay put.

The histories of many of these towns and of old-time strongholds of their over-lords are full of samples of human savagery, not alone the savagery of foreign barbarians and assailants, but continually in the name

of Christ himself. One of the illustrative stories of the olden time which arrests attention—and which, alas, is not a story of Mediterranean corsairs—is the fate which befell the City of Beziers, not far from the Riviera, some hundreds of years ago. What is known as the Waldensian heresy had broken out in Provence, rebellion against the Church. The famous Count Simon de Montfort, one of the notable butchers among the innumerable ones told of in the pages of history, led an army against the Waldenses, and laid siege to Beziers, their chief city. By and by it became evident that the city would fall before assault. Count Simon debated what to do to the townspeople. A council of war was held. Some of the leaders were for mercy, some for rapine and massacre. The deciding voice came to the Abbot of Citeaux, who appears to have been the chief spiritual adviser of Count Simon. It was pointed out that among the heretics of Beziers were thousands of good Catholics, and that if the city were given up to sack, discrimination would be impossible. “Never mind,” cried the Abbot, “kill everybody—kill them all. God will know his own!”

The city was carried by assault, and 20,000 people were massacred, without regard to religious complexion. Such were the good old times.

Let us not put this down to anything but unsoftened human nature. Our forefathers in England and Scotland and Ireland were just as brutal as anybody south of them. A few generations ago they would hang a man in London for stealing sixpence.

One is inclined to think there is a moral in the past of the Riviera. For two thousand years the story of

the Riviera was a story of human barbarism. The beautiful coast was a scene of continual bloodshed and brutality. Phœnician and Roman and Carthaginian, Roman and Frank, Saracen and Moor, ravaged these foothills, plundered and slew. Between whiles the local magnates, working from their fortified eyries on the crags of the coast or of the hills behind, plundered or butchered each other.

It was all nothing exceptional, of course. The same sort of thing was and had always been going on throughout the world, on some scale big or little. Within the limits of the Roman empire there might for every now and then be wide peace for a time occasionally—but always war on the borders of the Roman power, and frequent war internally. The Roman while he grew in strength and possessions was always grasping at still wider territory. When he ceased to grow in strength, everybody else began to grasp at Roman territory. Before ever the Roman was, the same sort of story was continuous from the beginnings of human history, and continued after Rome. Assyrian and Egyptian, Persian and Greek and Carthaginian in turn grasped and plundered and murdered until Rome came, and Rome fell before the plundering and the savagery of the Scythian, the Hun and the Frank. Then Mahomet sent religion over half the world by fire and sword.

With every successive breed of butchers that made headway, the dominant motto as regards the victims was "kill them all!"—with the amendment sometimes that they could be desirably made slaves of.

As there was no virile democracy in the world

until the English cut off the head of Charles I, so there was no healthy or vigorous public opinion. There was never any general uprising against a big butcher and his outfit until after being harried for many years the people of Europe coalesced more or less against Napoleon Bonaparte. Followed a hundred years which, although marred by some desperate wars, contained perhaps no aggression which could be set down to mere savage ambition to run amuck and despoil and kill, until a few years ago German militarism launched its attack upon the peace of the world.

Then, for the first time in the history of the world there was an immediate rally of most of the nations against the monster. And, surely, in the fact of this immediate uprising and of what has followed, may one not hope that a great betterment opens up for the future?

The fancy, or fantasy, of some is to imagine that somebody as well as the German was to blame for the world war. Particularly they prate that if England had done this, that or the other thing in time Germany would not have barged on. Or that England should have done nothing at all, and let the rest fight it out. But nothing is more certain than that if England by early threats had prevented German action in 1914 Germany would have concentrated her whole thought upon an attack upon England alone at some favorable later juncture; or that if England had not joined France in 1914 France would have been destroyed first and England assailed later.

When Bismarck poisoned the German mind about war by his easily successful successive attacks upon Denmark, Austria and France, and fomented a huge

military machine to ensure his conquests, he was but bringing the innate savagery of human nature to boil once more, and sure soon or late to boil over, as it did. But the unprecedented thing, and the comforting thing, is that the best of the rest of the world rose at once to check the mischief. Let us have no thought that the war of 1914-1918 was a poor thing on the part of the Allied nations who rallied against Germany at the outset. It was a great thing. One might fairly consider it the first demand the world has ever known made at a moment's notice by a number of the powerful nations of the earth for the supremacy of peace and fair play and decency in the political relations of the peoples of the earth instead of the bullying and ruthlessness of the past. The German outbreak revealed that the savagery of all previous eras of human history was still lying dormant in mankind, but the aftermath has shown that a great public conscience has grown in the world to contend with the evil temper.

The League of Nations, which embraces even those peoples who started the world war, is a new and noble thing on the face of the earth.

I seem to have wandered considerably afield from the Cote d'Azur, the pleasure field of the world par excellence, but I am writing from a text which came into my mind as I stood on the rampart of the mountain fortress at Gourdon, three thousand feet up, fifteen hundred years old, typical of fifty other such fortified eyries above the beautiful coast of the Riviera, and looked over the lovely panorama to the sea. Along the near coast Carthaginian armies once passed to in-

vade Italy, Roman armies passed to invade Gaul and Spain, the armies of Charlemagne and Napoleon had marched. Yet down on the golden coast now all sorts and conditions of people, of all nations, classes and creeds, were pleasuring in perfect amity. Why need there be anything angry in the world? Yet the place where I stood, and the thought of all past human history, testified to a devil in mankind, rarely asleep in the past, which the nations have need to be on guard against. The fire in that old, old cry, "To your tents, O Israel!" burns in human nature. Fire brigade or preventive extinguisher is worth while.

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LXXXIX. THE COMMON PEOPLE.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

—*Robert Burns.*

ONE evening in March, 1925, I arrived at the Barbara Worth Hotel in El Centro, the chief town in the Imperial Valley in the South of California. The hotel was busy. A large number of good-looking people were about, mostly less than middle-aged, the men alert looking, the women attractive.

"What's the occasion?" I asked the hotel clerk.

"Lettuce-buyers' gathering," he replied.

The Imperial Valley of California was a desert years ago, a hundred miles by thirty or so. When I say desert, I mean desert—a red hot desert in summer. Not a blade of grass showed. A dead sea, the Salton Sea, lies in the middle, 250 feet below sea level. Barring an occasional cactus bush, there used not to be any more growth or green anywhere in this great stretch of desert than there is on the asphalt pavement of a city street. I know; because a lot of the Imperial Valley is that way still; I motored through it. But much of the valley is not that way. Twelve or fifteen years ago water was brought in from the Colorado River, which runs past the south end of the desert; a large part of the valley is now a garden of fruit, flowers and vegetables. with considerable population. There are two or three flourishing towns.

The Barbara Worth Hotel in El Centro is an excellent modern caravanserai, not surpassed by many

hotels in Canada or the United States outside the large cities or the holiday resorts.

“What do you mean by a ‘lettuce-buyers’ gathering?” I enquired of the hotel clerk.

“People who buy lettuce. But there are a lot of people here too who sell lettuce. We grow a heap of lettuce in the Imperial Valley. Buyers and sellers are meeting each other to make contracts for the coming crop. They’ve got their sisters, their cousins and their aunts along. The buyers come from all over—California, New Mexico, Arizona.”

Maybe three hundred of the lettuce people sat down that evening to a banquet in the dining room of the hotel. My party—wife, sister, and niece—and other private parties, had side tables, where we listened to the fun. The lettuce people were there to enjoy themselves. They had a toastmaster, made speeches, sang and joked. After a couple of hours of that, they adjourned to the hotel ballroom, and danced into the small hours.

Many of the men wore dinner jackets. Nearly all of the women were attractively dressed. All were well mannered. Perhaps

“Their manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.”

but sometimes manners do not tell all the story.

“A nice-looking crowd,” I remarked to the hotel clerk.

“Oh, just the run of our folk,” he said carelessly.

“Pretty well-to-do?”

The clerk looked at me. “Don’t quite understand,”

he replied. "Well-to-do? They're not rich. We haven't got any Rockefellers in this part of the world yet. These people are just us United States. I don't suppose any man here gets away with more than a few thousand dollars a year—most of them with less than a few. But they're good hombres."

Let me try to give an idea of the impression this thing made on me. To do so is difficult, because to convey my feeling I have to express myself in a way which may sound crude.

Man, on this continent, is making conquest of nature in numberless ways. This occasion in this new town and modern hotel in what but a little time ago had been a desert was typical of that fact. These were the kind of people who were doing that sort of thing everywhere in North America, in a thousand different milieus. The gathering was a physical, a material sample of all that; my thought travelled to what else the men and women here might mean.

Before me was an assemblage of several hundred of the common people, who were making an oasis of what had been a desert. The great mass of us on this continent are some such people. "God must have loved the common people," said Abraham Lincoln, "He made so many of them." These I was looking at were the common people. They were not rich. They were not cultured. They had no social class, as some of us use the phrase. They were not gentlemen and ladies in the cheaper interpretation of these words. Their class was just that of clean, industrious, intelligent, wholesome men and women, graduated into good citizens from the common schools, earning a living by

clean work, doing it cheerily and bravely, infiltrated by a sturdy independence of spirit and of thought, of human hope, burning in this place of sunshine and space.

“Seest thou a man diligent in his business?” says Scripture, “He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.”

To my thought such people were good enough for anybody to mingle with, as equals. No one would need to feel superior or out of place among them. Any scion of, let us say, the ‘upper crust’ of any society, any ornament of New York’s ‘Four Hundred’, any blue-blooded patrician from across the Atlantic, could have enjoyed himself comfortably in that crowd if he chose. Of the Prince of Wales, if you like—he being a sensible person—or the President of the United States. Yet any other person, however poor in this world’s goods, who could appear in a decent suit of clothes, would not have needed to feel embarrassed. It was, in short, a gathering of healthy ordinary human beings free from both social arrogance and social servility, people who would neither consider themselves too good for any other clean human being, nor consider any other human beings too good for them. I talked with some, and that was the sort of atmosphere they had.

“Non quis, sed quid,” as the Latin has it.

This expression of my feeling seems to be susceptible of expansion. Let me try further. Do I hear some reader say: “What’s the man trying to get at anyway? Of course anybody could be comfortable in a gathering of a couple of hundred tolerably well-dressed people for an evening.” That is exactly what I don’t mean—

“for an evening.” The evening was nothing in itself. It was not the evening, but the spirit of the evening, the thing that it revealed. I have to give most space to describing the look of these people externally, to convey the effect, but the far greater thing that impressed me was the spirit I seemed to see in and behind the gathering—the spirit of human achievement, of human equality, of human freedom, of human independence, of human hope.

“True hope is swift, and flies with swallows’
wings,
Kings it makes gods, and lesser creatures
Kings.”

Not “for an evening” was I estimating that spirit but, I imagined, as a spirit and a condition permeating most of human work and human hope on this continent—not equally, nor even similarly, to be found elsewhere in the world.

In this last sentence lies the crux. The El Centro gathering was remarkable not in itself but as an illustration, a sample, of something that easily could be brought together in ten thousand places in Canada or the United States. It was remarkable in its suggestion of the fact that in addition to its aspect of material progress and conquest, you could not match it and its social implications anywhere in the world except in the newer English-speaking countries. To be perhaps crude again, in my attempt to explain myself, let me imagine something. Let me imagine some young girl from exclusive society somewhere, some Lady Clara Vere de Vere, arriving at the lettuce-buyers’ dance,

accidentally. There would not have been any inferiority complex prevalent. Hardly any young man among the lettuce-buyers would have supposed otherwise than that if he could make enough money to keep the girl going he was good enough for her as a mate. Nor would any girl belonging to the lettuce people have thought herself anything but good enough for any male scion of the "four hundred". And, after all, why not?

Was it out of the way to think that not in the world, save in the United States or Canada, Australia or New Zealand, could you get a gathering representing that sort of spirit? Was it possible on other continents? Not in Asia, not in Africa, not in Europe. Not even in England. The social structure of England has strong points, but the idea of social equality is not one of them. There are social grades, even in the servants' halls.

Gilbert Chesterton was visiting in America, and he lived for a time in Main street, alias in South Bend, Indiana. "I lived," he said later, "in an ordinary little frame house with a middle-class family. . . . I didn't realise before how very real is the civic equality of America. In England the people are all very kind and polite to each other, but we are all labelled according to classes. In South Bend there are no labels. They don't belong to upper and lower classes. They are just people. That is very jolly, and it is very arresting to an Englishman."

It would be true, as already said, that something similar in class to the gathering I saw in that town of

El Centro in Southern California could be got together in a thousand places, ten thousand places, in Canada or the United States. People anywhere and everywhere with that same human dignity, self-respect.

There is no thought here to applaud a dead level of mediocrity; not at all. The level one may fairly admire is one of equality of independence and opportunity. It isn't that some citizen of the United States may rise to be President, or that some citizen of Canada may become Prime Minister, but that there are so comparatively few obstacles in the temper and conditions of this continent to any boy obtaining success of that kind or any other kind—that the spirit of this continent is that no one is any better than anyone else except for what he is himself, and that anyone can and should be able to get anywhere he wants to if he can work up to it.

The people in that town on this particular occasion were small agriculturists or tradesmen, but although of a particular class, they were reasonably to be considered typical in character and material status of the majority of Americans or Canadians all over this continent; typical of the general run of our farmers, our mechanics, our clerks, our business and professional people. Perhaps that gathering, or any general assemblage among us anywhere, might be better off financially, or otherwise—or worse off—than some other casual assemblage on this continent of people who work for a living—but on the whole, the El Centro average was probably representative enough both as to average means and physically and mentally, as the average of the majority of our present generation in

this western hemisphere—"heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."

In short, the assemblage in the Barbara Worth Hotel in El Centro that evening loomed up as a sort of assemblage which, in its character and implications, argued strongly for the idea that on this continent of North America mankind has come to its best general condition so far, not only bodily but spiritually—the greatest good to the greatest number, materially, and with this a greater and finer breadth and strength of human spirit. The wide spread of average material prosperity is, of course, undeniable. But is there not also an unprecedented spread of freedom of spirit, accompanied by equality of opportunity as regards every ambition of mind or body? Has there not been for the vast majority of the common people a vast gain and consolidation in human dignity, in spiritual happiness and self-respect, a widening of individual courage and right ambition, a liberation from class servility and inferiority, from an out worn maintenance of caste? The lettuce people I thought an average, a fairly representative average as to personality and as to means, of the mass of the one hundred and thirty million people who inhabit Canada and the United States. They were pretty well-to-do—but is not this continent well-to-do? Thirty-five million motor cars are owned by the English-speaking people of North America. The people who own these cars are neither poor people nor humble people.

Perhaps I was hypnotised by the atmosphere, the proximity of the golden sunshine of Southern California, the wide spaces, the redeemed desert, the

unexpectedness of the human scene, but there seemed to be thrust at one a conviction of something greatly vital illustrated by the El Centro gathering. I seemed to see something pertinent, not to three hundred lives, but to the vast majority of one hundred and thirty million lives of English-speaking people on the continent of North America—for were not these few hundred here something of an average of the whole? Let me therefore sum up my thoughts.

This El Centro gathering suggested itself as good enough for anybody, and not too good for anybody.

It seemed suggestive of conditions of human equality and opportunity almost new in this old terrestrial sphere.

It showed something which could hardly be seen on any other continent.

It was certainly illustrative of the conditions and temperament of the majority of human beings on this continent.

Did it not argue a development of human democracy from which even better should develop as the decades come?

In a word, there seemed to be in that evening in California a presentment of one of the most impressive things of my lifetime—an illustration of the unprecedented and unparalleled great thing North America has come to be for mankind, with the triumph of Democracy; a guarantee, also, of a greater thing to come, as the conditions illustrated by that assemblage at El Centro continue to develop.

My confession of faith is that the freedom of life and the independence of spirit which prevail on this continent to a degree unprecedented on the earth will gain

ground elsewhere until something of the same kind is general throughout the world, lifting the whole level of humanity—until, for the happiness of the mass of mankind, a time will approach when it will be true to say,

“Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”

XC. A STORY OF FRIENDSHIP.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

—*Shakespeare: Hamlet.*

FROM sixty to fifty years ago, ten boys were passing through Montreal schools in successive ranks, friends and allies, two squads of five brothers each.

A long time afterwards, when indeed the ten averaged much past middle age, they happened to get together in a golf game at a Montreal club. They decided then to have an annual golf match every summer, an annual curling match every winter, family versus family.

These annual encounters, five brothers on each side, duly proceeded without a break for twenty-five years afterward, each meet followed by a dinner at which a number of friends joined in.

The matches were eventually abandoned, death having stepped into the game.

Before that time the combined ages of the ten brothers numbered more than six hundred years.

The morals begin in this way: All these ten were keenly addicted to athletic sport in their early days—indeed, in their later days too. All of the ten figured in Canadian amateur championship sport. They contributed at one time or another members to teams or crews holding Canadian championships in lacrosse, football, hockey, rowing, and paddling, and they held several individual athletic championships of Canada.

The morals proceed thus:

A passion for athletic sport in youth and later does not hurt health. All these ten have had long and vigorous lives; all save two have vigorous life as I write.

A passion for athletics does not interfere with business success. All ten have been successful business men.

A love for athletics does not knock out public spirit. Several of the ten have given exceptional public service at their own expense.

A love for athletics does not interfere with domestic happiness. All ten have found that.

In a love for athletic sport splendid friends are found, who last through life.

One recalls the prayer of Robert Louis Stevenson: "Give me health, a modest competence, and, O Lord, give me friends."

Five of the brothers were named Hodgson; five, including myself, Ross.

Note:—

T. H. Hodgson
J. C. Hodgson
Charles Hodgson
A. A. Hodgson
W. C. Hodgson

P. D. Ross
J. G. Ross
W. G. Ross
John W. Ross
A. F. C. Ross

L'ENVOI.

When I have done with play and toil
And all the sunny things of earth,
When I have shuffled off the coil
Of this most lovely mortal birth.

I hope to find in worlds beyond
The reach of hate's devouring flames,
That He Who fashioned Earth is fond
Of all young things and all good games.

For, through the strife that makes us strong,
The battle clash of love and guile,
There seems to run some tender song,
There seems to shine some friendly smile.

And all young things are glad to be,
And all hard games, are good to play,
And nothing in man's soul that's free
Of sin, shall ever pass away.

—*Harold Begbie.*

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